"Serve the Lord with gladness. Come before his presence with singing"
Ps. 100. II

THE Service of Praise

A COLLECTION OF APPROPRIATE SONGS FOR USE IN

Sunday Schools

BY J. LINCOLN HALL
IRVIN H. MACK
C. AUSTIN MILES

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SUNDAY-SCHOOLS

BY

J. Lincoln Hall,
Irvin H. Mack,
C. Austin Miles

Single Copies, 30 cents, postpaid. - - Per Hundred, $25.00, not prepaid.

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...Preface...

The Editors, having recognized the need of a song book for use solely in Sunday-schools, arranged on new and original ideas, herewith present

The Service of Praise.

Sunday-schools everywhere will find in this book Hymns and music of a much better character than is to be found in most books now upon the market. Notwithstanding the high quality of songs in THE SERVICE OF PRAISE, they are easily learned, owing to the bright, sparkling qualities of the melodies.

The enormous sales of our various services, for special occasions, is proof that there is a great demand for such Hymns and music, and accordingly we have adhered closely to this style.

SYNOPSIS OF CONTENTS.

Department of General Sunday-school Songs, containing about 150 new compositions.

Department of Christmas Songs.

Department of Easter Songs.

Department of Children's Day Songs.

In the Christmas, Easter and Children's Day Departments are enough songs to last most schools a number of years.

For Anniversary, Harvest and Missionary Days there may be found an abundance of appropriate songs.

Included in the book may also be found a number of "Order of Exercises," which will prove to be of great assistance.

THE SERVICE OF PRAISE is a book solely for the Sunday-school, and has been compiled with this one object in view.

THE EDITORS.

The Service of Praise.

No. 3.

God is With Us.

Rev. Walter J. Mathams. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. "God is with us, God is with us," So our brave fore-fath-ers sang;
2. Great the her-it-age they left us, Great the con-quests to be won,
3. Speed the cross through all the na-tions, Speed the vic-to-ries of love,
4. Soon the strug-gle will be o-ver, Soon the flag of strife be furled,

Far a-cross the field of bat-tle Loud their ho-ly war-cry rang;
Might-y hosts to meet and scat-ter, Larg-er du-ties to be done.
Preach the gos-pel of re-demp-tion Where-so-ev-er men may move;
Down-ward from his place de-feat-ed Shall the en-e-my be hurled;

Nev-er once they fear'd nor fal-ter'd, Nev-er once they ceas'd to sing—
Raise the song they no-bly taught us, Round the wide world let it ring,
Make the fu-ture in the pres-ent, Strong of heart, toil on and sing,
On-ward, then, with ranks un-bro-ken, Sure of tri-umph, shout and sing,

"God is with us, God is with us, Christ our Lord shall reign as King!"

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No. 4.

Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield, Jr. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic-t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar- my shall he lead, Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord indeed.
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey; Forth to the mighty con - flict, In this his glo-rious day: "Ye that are men, now serve him," A - gainst unnumbered foes; Your courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in his strength a-lone; The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos- pel arm - or, Each piece put on with pray'r; Where duty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev-er wanting there.
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic- tor's song: To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e-ter- nal - ly.

Girls.

Chorus. Whole School.

Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;
stand up for ye sol - diers of the cross;
Lift high the roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf- fer loss.

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No. 5.

Marching On to Glory.

MELVILLE WEIMAUS MILLER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We are marching on to glo - ry, Tell - ing out the wondrous sto - ry Of the
2. We are marching on with gladness, Knowing naught of care or sad - ness, Hail-ing
3. O the joy that's set be-fore us, Since no foe can tri-umph o'er us, Nor a

bless - ed, ris - en, ev - er liv - ing Christ; How he came and brought sal-va - tion,
Je - sus ev - er as our glo- rious Light; We will nev - er cease our pray - ing,
lead - er ev - er stand a- gainst our Lord. We will look up, lift up ev - er,

To the lost of ev -'ry na-tion, And his pre-cious blood for all our sins suf- ficed.
While his bless-ed will o - bey-ing, And will fight on, keep-ing faith and arm-or bright.
We will fal - ter not—no, nev-er, 'Till the world shall crown him King, with one accord.

CHORUS.

March - ing, marching on to glo- ry, Marching with our banners all un - furl'd,
Marching on to glo- ry, march - ing, march- ing, Marching with our ban-ners, with our banners all unfurl'd,

O - ver all vic-to-rious, With a hope all glorious, We will her-ald Je - sus to the world!

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No. 6.

Look Up! The Sun is Shining.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Look up! The sun is shin - ing Be - hind the clouds so drear,
2. Look up! O soul, be joy - ful! Un - to his prom - ise flee,
3. Look up! And keep re - flect - ing The light that shines a - bove,

Our Fa - ther reigns in heav - en, Then what have we to fear!
And trust God's love un - fail - ing, New ev - 'ry morn for thee.
Then ask for grace and cour - age, To mag - ni - fy his love.

CHORUS.

Look up, look up, Look up, look up, look up with glad re - joic - ing! Look up, look up, Look up, look up, look up, For safe - ly he will keep, Look up, look up, Ye chil - dren of his kingdom, Our Father watches o'er, When we wake or sleep.

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No. 7. Forward, Children, Forward.

A. N. Blatchford. J. Lincoln Hall.

Sprightly.

1. Forward, children, for - ward, Life is dawning bright; Leave the night behind you
2. Breez - y spring may lan-guish, Fade the summer sun, Autumn rich, and win - ter
3. Childhood's golden morn-ing Breaks in manhood's day: Life's high noon is fleet - ing
4. Days of toil are com - ing, Hours, perchance, of pain; Conflicts where the mighty
5. Soon we'll stand triumph-ant, Sin and dan-ger o'er, Nev-er more to sev - er

Girls.

Onward in - to light! Heav'nly voic-es call you Heark-en and o - bey,
Round and round may run: Still thro' fall-ing sea - sons Love shall safe a-bide,
Age knows no de - lay: Wak - en, children, wak - en! Gath-er wisdom's word;
Sink up - on the plain, Learn to bear you brave - ly; Lean on God al - way;
On a bright-er shore. There we'll serve our Fa - ther, Saint-ly souls a-mong,

All. Chorus.

God him-self shall lead you Sure - ly day by day.
Last-ing as the mount-ain Stead-fast as the tide.
Fol-low Christ your lead - er Learn to know the Lord.
Ere the stress of bat - tle Children, watch and pray.
There we'll bless his mer - cy In a no - bler song.

For - ward, chil - dren,

All voices in Unison.

Life is dawning bright, On - ward, chil-dren, Onward in-to light; Heav'nly voices

Parts.

call you, Hearken and o - bey, God himself shall lead you, Surely day by day.

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No. 8.

For Every Thing, Praise Him.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. For the ten-der love that bought me, Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!
2. For his prom-is-es so fill-ing, Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!
3. For the fount of strength e'er-flow-ing, Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!

For the matchless grace that sought me, Praise, praise the Lord! For the burdens
For his peace my heart-throbs still-ing, Praise, praise the Lord! For the blessed
For his goodness past our know-ing, Praise, praise the Lord! For the nev-er-

that seem light-er, As my faith in him grows brighter, For the love that makes me
sun and show-er, For his all pre-vail-ing pow-er, To my soul a might-y
fail-ing treas-ure, Of his love in end-less meas-ure, For his e'er en-dur-ing

CHORUS.

Praise in song and sto-ry,

whit-er, Praise, O praise the Lord.
tow-er, Praise, O praise the Lord.
pleas-ure, Praise, O praise the Lord.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,

Praise him for his glo-ry,

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Praise the Lord in song and story, Praise, praise the Lord.

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No. 9. On for the Truth and Right.

HARRIET E. JONES. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Throw to the breeze the ban - ner March for the Lord of hosts; Un - der its
2. Un - der the folds of crim - son, Firm - ly re-solve to win, For - ward, to
3. Je - sus, your song and watch-word, Haste to the bat - tle field, Sword of the

blest pro - tec - tion, On, to your given posts! For-ward, ye val - iant sol - diers
take the strongholds—Gather the cap-tives in! Thousands are now in bond - age
Spir - it tak - ing Ev - er to bold - ly wield; Clad in the gos - pel arm - or,

Hearts that are true and brave, Nev - er to shrink nor fal - ter While there
Held by their fear - ful chains, For-ward, to free them, sol - diers, In the
Strong, in your Sav-iour's might, You shall be more than vic - tors In the

CHORUS.

still is a soul to save.
name of the King who reigns! } Raise to the breeze the en - sign, For-ward, in
glo - ri - ous cause of right.

arm-or bright, Nev - er give up the war-fare Till you con-quer for truth and right!

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No. 10. Simply Trusting Jesus.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. O the joy! To live each day Sim - ply trusting Je - sus, Walking in the narrow way, Sim- ply trusting Je - sus. Trusting where we can-not see, Trusting him for things to be, Keeping faith e - ter - nal - ly, Sim-ply trusting Je - sus.
2. Wea - ry burdens wings will take, Sim - ply trusting Je - sus, Light thro' darkness swift will break, Sim- ply trusting Je - sus. Trusting when the shadows fall, Trusting Je - sus Christ for all, Sure- ly he will hear my call, Sim-ply trusting Je - sus.
3. Cling-ing to his bless- ed hand, Sim - ply trusting Je - sus, On the rock se- cure I'll stand, Sim- ply trusting Je - sus, Trusting while the cross I bear, Safe- ly rest- ing in his care, Till his glo - ry I shall share, Sim-ply trusting Je - sus.

:S: GIRLS.

D.S.—Trusting where we can-not see, Trusting him for things to be, Keeping faith e - ter - nal - ly, Sim-ply trusting Je - sus.

ALL. FINE.

CHORUS.

Trust - ing, trust - ing, Sim - ply trust - ing Je - sus,
Trust - ing Je - sus, trust - ing Je - sus, Sim - ply trust - ing, Trust - ing Je - sus,
Trust - ing, trust - ing, Sim - ply trust - ing Je - sus; D.S.
Trust - ing Je - sus, trust - ing Je - sus, Sim - ply trust - ing, Trust - ing Je - sus;

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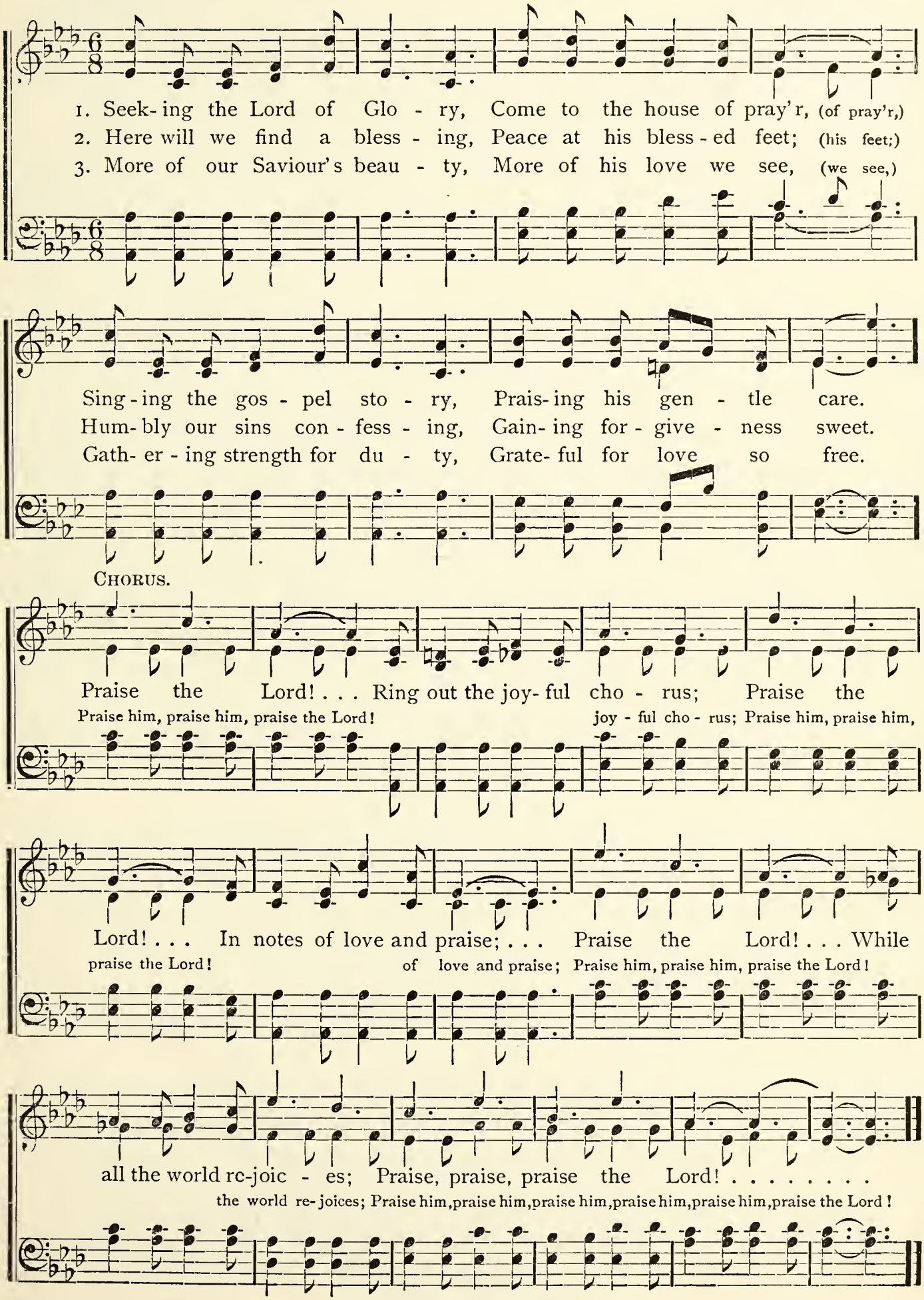
No. 11.

Seeking the Lord of Glory.

E. E. Hewitt. J. Lincoln Hall.



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No. 12.

Praise the Lord.

ROBERT WALMSLEY. F. C. MAKER.

Boldly.

1. Praise the Lord! His works ex - alt him, Ev - 'ry-where o'er land and sea;
2. Praise the Lord! His ten - der mer - cy, Broods o'er ev - 'ry liv - ing thing;
3. Praise the Lord! His great re - demp-tion, Reach- es where no thought can climb:

mf

Call from rock, and wave, and mountain, Speak, from bud, and leaf, and tree; Stars in silence
Call - ing all the world to nes - tle Safe beneath his shelt'ring wing. Bruis'd and broken
Reb - el man, restored, for-giv - en, Conquered by a love sub- lime! Who can sing that

tell his glo - ry, Tin - y in - sects hum his praise, Birds of ev -'ry song and plumage
hearts he heal-eth, List'neth to the orphan's pray'r, Ev-'ry cry and sigh he not - eth
wondrous sto - ry? Vain-ly choicest notes I bring; Lend your golden harps, ye ser-aphs,

rit. *a tempo.* *ff*

Trill his name in sweetest lays. Praise the Lord! O all ye peo-ple, young and old in
For his love is ev-'ry-where. Praise the Lord! O all ye peo-ple, young and old in
While my Saviour's love I sing. Praise the Lord! O all ye peo-ple, young and old in

glad ac - cord, grate-ful hearts in song up- lift - ing Swell the Chorus—Praise the Lord.
glad ac - cord, grate-ful hearts in song up- lift - ing For his goodness—Praise the Lord.
glad ac - cord, grate-ful hearts in song up- lift - ing For a Saviour—Praise the Lord,

No. 13.

Forward, O Christian Forces!

Rev. Robert Lowry, by per. J. Lincoln Hall

1. The sun may raise the grass to life, The dew the drooping flow'r; And eyes grow
2. It is not much the world can give, With all its sub - tle art; And gold and

Girls.

bright, and watch the light Of Au-tumn's opening hour; But words that breathe of
gems are not the things To sat - is - fy the heart; But O! if those who

ten- der-ness, And smiles we know are true, Are warm - er than the summer time, And
clus-ter round The al - tar and the hearth Have gen-tle words and loving smiles, How

Chorus.

bright - er than the dew.
beau - ti - ful is earth. } For- ward, O Christian for - ces, Car - ry the

Spir-it's sword, Gath- er your vast re-sourc - es, Conquer the world for God.

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No. 14.

The Holy Sabbath Day.

JENNIE WILSON. J. LINCOLN HALL.

ff

1. Voic-es of gladness are sing-ing, Ju-bi-lant bells now are ring-ing, Love, a rich
2. Strength for the needs of the morrow, Comfort for tri-al and sor-row, Light from its
3. Christ, to our spir-its seems nearer, Brightness e-ter-nal grows clear-er, Cal-va-ry's
4. Pledge of the rest still re-main-ing, Where there's no sin nor complaining, Glimpses of

CHORUS.

bless-ing is bring-ing, On the ho-ly Sab-bath day.
glo-ry we bor-row, On the ho-ly Sab-bath day.
sto-ry is dear-er On the ho-ly Sab-bath day.
Heav-en we're gain-ing On the ho-ly Sab-bath day.
} On the ho-ly Sabbath

Day, The ho-ly Sabbath Day, The bless-ed time when the Sav-iour rose, The
Sabbath Day, Sabbath Day,

pearl-y gates un-close And the joy-bells sweetly chime, The joy-bells sweetly chime,
they chime, they chime,

Inst.

They chime, chime, chime, chime, The joy-bells sweet-ly chime.

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No. 15. Am I A Soldier of the Cross.

Isaac Watts. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the Lamb,
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In - crease my cour - age, Lord;

And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by thy word.

Chorus.

We'll fight to win the bat - tle, We're soldiers of the cross, We march beneath the ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss. We'll fight to win the bat - tle, We're sol-diers of the cross, We march beneath the ban-ner, It must not suf-fer loss.

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No. 16.

The Cloud and Fire.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. As of old when the hosts of Is - ra - el Were compelled in the wil - der-
2. To and fro as a ship with - out a sail, Not a com-pass to guide them
3. All the days of their wand'rings they were fed, To the land of the prom-ise

ness to dwell, Trusting they in their God to lead the way To the light of perfect day.
thro' the vale, But the sign of their God was ev-er near, Thus their fainting hearts to cheer.
they were led, By the hand of the Lord in guidance sure, They were brought to Canaan's shore.

Chorus.

So the sign of the fire by night, And the sign of the cloud by day,

Hov'ring o'er, just be-fore, As they journey on their way,

Shall a guide and a lead - er be, Till the wil - der-ness be past,

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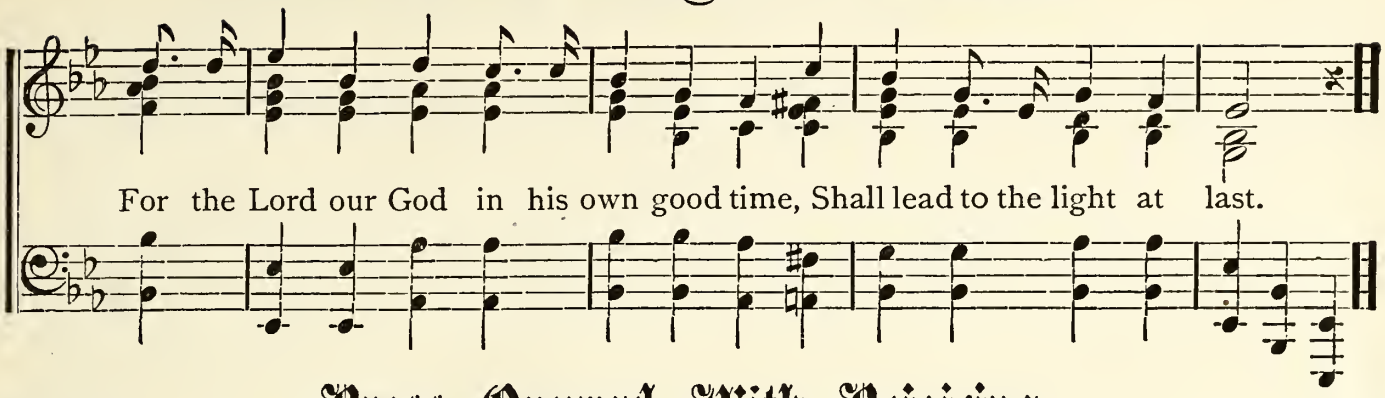
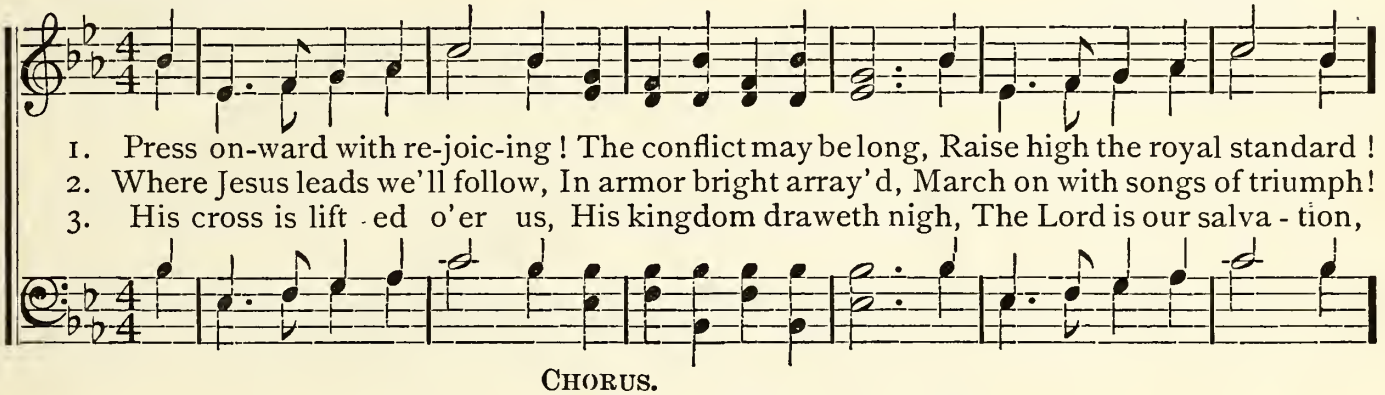
The Cloud and Fire.—Concluded.

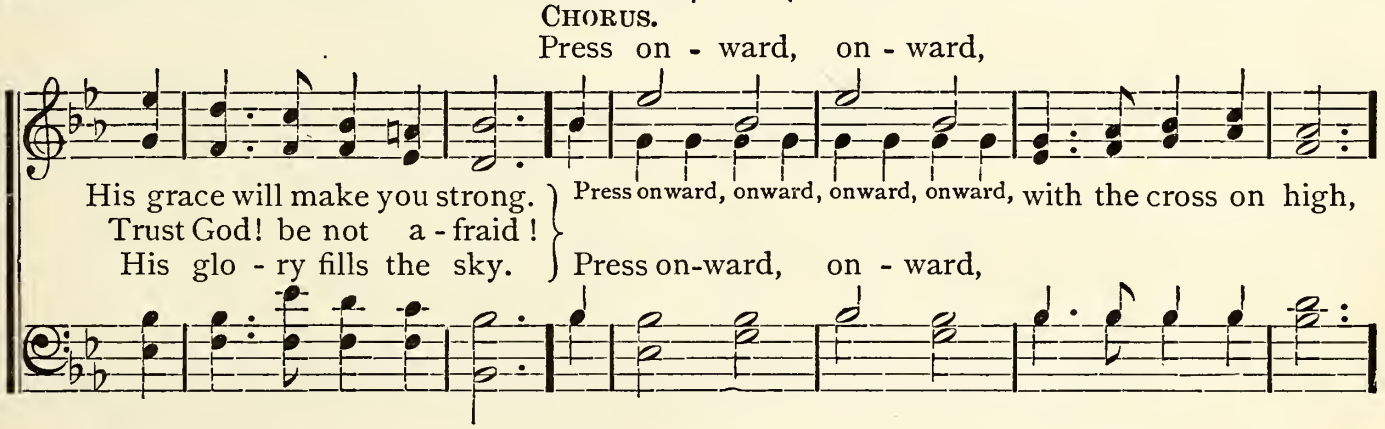


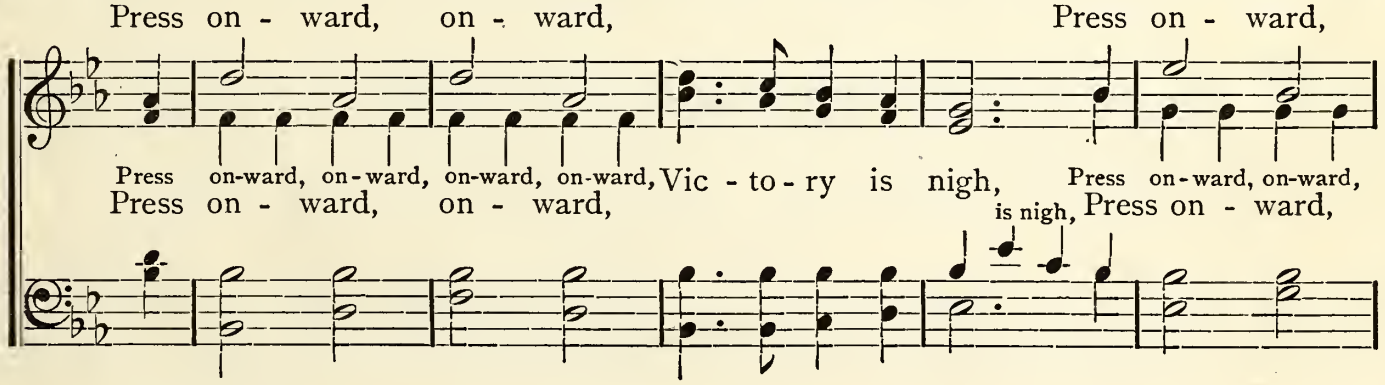
No. 17. Press Onward With Rejoicing.

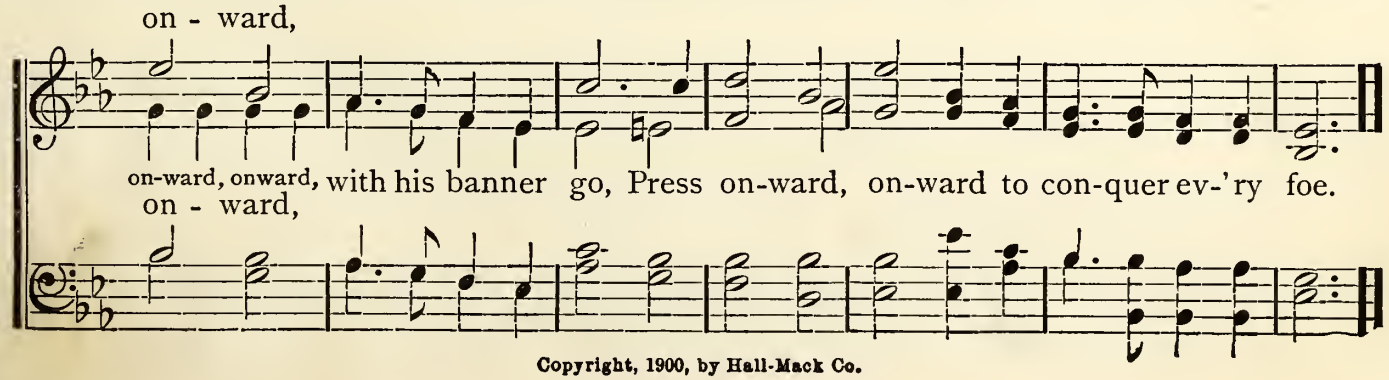
LIZZIE DE ARMOND. J. LINCOLN HALL.



CHORUS.







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No. 18.

Jesus Calls for Soldiers.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. Je - sus calls for soldiers true; Who will fol- low his command? Ral - ly at the gos- pel call, A loy - al band? Faith- ful in the smallest trial, Conq'ring ev-'ry sin,
2. Who will join the Christian band? Who will an-swer at the call, In the bat- tle front to stand, Nor backward fall? Je - sus leads his ar- my on, O- ver land and wave,
3. We will nev - er, nev - er yield, Tho' outnumbered by the foe, With the gospel's sword and shield We forward go; We will nev- er be dismayed, For the mighty power

Chorus.

By a cross of self - de- nial A crown to win.
Thousands to redeem from sin, Their souls to save.
Of an - gel - ic hosts will aid From hour to hour.
} On to the con-flict! The struggle ne'er give o'er. We march, we march In the ar- my of the Lord;

We march, we march In the ar - my of the Lord;

We march, we march, Our mighty Saviour lead - ing; A - way, a - way,

We march, we march, A-way, a - way,

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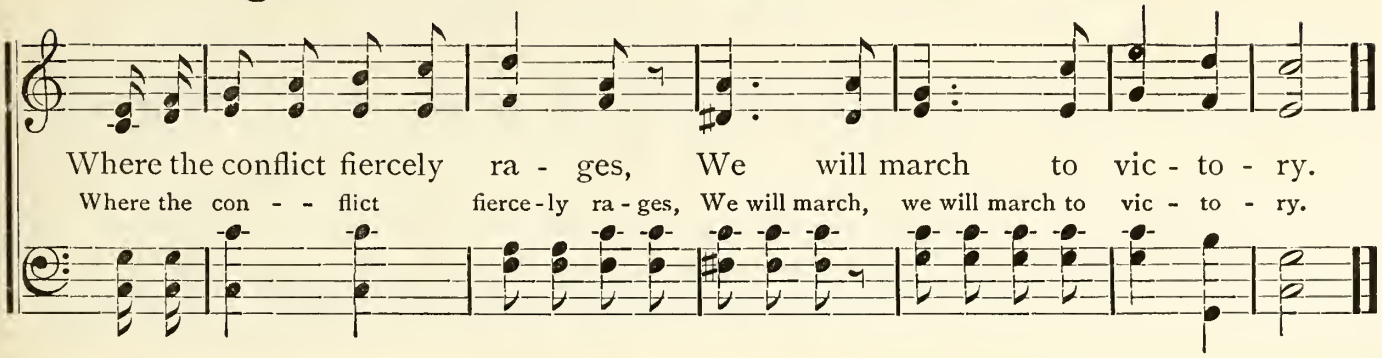
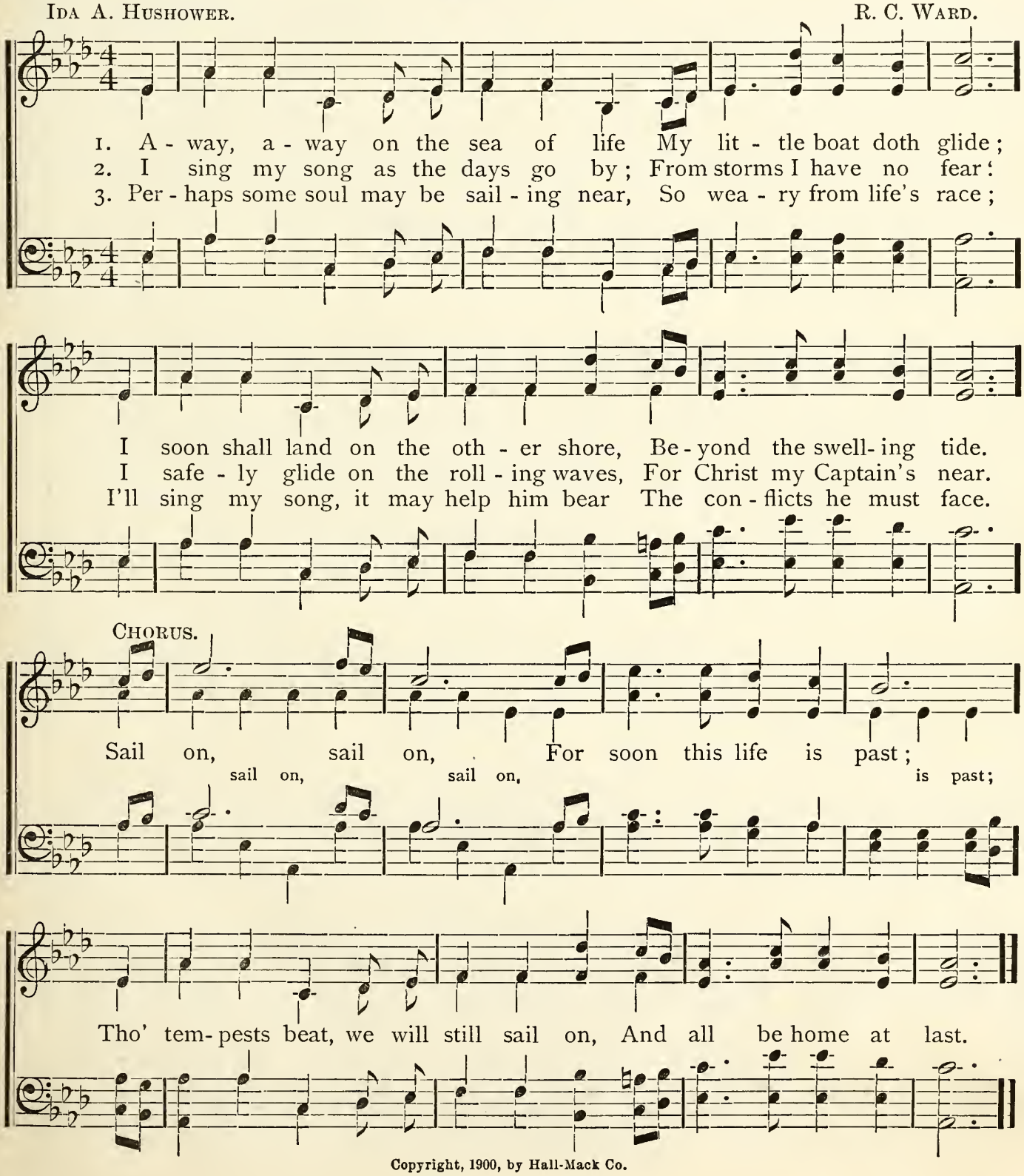
Jesus Calls for Soldiers.—Concluded.



No. 19. Sail On.

Ida A. Hushower. R. C. Ward.



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No. 20.

Forward!

Irvin H. Mack. Maurice A. Clifton.

1. Forward! Forward! Banners on high, 'Tis the Christian Ar - my, Forward! Forward!
2. Forward! Forward! Forward they go, In - to ev - 'ry na - tion; Forward! Forward,
3. Forward! 'Tis the conqueror's song, Vic-t'ry they are sing-ing; Forward! Right shall

This is their cry, "All the world for Je - sus." On, on, on, ev-er pressing on,
till all shall know, Christ and his sal - va - tion, Sounds of triumph are ev-'rywhere,
con-quer the wrong, Trib-ute they are bring - ing, Up, ye men! Join the cause of right,

Day by day the ranks are swell - ing More and more till the world is won, Till
Church of God is mov - ing on - ward, Na-tions shall the glad name declare, To
Je - sus leads us on to con - quest, Fal - ter not, for his word is might, Your

Chorus.

all shall speak his name.
Christ all men shall bow.
tri - umph will be sure.

March, we march, we

march to bat - tle sing - ing, March, we march, the Lord a might - y

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Forward!—Concluded.

host is bring - ing. Hail the King, the Sav - iour all vic -

to - rious, Hail the King! He leads to vic - to - ry.

No. 21. Arise and Sing.

R. Walmsley. Juanita Jones.

With spirit. *f*

1. Arise and sing! On hope's bright wing, Send forth the blessed story, That night shall go, and
2. The night of wrong has tarried long, But see! The day is breaking; And at the sign, and
3. The spreading light shall put to flight, The things that hurt and grieve us; And peace and love, from
4. Ye that are men, with tongue and pen, Speed on the consummation; And children, bring your

cres. Chorus. *f*

day shall grow From glo - ry un - to glo - ry.
touch divine, The world from sleep is wak-ing.
heav' n above, Descend and nev - er leave us.
songs and sing, Of Christ, the world' s salvation.

Then raise the song, the grand old song, That

wrong shall triumph never; That truth and right shall win the fight, Since Christ is King forever.

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No. 22.

Sweet the Song.

Irvin H. Mack. Maurice A. Clifton.

8va. Inst.

1. Hap - pi - ly, cheer - i - ly, comes a song, Sweet the song, Mer - ri - ly
2. Chil-dren of na-ture re-joice and sing, Glad - ly sing, Wildwood and
3. Beau- ti - ful, beau - ti - ful be the song, Sweet the song, Na-tions of

Girls.

ech - o - ing loud and strong, List, list the song, Grat - i - tude un - to the
for - est your tok - ens bring, Je - sus is King, Dai-sies from meadows and
earth let the notes pro-long, Sing loud and strong, God o - ver na-ture is

8va. Inst.

Lord it brings, Sweet the song, Love is the fountain from which it springs,
brush from plain, Swell the strain, Sing pret - ty flowers your songs a-gain,
ev -'rywhere Giv-ing joy, Bidding all nations His bounties share,

rit. Chorus. *Unison.*

'Tis a sweet an - them of love.
Sing the sweet an - them of love.
Off-'ring his gos - pel to all.

Join the song, joy-ful - ly

join the sing - ing, Love and praise un - to the

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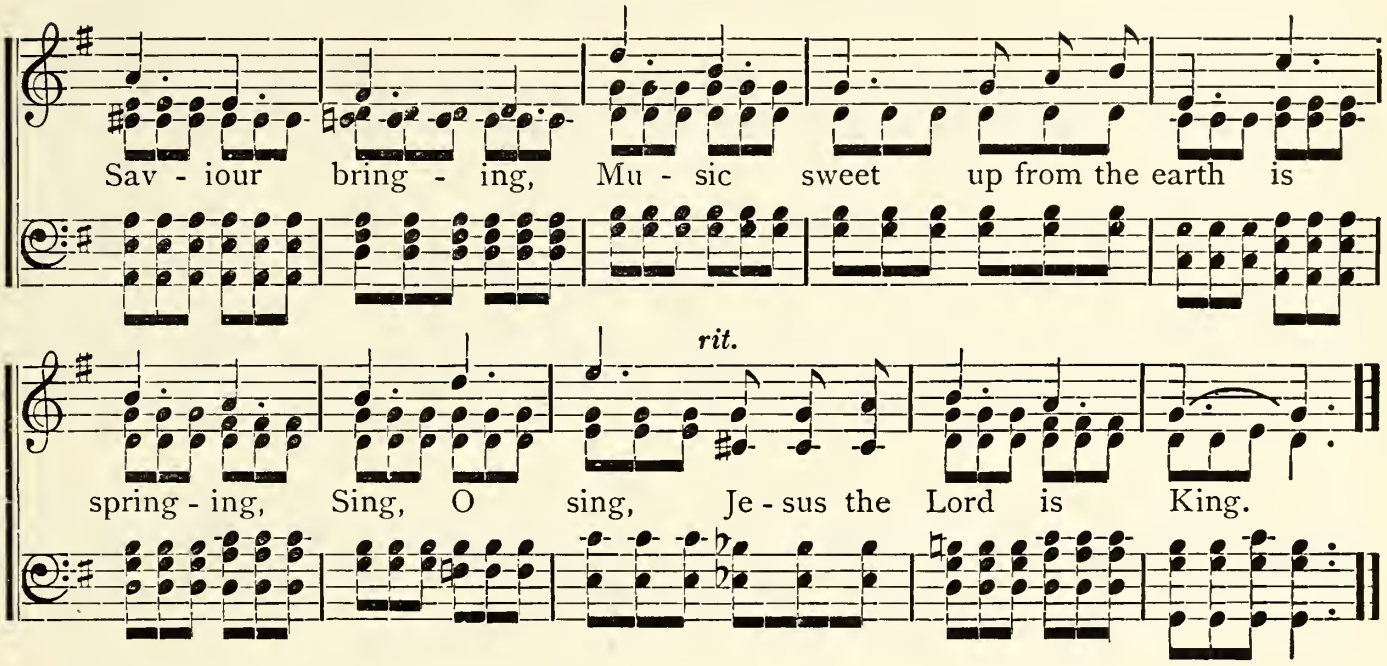
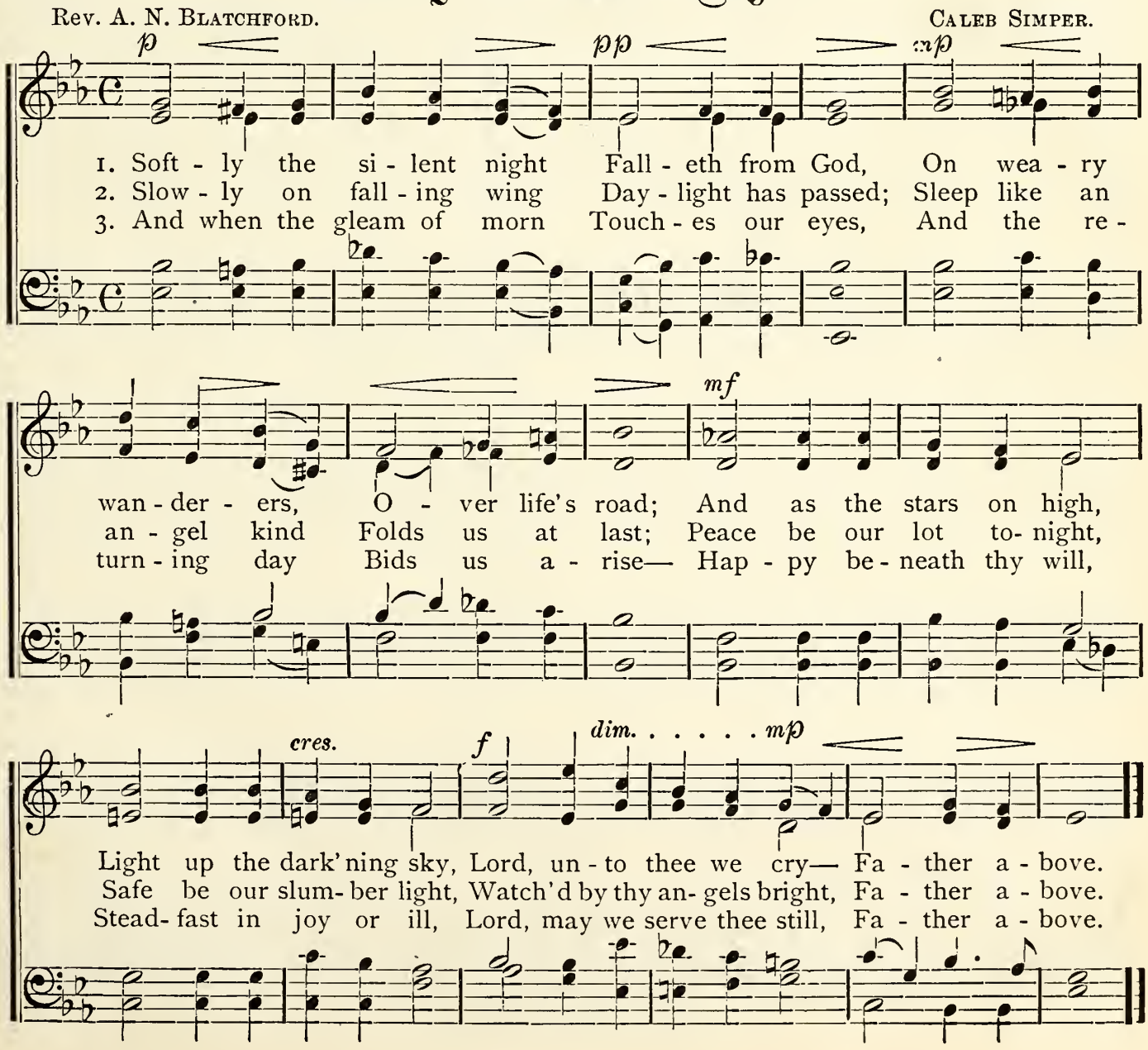
Sweet the Song.—Concluded.



No. 23. Softly the Silent Night.

Rev. A. N. Blatchford. Caleb Simper.



No. 24.

Hasten Away.

C. Austin Miles. Maurice A. Clifton.

1. Hast-en a-way, do not de - lay, Quickly respond to the call, Come with delight,
2. Hap-py are we, hap-py and free, Working for Je-sus each day, He will at-tend,
3. Go with a will, glad-ly ful - fill Ev-'ry command he may send; Thro' endless days,

happy and bright, Work is awaiting us all.
blessings will send, Ever will hear when we pray.
we will sing praise, When all our labor shall end.
} In the fields where ro - ses bloom,

:S: Solo, or All in Unison.

Or 'mid sor-row's deep - est gloom, Wil - ling work - ers will find room;

Fine.

Chorus.

A - way, a - way,

Hasten away, hast-en a-way, Hasten, O hasten a-way. A-way, a-way,

A - way, a - way,

D.S.

O heed the Master's call, A-way, away, There's labor for us all.

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No. 25.

The Wonderful Army.

Ida A. Hushower. R. C. Ward.

1. We have en - list - ed in Christ's no - ble ar - my, On - ward we'll
2. Though he may lead where the foe stands the thick - est, Glad - ly we'll
3. War shall be past and we'll meet one an - oth - er, Walk - ing the

march for the truth and the right. Je - sus our lead - er has
fol - low and heed his command. Tho' in - to dan - ger our
plains of that heav - en - ly land. Who then will join in this

gone on be - fore us; Glad - ly we'll fight in the strength of his might.
du - ties shall take us, Firm - ly for Christ and the truth we will stand.
won - der - ful ar - my, Dai - ly with Je - sus, the Right - eous to stand.

Chorus.

Joy - ful - ly fol - low; Christ is our Captain; Onward to victo - ry he leadeth our host.

Will - ing - ly fol - low; we'll go where he calleth; Where Christ is Captain no battle is lost.

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No. 26.

Living Only for the Master.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. J. LINCOLN HALL.

Moderato.

1. Liv - ing on - ly for the Mas-ter, Giv - ing of our best each day, Learn-ing
2. Liv - ing on - ly for the Mas-ter, Pure in pur-pose, strong and true, Pass - ing
3. Liv - ing on - ly for the Mas-ter, Dy - ing un - to self al - way, Climb-ing

that the tru - est serv - ing, Is to list - en and o- bey. There may nev- er
on the ma - ny bless- ings, Ev - 'ry morn and ev' ning new. When the night of
up the shin- ing stair- way Of his blessed words, each day. Serving him whom

be to-mor - row; Let us till the sun goes down, With a pa-tient lov - ing service,
sor - row com-eth, From our Father's house will shine Stars of promise, ev - er gleaming
an - gels wor-ship, Could we choose a no-bler joy? Liv-ing on - ly for the Master,

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Strive each fleet - ing hour to- crown.
With a ra - diance most di - vine.
Let his praise our tongues em - ploy!
} Liv - ing, liv - ing, sweet - er, pur- er,

grow - ing, Liv - ing, liv - ing, joy of service know-ing, Sing - ing, sing - ing,

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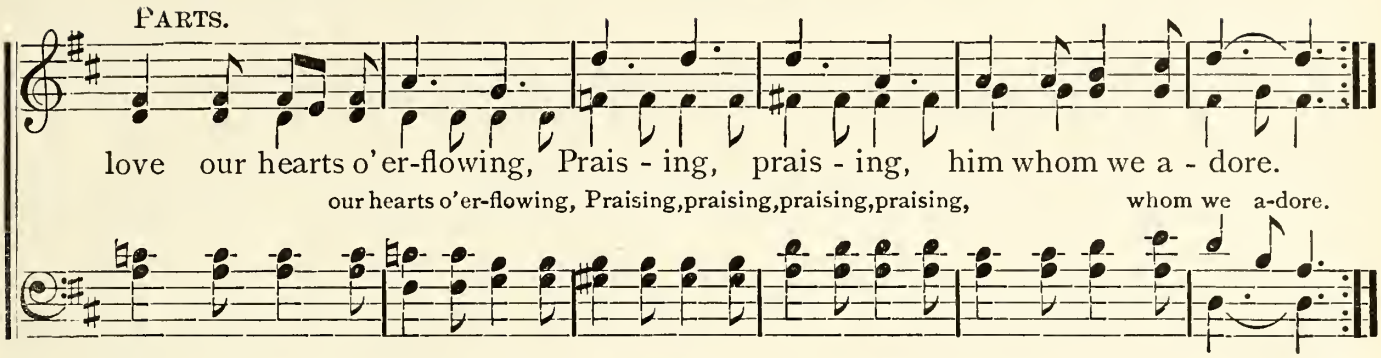
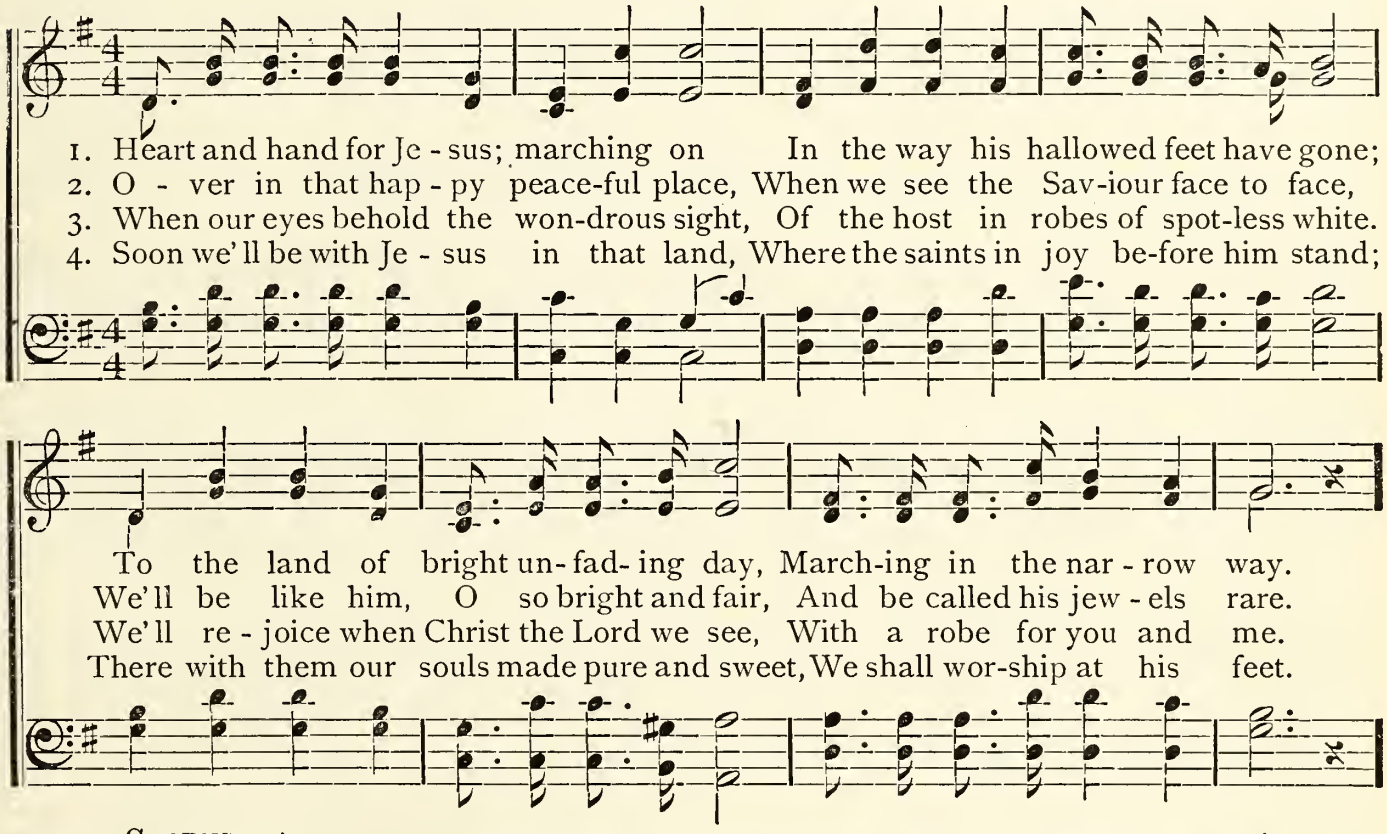
Living Only for the Master.—Concluded.

PARTS.

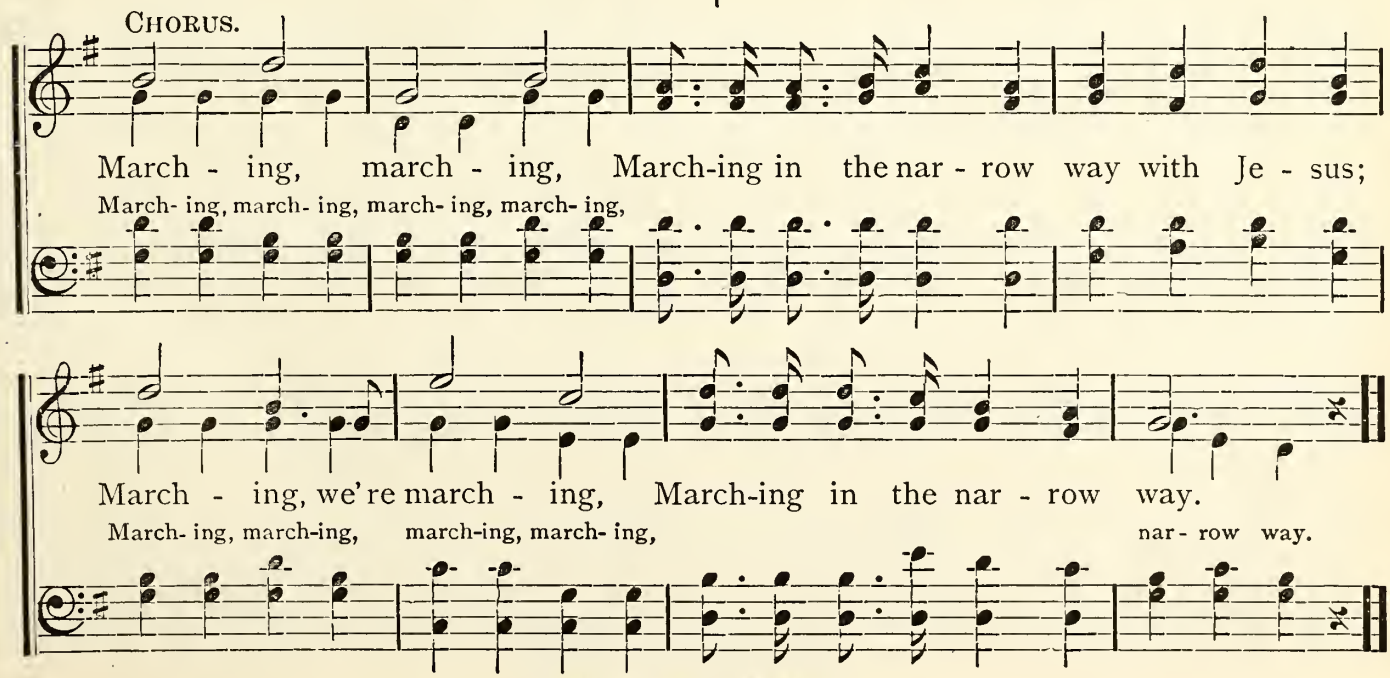


No. 27. In the Narrow Way.

J. B. M. J. B. MACKEY.



CHORUS.



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No. 28.

We Sing to Thee.

E. E. Hewitt. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. We sing to thee, our bless-ed Lord; O, kind-ly hear, thy help af - ford;
2. We sing to thee, for thou hast died. The pearl-y gates to o - pen wide,
3. We sing to thee; For, ris - en high, Thou liv - est now, no more to die;

Lead us to own thy wondrous ways, In-spire our hearts to no - bler praise.
"Come un - to me," we hear thee say, Thy-self the life, the Truth, the Way.
Our fond-est hopes on thee are staid, Thy pow'r will keep, thy love will aid.

Chorus.

We sing to thee, we sing to thee; And sweet and glad the song will
Sing to thee, sing to thee; sweet and glad,

be; We sing to thee, we sing to thee, At whose com-
song will be; sing to thee, sing to thee,

mand, the shadows flee; We sing to thee, a joy-ful song, Let Faith and
whose command, the shadows flee; sing to thee, joy - ful song,

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We Sing to Thee.—Concluded.

Love the notes pro - long; While for thy grace we hum-bly
Faith and Love notes pro - long; for thy grace we hum - bly,

Rit.

pray, Let ev - 'ry heart re - joice to - day.
hum - bly pray, Let ev - 'ry heart re - joice, re - joice to - day, to - day.

No. 29. My Father's Love I Sing.

R. Walmsley. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. My Fa-ther's love I sing; My song on swift-est wing Shall up-ward mount to
2. My Fa-ther's love I sing; There is no earth-ly thing So pure or sweet or
3. Our Fa-ther's love we sing; And hearts and voic-es bring Each his own part the
4. Our Fa-ther's love we'll sing; Till all the earth shall ring, The chorus grand shall

reach his ear; I bear the grate-ful strain, O'er mountain hill and plain,
strong can be; O hear his lov-ing call, O taste his goodness all,
song to swell; Let the full or - gan peal, And all its pow'r re - veal,
roll a - long; No tongue shall silent lie, On earth or in the sky—

To tell his mer - cies far and near, His mer - cies far and near.
Then mag - ni - fy his love with me, His won - drous love with me.
To aid his love our tongues to tell, His love our tongues to tell.
His love the u - ni - ver - sal song, The u - ni - ver - sal song.

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No. 30.

Fair Rose of Sharon.

Miss Kate Ulmer.

J. Lincoln Hall.

Duet.

1. Beau - ti - ful ros - es now bloom ev-'ry-where, Fill - ing with fragrance the soft balm-y air; Each love-ly blos-som to mem-'ry doth bring, Sharon's fair
2. Sweet val-ley lil - ies of fair spot-less white, Bud-ding in low - li - ness, shrink-ing from sight; In its chaste pur-i - ty each voiceless bell, Of Ju-dah's
3. Glad-ly the children are sing-ing to - day, Prais - es up - lift - ing in in - no-cent lay; Bright hap-py fa - ces and hearts un- de- filed, Tell-ing of

Solo.

Rose our Re - deem-er and King. Fair "Rose of Sharon" thy beau-ty we seek, Blooming to comfort the wea - ry and weak; Like un - to thee in our lives we would grow, Blest "Rose of Shar - on" thy grace now be - stow.
Lil - y Christ Je - sus doth tell. Blest "Valley Lil - y" spring up in our hearts, Rare are the grac-es thy pres- ence im - parts; Gen - tle - ness, meekness, hu - mil - i - ty, love, Flow - ers trans-plant - ed to earth from a - bove.
Naz - a-reth's won-der - ful child. O, per-fect pat-tern of child-hood we pray, Fill with thy spir - it our young hearts this day; Thee would we fol - low to man-sions a - bove, Tread - ing thy foot-prints and kept in thy love.

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Fair Rose of Sharon.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Fair Rose of Shar - on, bloom - ing in beau - ty, Each love - ly
Sharon's fair Rose, Sharon's fair Rose, blooming to-day, blooming to-day, Each love-ly flow'r,

blos - som thy prais-es sing, We love thy fra - grance
each love-ly flow'r, thy prais-es sing, thy prais-es sing, Sharon's fair Rose, Sharon's fair Rose,

spread - ing like sun - shine, Fair Rose of Shar - on, Je - sus our King.
blooming to-day, blooming to-day, Sharon's fair Rose, Sharon's fair Rose, Jesus our King, Jesus our King.

No. 31. Glory be to the Father.

GLORIA PATRI. HENRY W. GREATOREX.

Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it

was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end; A - men, A - men.

No. 32.

Soldiers of the King.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. J. LINCOLN HALL.

Unison.

1. We are soldiers of the King, We'll bat-tle for the right, Valiant hosts will a vict'ry
2. Let us bravely the tempter meet, And trust our King on high, O we ne'er shall know de-

bring, O'er Satan's an- gry might; Let us fal - ter not nor yield, For right shall
feat, If we on him re - ly; He will give us strength a-new, He'll gird us

conquer wrong, We'll nev- er desert the bat - tle-field Till sounds the victor-song.
for the strife; O let us be soldiers brave and true, Throughout the march of life!

CHORUS.

O we're soldiers of the King, We are battling for the right, Valiant hosts will a glorious

vic-t'ry bring O- ver Satan's angry might. Tho' the tempter his darts may send, Let us

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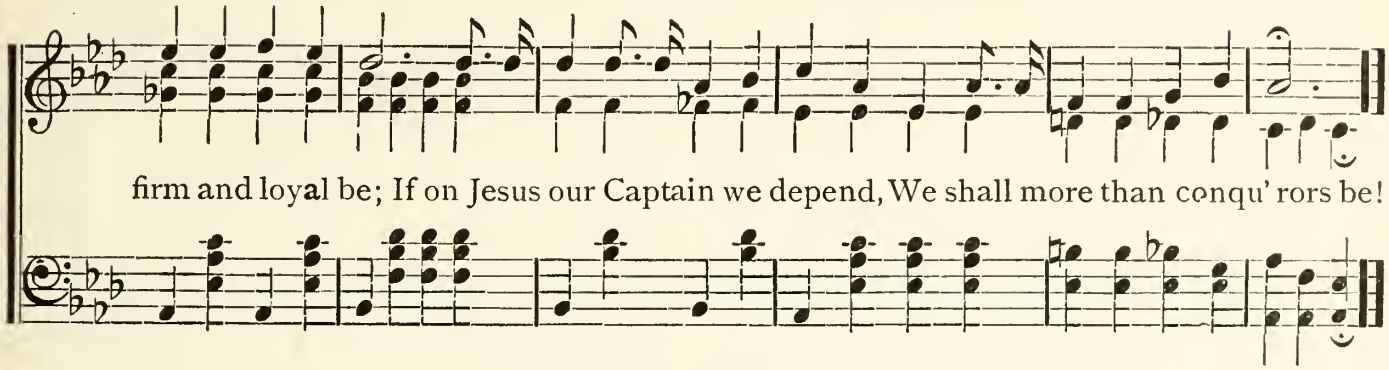
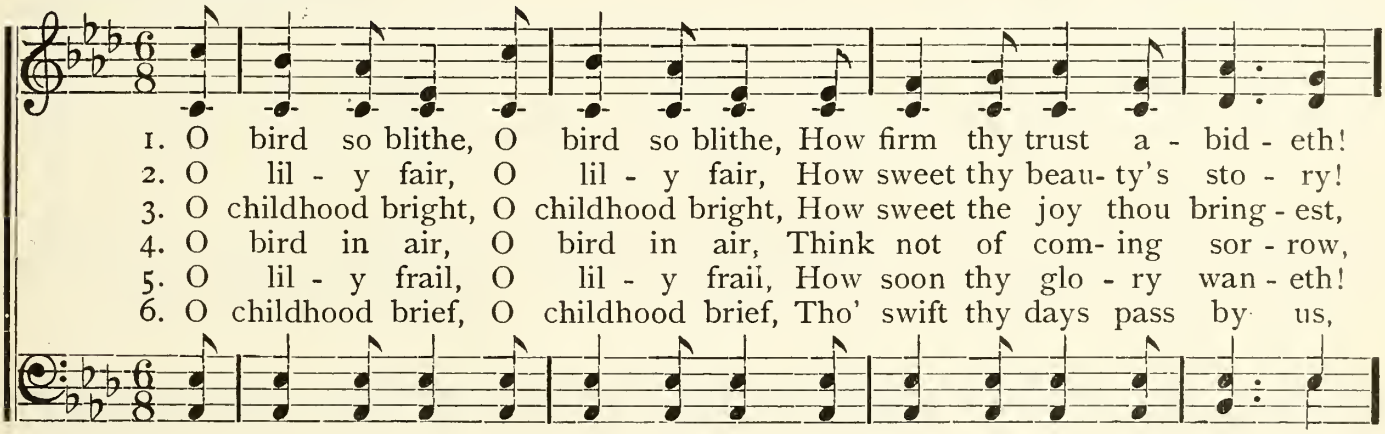
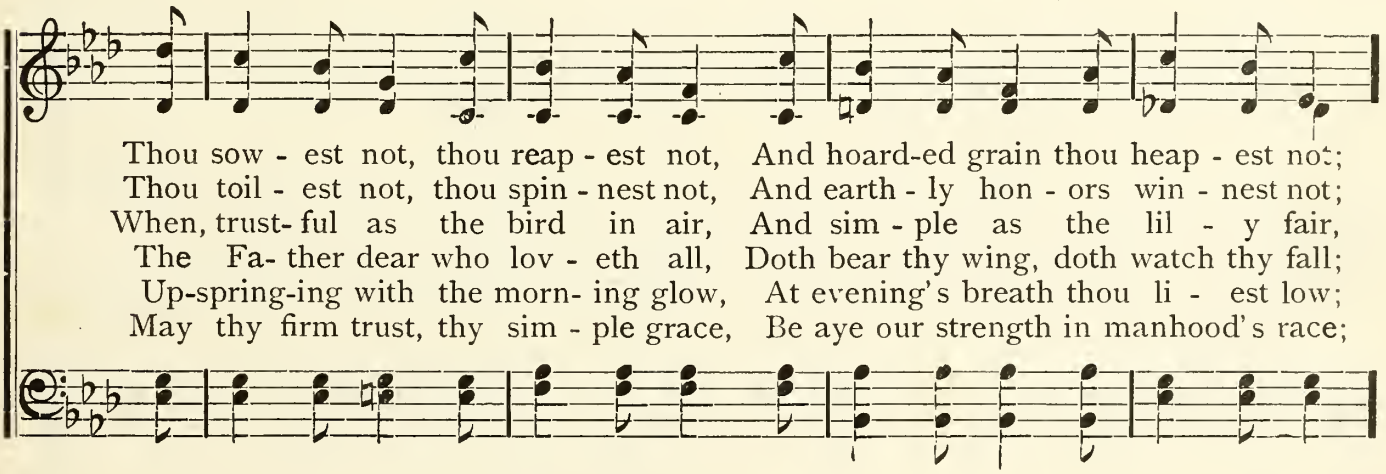
Soldiers of the King.—Concluded.

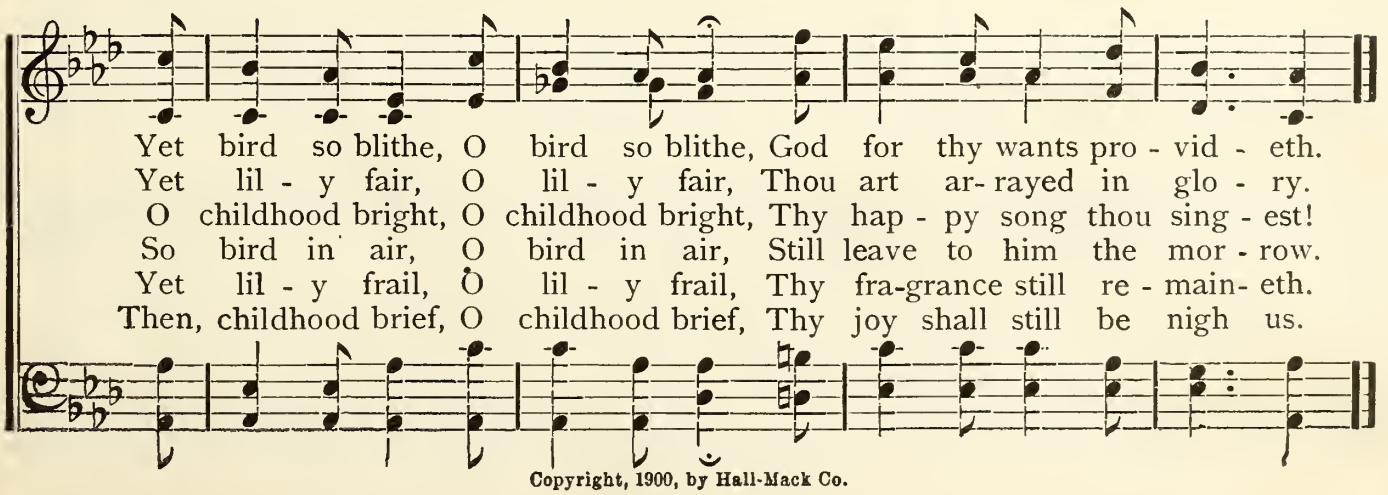


No. 33. Bird So Blithe.

Rev. A. Higginson. A. Berridge.







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No. 34.

Rejoice Evermore.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. We are chil - dren of the light Saved from sin, (saved from sin,) In - to
2. In his name our praise shall flow, When we meet, (when we meet,) To his
3. For his bless - ings we will ask, When we pray; (when we pray;) Je - sus'
4. Then be faith - ful un - to death Ev - er - more, (ev - er - more,) And re -

hope of fu - ture bright, En - ter in. (en - ter in.) For our Lord will bless the pure,
serv - ice glad - ly go, It is sweet. (it is sweet.) In our midst he e'er will be,
serv - ice is no task, On the way. (on the way.) He will lead us safe - ly thro'
joice with lat - est breath, Him a - dore. (him a - dore.) For our Lord for us hath died,

And his prom - is-es are sure, We shall praise him evermore, Ev - er-more. (ev - er-more.)
Where are gathered two or three, And his glo - ry we shall see, Ev - er-more. (ev - er-more.)
For he is a friend so true, We'll our faith in him renew, Ev - er-more. (ev - er-more.)
Je - sus Christ the cru-ci-fied, In his mansions we'll abide Ev - er-more. (ev - er-more.)

CHORUS.

Ev - er-more, (Ev - er-more,) Ev -er - more, (ev - er-more,) Let us glad - ly then re -

joice, Ev - er - more, (ev - er - more,) For a home pre-pared a-bove, Waits us

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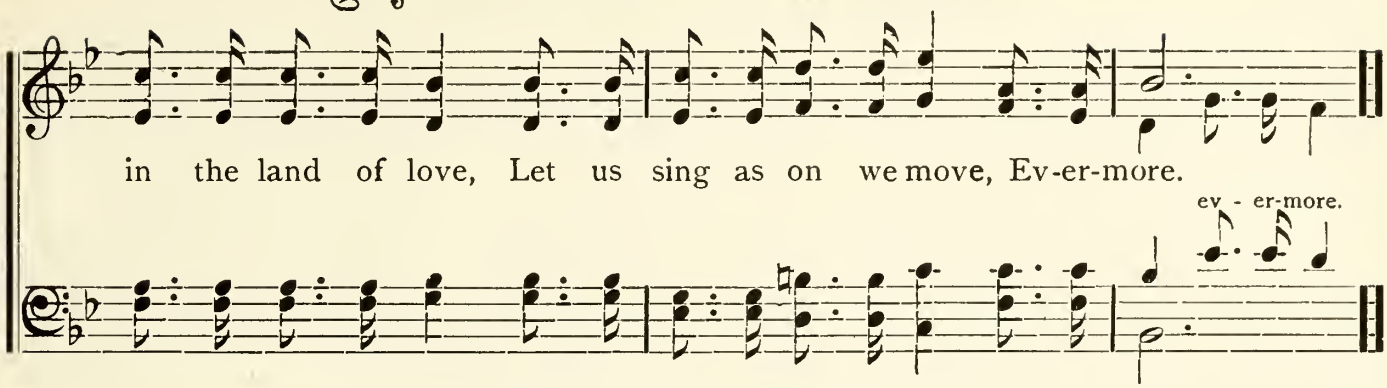
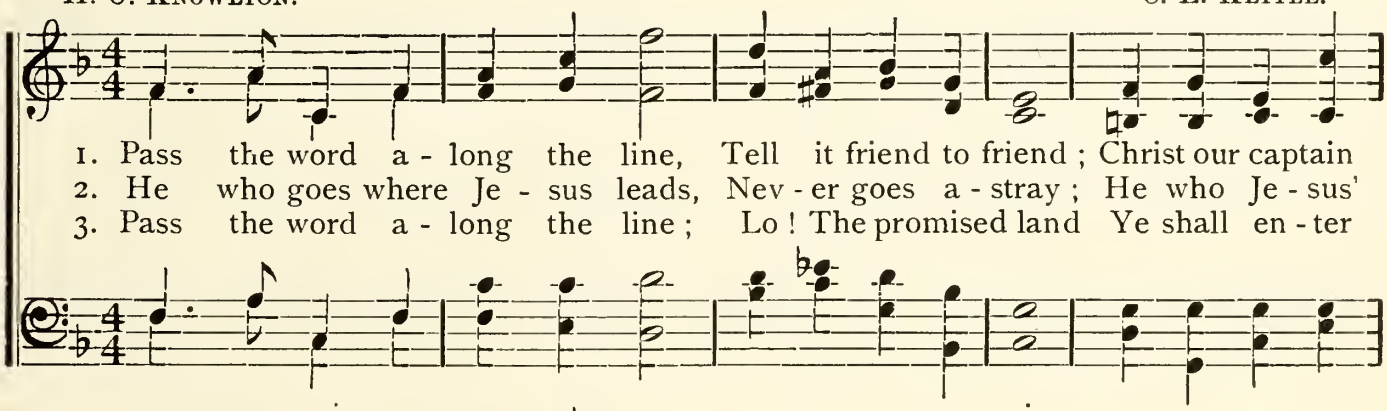
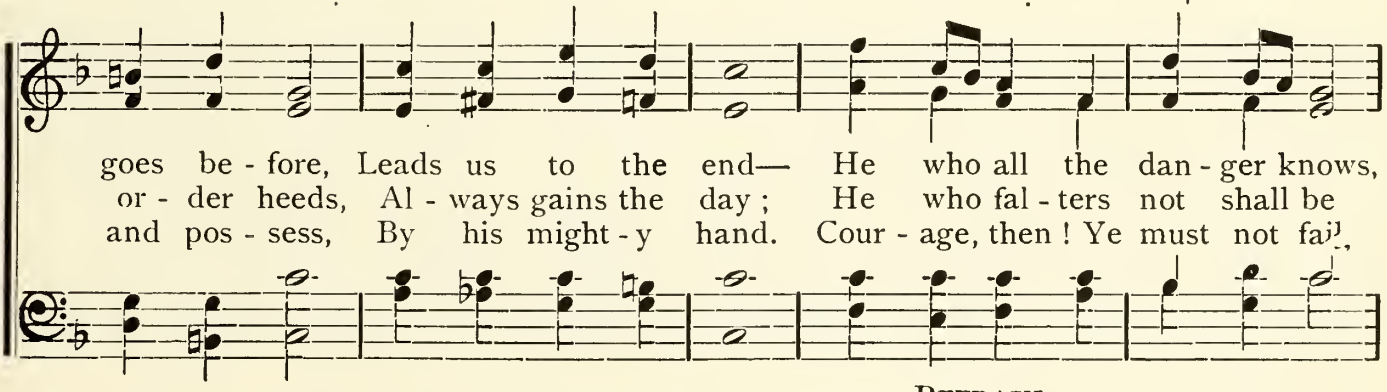
Rejoice Evermore.—Concluded.

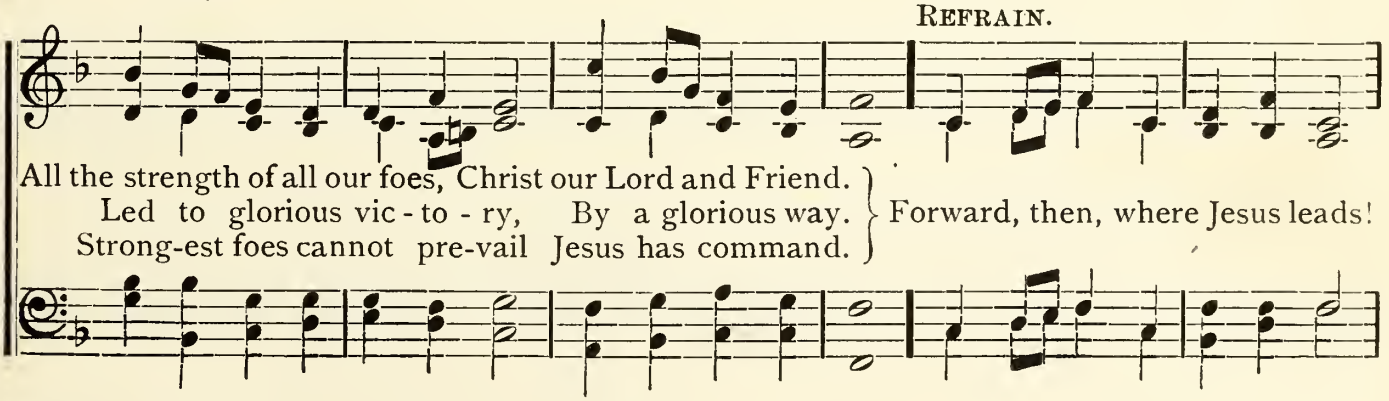


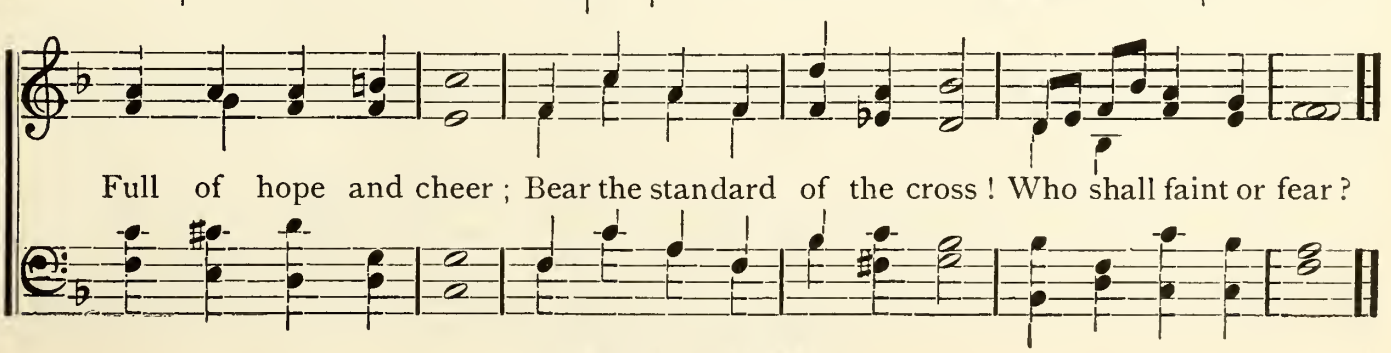
No. 35. Pass the Word.

H. O. Knowlton. C. E. Kettle.









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No. 36. Sowing.

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. We plow the fields and scat - ter the seed up-on the land, But it is fed and wa - tered by God's al-might - y hand, He sends the snow in win - ter, the warmth to swell the grain, The breezes and the sun - shine, the soft re-fresh-ing rain.
2. He on - ly is the mak - er of all things near and far, He paints the wayside flow - er, he lights the ev - 'ning star. The winds and waves o - bey him, by him the birds are fed, Much more to us his chil - dren he gives our dai - ly bread.
3. We thank thee, then, O Fa - ther, for all things bright and good; The seed time and the har - vest, our life, our health, our food, Ac - cept the gifts we of - fer, for all thy love imparts, And what thou most de - sir - est, our humble thankful hearts.

CHORUS.

Sow - ing, sow - ing, sow - ing the pre-cious seed, God will send the sunshine on the wait - ing field, Sow - ing, sow - ing,

Sow - ing, sow - ing, sow - ing, sow - ing,

Sow - ing, sow - ing, sow - ing, sow - ing,

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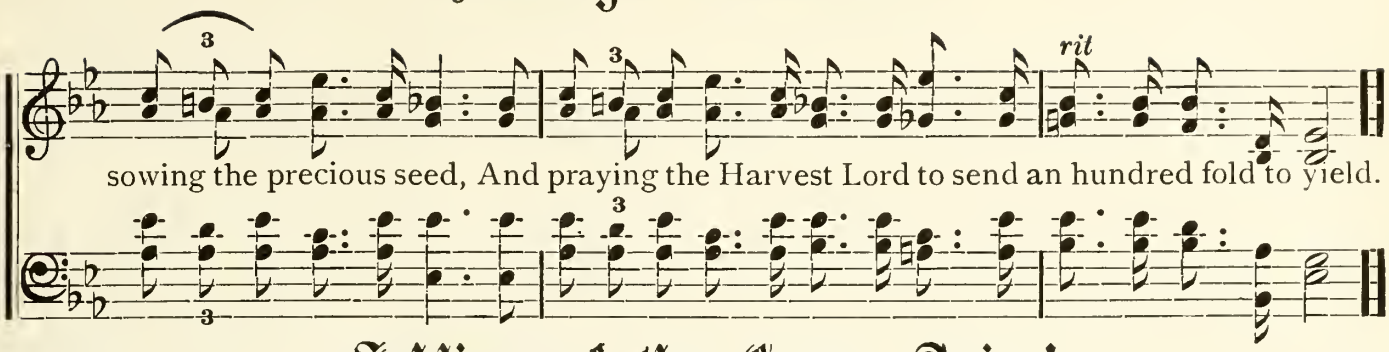
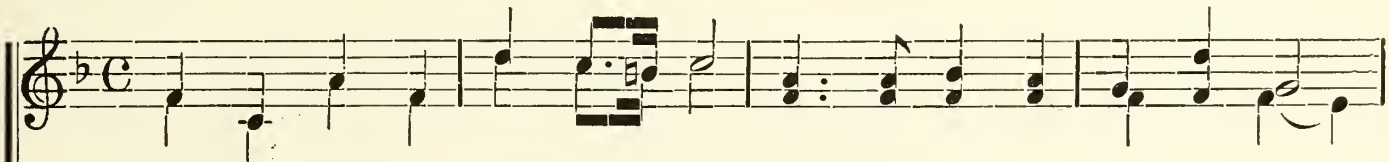
Sowing.—Concluded.

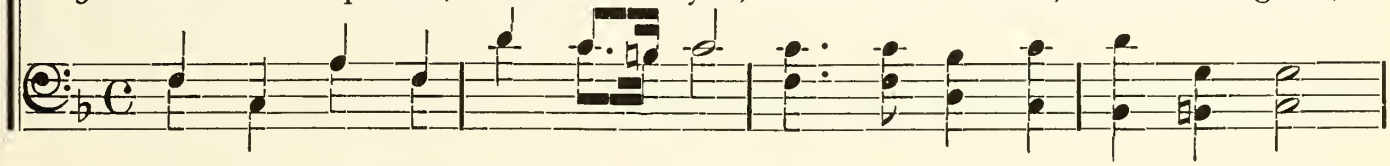


No. 37. Soldiers of the Cross, Arise!

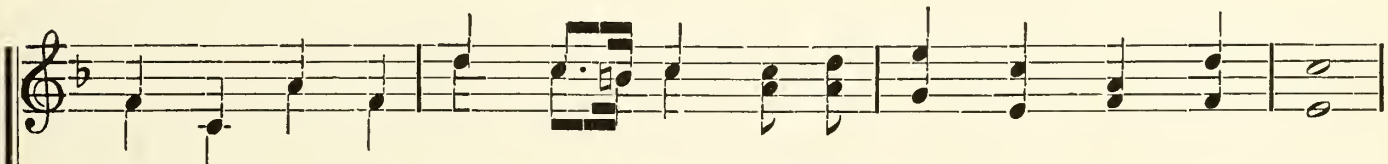
H. D. K. J. Lyddon Harris.



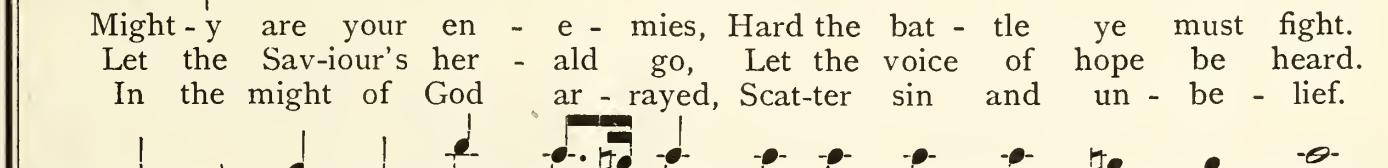
1. Sol - diers of the cross, a - rise! Gird you with your arm - or bright,
2. 'Mid the homes of want and woe, Stran - gers to the liv - ing Word,
3. Guard the help - less, seek the strayed, Com - fort troub-les, ban - ish grief;

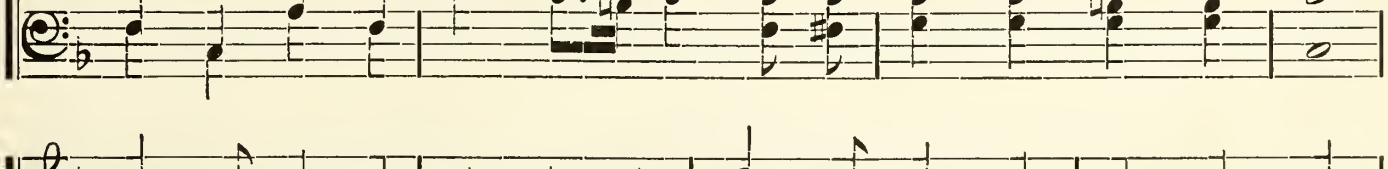


Might - y are your en - e - mies, Hard the bat - tle ye must fight.
Let the Sav-iour's her - ald go, Let the voice of hope be heard.
In the might of God ar - rayed, Scat-ter sin and un - be - lief.

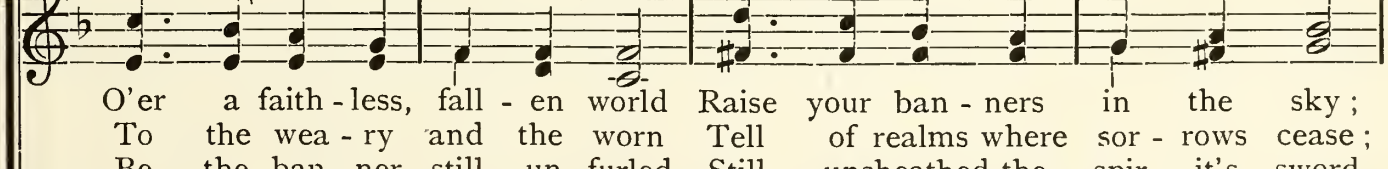


O'er a faith - less, fall - en world Raise your ban - ners in the sky;
To the wea - ry and the worn Tell of realms where sor - rows cease;
Be the ban - ner still un - furled, Still unsheathed the spir - it's sword,





Let it float there, wide un-furled; Bear it on - ward lift it high.
To the out - cast and for - lorn Speak of mer - cy and of peace.
Till the king - doms of the world Are the king - doms of the Lord.



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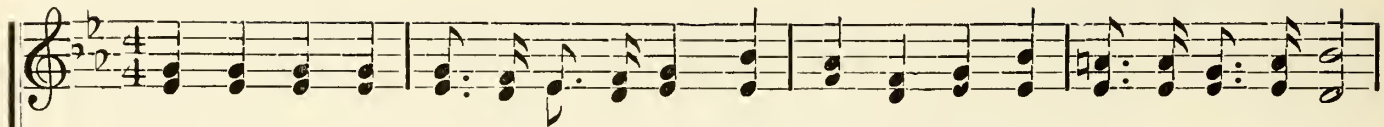
No. 38.

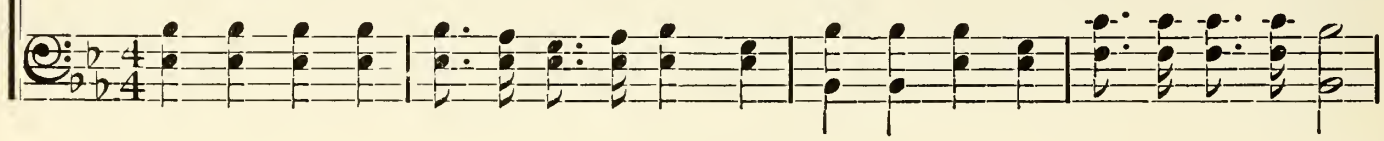
The Lord Will Repay.

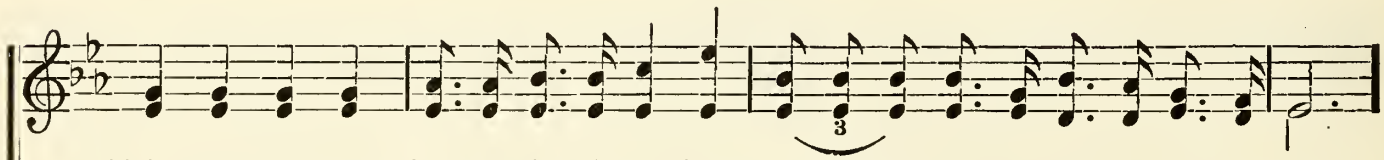
C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

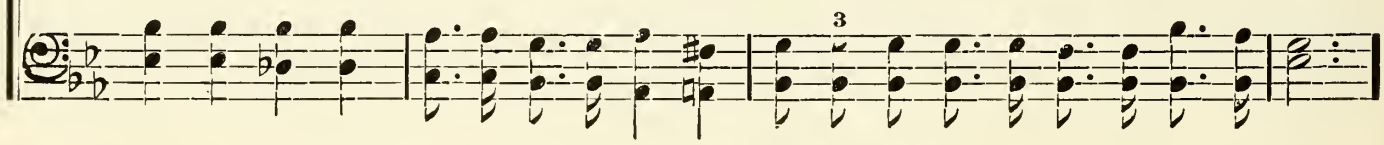


1. Sow-ing, sow-ing, sow-ing for the Mas - ter, Working, pray-ing, trust-ing ev-'ry day;
2. Pre-cious, precious are the fleet-ing mo-ments, Swiftly, swift-ly pass-ing on their way;
3. Somewhere, somewhere careless ones are drifting, Straying, straying from the fold away;

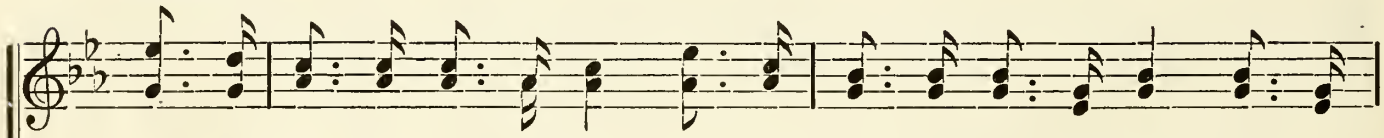




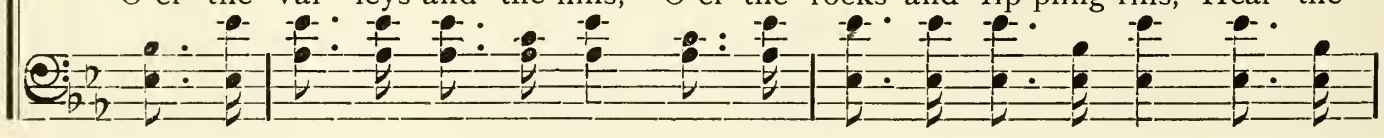
Faint not, weep not, harvest time is coming, Sure-ly the Lord your labor will re-pay.
Use them, use them in the Master's service, Sure-ly the Lord your labor will re-pay,
Seek them, seek them in the storm or sunshine, Sure-ly the Lord your labor will re-pay.



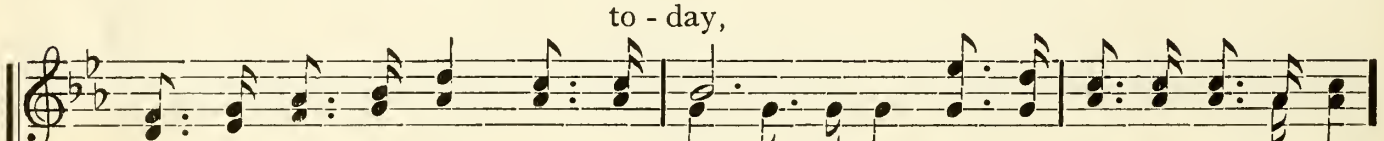
Chorus.



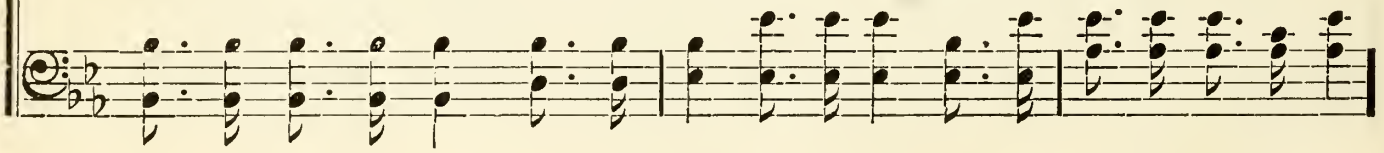
O'er the val - leys and the hills, O'er the rocks and rip-pling rills, Hear the

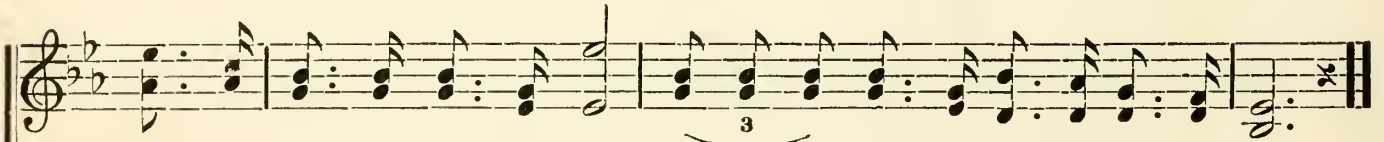


to - day,

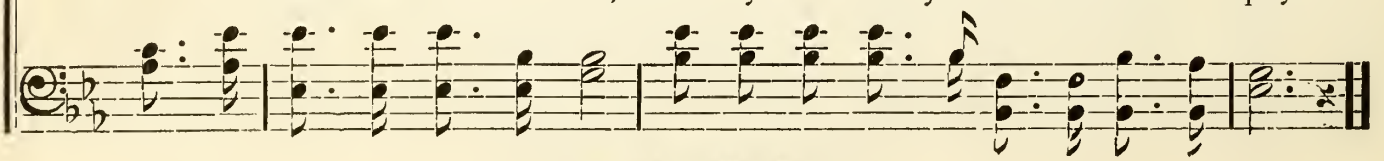


voice of du - ty call, "work to - day, (work to day,) Harv-est com-eth by and by;





Tho' the seed shall live or die, Sure - ly the Lord your la - bor will re - pay.



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No. 39. Lift Aloft the Cross of Jesus.

H. D. K. ARTHUR BERRIDGE.

1. Lift a - loft the cross of Je - sus, Hold it high and strong; Shout the name of
2. Catch the or - der of our Cap- tain, Wield the Spir - it's sword; Onward, fearless,

TWO-PART CHORUS.

him who saves us, Swell the bat - tle song. Forward, soldiers, bold and fearless,
press to con- quer, Slaying with his word. They shall share the glad hosanna,

D.S.—Faith our shield, and hope our helmet,

Hear the call of God; Prove your courage in the con - flict,
Who on him be - lieve; They shall 'neath his roy- al ban - ner

Sa - tan's hosts we face; Marshalled in the might of Je - sus,

FINE. CHORUS.

Tread where brave men trod.
Crowns of life re - ceive.

Lift a - loft the cross of Je - sus, Hold it

Win we by his grace.

D.S.

high and strong; Shout the name of him who saves us, Swell the bat - tle song.

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No. 40.

The Army of the Cross.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. The ar - my of the Cross ad-vanc-es clad in armor bright, The spirit's sword un-
2. The ar - my of the Cross is trust-ing in the Lord of hosts, The God of bat-tles
3. The ar - my of the Cross tri-umphant in the end shall be, A crown to wear and

sheathed for bat-tle, flash-es in the light; The hosts of sin cannot withstand the
strong - er is than Sa-tan's i - dle boasts, His prom-ise to be with us will sus -
palms to bear, with songs of vic-to - ry; The gates of Zi - on en-ter at the

pow'r of God displayed, Then forward! March to meet the foe, nor ev-er be dismayed.
tain us in the fray, So trust in God and strug-gle on, the right will win the day.
Sav-iour's feet to lay, The trophies of the battles fought, when right has won the day.

Chorus.

Then with our banner flying, singing as we go, Trusting Jesus boldly meet the foe, Then forward!

March! March! Victory is nigh, We'll trust in God and persevere, we'll conquer by and by.

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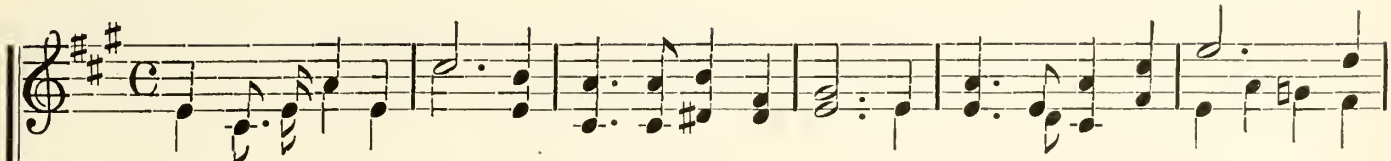
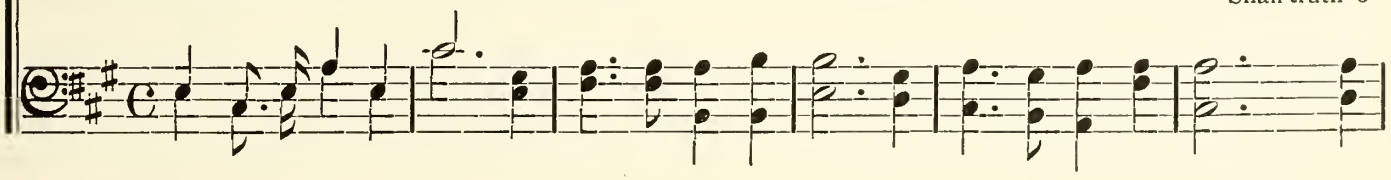
No. 41. Oh! For the Noble Mind.

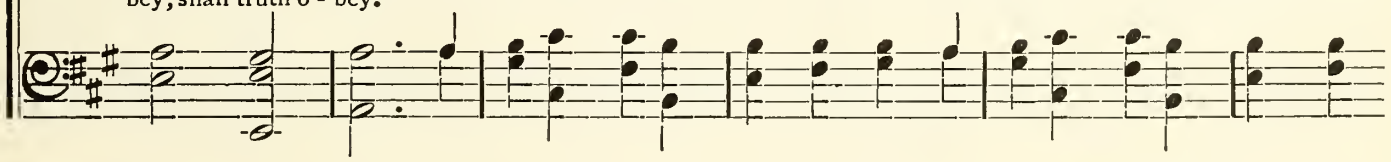
H. D. K. ARTHUR BERRIDGE.



1. O! For the noble mind, That ne'er will stoop to shame, But strives to leave behind A
A spot-less
2. O! For the will to keep, The way we know is right; And may that way, tho' steep, Be
Be our de -
3. O! For the times again, When conscience ruled the day; When holy, faithful men, Shall
Shall truth o-

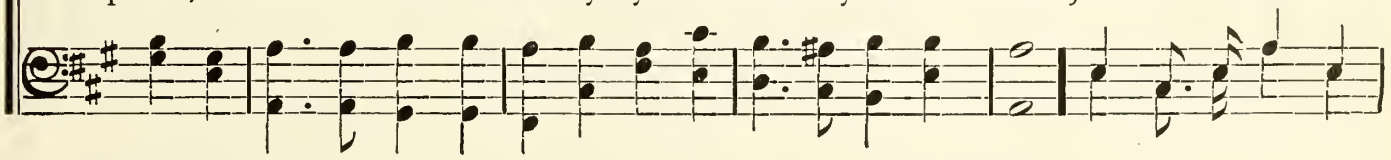


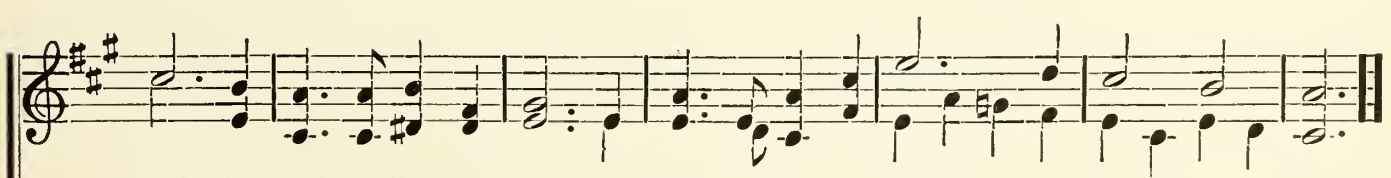
spot - less name. A soul above the sor-did mien Who basely wrong will do for
name, a spotless name.
our de - light. Give us the heart no fears can shake, "Nor pain nor loss for Jesus'
light, be our de - light.
truth o - bey. The sa-cred cause of Je - sus' love, Like Mary's firm and steadfast
bey, shall truth o - bey.



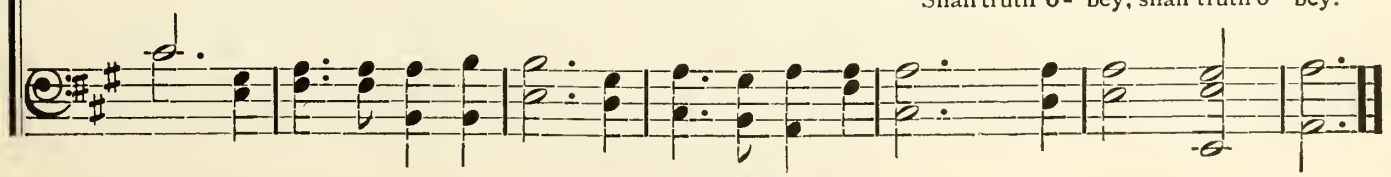
CHORUS.

gain, A soul that scorns to grovel thus, Be this the soul for us. } O! For the no - ble
sake;" Our consciences shall ne'er be sold For all their shining gold. } O! For the will to
prove, Who rather than from du-ty fly 'Shall bravely choose to die. } O! For the times a -





mind, That ne'er will stoop to shame, But strives to leave behind A spot - less name.
A spot-less name, a spot-less name.
keep, The way we know is right; And may that way, tho' steep, Be our de - light.
Be our de - light, be our de - light.
gain, When conscience ruled the day; When holy, faithful men, Shall truth o - bey.
Shall truth o - bey, shall truth o - bey.



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No. 42. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

SABINE BARING-GOULD. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Onward, Christian sol- diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri- umph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread- ing
4. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
5. Onward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap- py throng, Blend with ours your voices

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foundations quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Constant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst the Church prevail;
In the tri-umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un- to Christ the King,

CHORUS.

Forward in - to bat - tle, See, his ban-ners go!
Brothers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise, And that can-not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an- gels sing.

Onward, Christian sol - diers!

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

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No. 43.

Along the King's Highway.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We are a band of sol-diers, Valiant, and brave, and true; Un-der the King en-
2. Stead-i - ly on we're marching, Dai-ly we stronger grow; Firm-er in faith and
3. Mill-ions in lands of darkness, Look for the com-ing day; Long for the com-ing

list - ed, Sworn to be loy - al, too: Je - sus, the Mas - ter, is lead-ing,
pa-tience, Conquer-ing ev - 'ry foe. Grand-ly the morning is breaking.
Sav - iour, Why should we, then, de - lay! Un - til the heav - y clouds, rift - ed,

Cheer-ing, en-cour-ag - ing, plead - ing; Backward the foe is re - ced - ing, And
Right-eous en-deav-or a - wak - ing, E - vil foun-da-tions are shaking, As
Backward for - ev - er have drift - ed, Till the dark veil is up - lift - ed, We'll

CHORUS.

March - ing, march - ing,

vic - to - ry lies in view.
onward with joy we go.
la-bor and watch and pray.

Marching along, we're marching along, Marching a - long the

March - ing, march - ing,

King's highway, We're marching a- long, marching a- long, On to the per - fect day.

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No. 44. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. J. LINCOLN HALL.

DUET.—TENOR AND ALTO.

1. Je- sus, Lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the nearer waters roll,
2. Other refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee: Leave, O leave me not alone,
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in thee I find; Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
4. Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cover all my sin: Let the healing streams abound;

SOLO.—SOP. *rit.*

While the tempest still is high! Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
Still support and comfort me: All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;
Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is thy name, I am all unrighteousness:
Make and keep me pure within. Thou of life the fountain art, Freely let me take of thee:

DUET.—SOP. AND ALTO. *rit.*

Safe in - to the ha- ven guide, O re - ceive . . . my soul at last!
Cov - er my defense-less head With the shad - - ow of thy wing!
False and full of sin I am, Thou art full . . . . of truth and grace.
Spring thou up with- in my heart, Rise to all . . . . e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

Hide me, O my Sav- iour, Sav-iour hide, Till the storm of life is past, is past;

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Jesus, Lover of My Soul.—Concluded.

Safe in- to the haven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!

p rit.

Safe in - to the ha- ven, ha- ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last, my soul at last!

O re-ceive my soul at last!

No. 45. Golden Harps are Sounding.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Gold- en harps are sounding, An - gel voic-es ring, Pear!- y gates are o-pened—
2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with glo-ry
3. Pray-ing for his chil- dren, In that bless-ed place, Call- ing them to glo - ry,

O - pened for the King; Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Je- sus, King of Love,
At his Father's side: Nev - er more to suf - fer, Nev- er more to die,
Send- ing them his grace; His bright home prepar - ing, Lit - tle ones, for you;

CHORUS.

Is gone up in tri - umph To his throne above.
Je- sus, King of Glo - ry, Is gone up on high.
Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov- eth, too.
} All his work is end - ed,

Joy - ful - ly we sing, Je - sus hath as- cend - ed, Glo - ry to our King.

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No. 46.

Rose and Lily.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. Blow, soft - ly blow o'er the hills and vales of Shar - on, Blow, soft - ly
2. When win - ter comes and in i - cy grasp en-folds them, Where once was
3. Bright as the rose in the dew - y morn-ing glist-'ning, And lil - y
4. When ev - 'ning falls and the shades of dark-ness gath - er, O'er all the

blow o'er the rest - less roll - ing seas, Bring from the East tho'ts of
life, death in si - lence hov - ers o'er, But in the spring they re -
fair ev - er turning t'ward the sun, So may our hearts ev - er
earth cov-'ring rose and lil - y bright, Hope on in faith for the

D.S.—Em - blems of truth and of

Fine.

hallowed scenes and pleasures, Of the rose and lil - y bending to the balm-y breeze.
new their strength and beauty, So we too shall rise in him, to live for-ev - er - more.
list-'ning to the Sav - iour, Look to him for strength to labor till the day is done.
dawning of the morn-ing, Draweth near to drive away the shadows of the night.

pur - i - ty we crown thee, Ev - er may thy beauty fill the earth with perfume rare.

Chorus.

Rose of Shar - on, Lil - y of the vale;
Rose of Shar - on, rose of Shar - on, Lil - y of the vale;

D.S. al fine.

Ev - er bloom - ing, ev - er fresh and fair;
Ev - er bloom - ing, Ev - er bloom - ing, ev - er fresh and fair;

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No. 81.

The Children of the King.

IDA L. REED. MAURICE A CLIFTON.

1. Chil-dren of the King are we, And as such we must be true; Ev - er will-ing,
2. Ma - ny du - ties wait our hands, We must daily, hourly see; Pressing needs through-
3. We the lost must seek, in love, Stray-ing 'mid the paths of sin; To our Father's

earn - est, free, All our Father's work to do. At his will we each must go
out all lands, And we can-not i - dle be. All a-round us, ev-'ry-where,
courts a - bove Strive to bring all wand'rers in. Then will he our serv-ice bless,

Forth to la - bor till the night Falls o'er hill and val - ley low, And sunbeams bright.
There are souls that we must aid; Hearts o'erladen, bowed with care, By grief dis-mayed.
Kind - ly will our welcome be; Thro' the gates of righteousness His glo - ries see.

CHORUS.

Hap-py chil-dren of the King are we, Dai - ly in his serv- ice blest are we;

Glad - ly we his prais - es ev - er sing, Chil - dren of the King.

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No. 82. Scatter Loving Words and Deeds.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. J. LINCOLN HALL.

GIRLS.

1. Scat - ter lov - ing words and deeds A - long life's rug - ged way,
2. Scat - ter lov - ing words and deeds, Tho' you may nev - er reap,
3. Scat - ter lov - ing words and deeds, Bring heav - en down be - low,

Smile up - on the wea - ry ones, Whose hearts are sad to - day.
Seeds when sown by will - ing hand, The Lord will safe - ly keep;
Think of what the Lord would do, And in his im - age grow.

BOYS.

From a ten - der Fa - ther's hand Come mer - cies, rich and free,
Fruit - ful har - vests they may stand For you in E - den bright,
Tho' you may not paint the clouds, Nor help the stars to shine,

ALL.

O share with the rest, that they may be blest, Give what he lends to thee.
O give while you may in life's bet - ter day, For soon will come the night.
O lead a dear soul to reach the bright goal, A mis - sion most di - vine.

CHORUS.

Scat - ter lov-ing words, scat-ter kind-ly deeds, Free-ly o'er life's rugged way, To

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No. 47.

O, it is Beautiful.

"Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things God hath prepared for those who love him."

GEO. P. BEARD. B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. Beau - ti - ful cit - y the home of the blest, Beau - ti - ful man-sions where
2. Beau - ti - ful an - gels a- round the white throne, Beau - ti - ful chil - dren for
3. Beau - ti - ful serv-ice of wor- ship in song, Beau - ti - ful fam - i - ly—
4. Beau - ti - ful greetings when friend meeteth friend, Beau - ti - ful meet - ing that

wear - y shall rest, Beau- ti - ful riv - er of life nev- er old, Beau- ti - ful
ev - er our own, Beau- ti - ful Saint-ed en-robed in pure white, Beau- ti - ful
per-fect - ly one, Beau- ti - ful har - mo-ny liv - ing in love, Beau- ti - ful
nev - er shall end, Beau- ti - ful day with no shad- ow of night, Beau- ti - ful

REFRAIN.

street of the pur - est of gold.
Sav - iour re - ful- gent with light.
scenes that a - wait us a - bove.
vi - sion e - ter - nal - ly bright.

O, it is beau - ti - ful! "eye hath not seen,"

Neith- er hath ear heard the heav - en - ly theme, O, it is beau - ti - ful

eye hath not seen, Thrill - ing my soul with the heav - en - ly theme.

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No. 48.

Loyally.

Ida L. Reed. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Serve with glad - ness Christ the King, Loy - al - ly, loy - al - ly,
2. Serve him tru - ly day by day, Loy - al - ly, loy - al - ly,
3. Serve him with a will - ing heart, Loy - al - ly, loy - al - ly,

To the la - bor go and sing, Loy - al - ly, loy - al - ly, Use the good that
Ful - ly trust him all the way, Loy - al - ly, loy - al - ly, Though the clouds thy
Give thy - self and all thou art, Loy - al - ly, loy - al - ly, Shrink not from the

in thee lies, He thy gifts will not de-spise, Come with love's sweet sac-ri - fice,
sky may fill, He will be thy ref- uge still, Yield in all to his blest will,
toilsome way, He is with thee day by day, For - ward go, his voice o - bey,

Chorus.

Loy - al - ly, loy - al - ly, Serve him, serve him, Christ the Mighty King, To thy

serv-ice will - ing la - bor bring, See! the harvest fields are white Soon will come the

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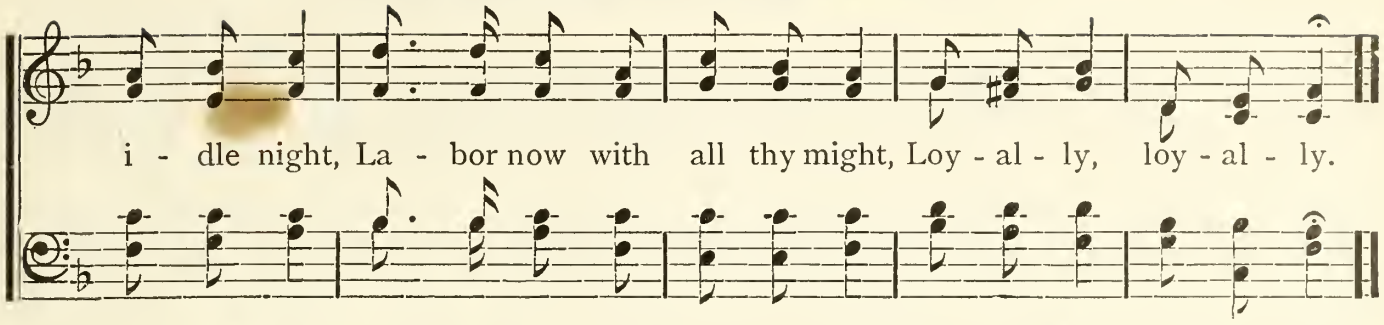
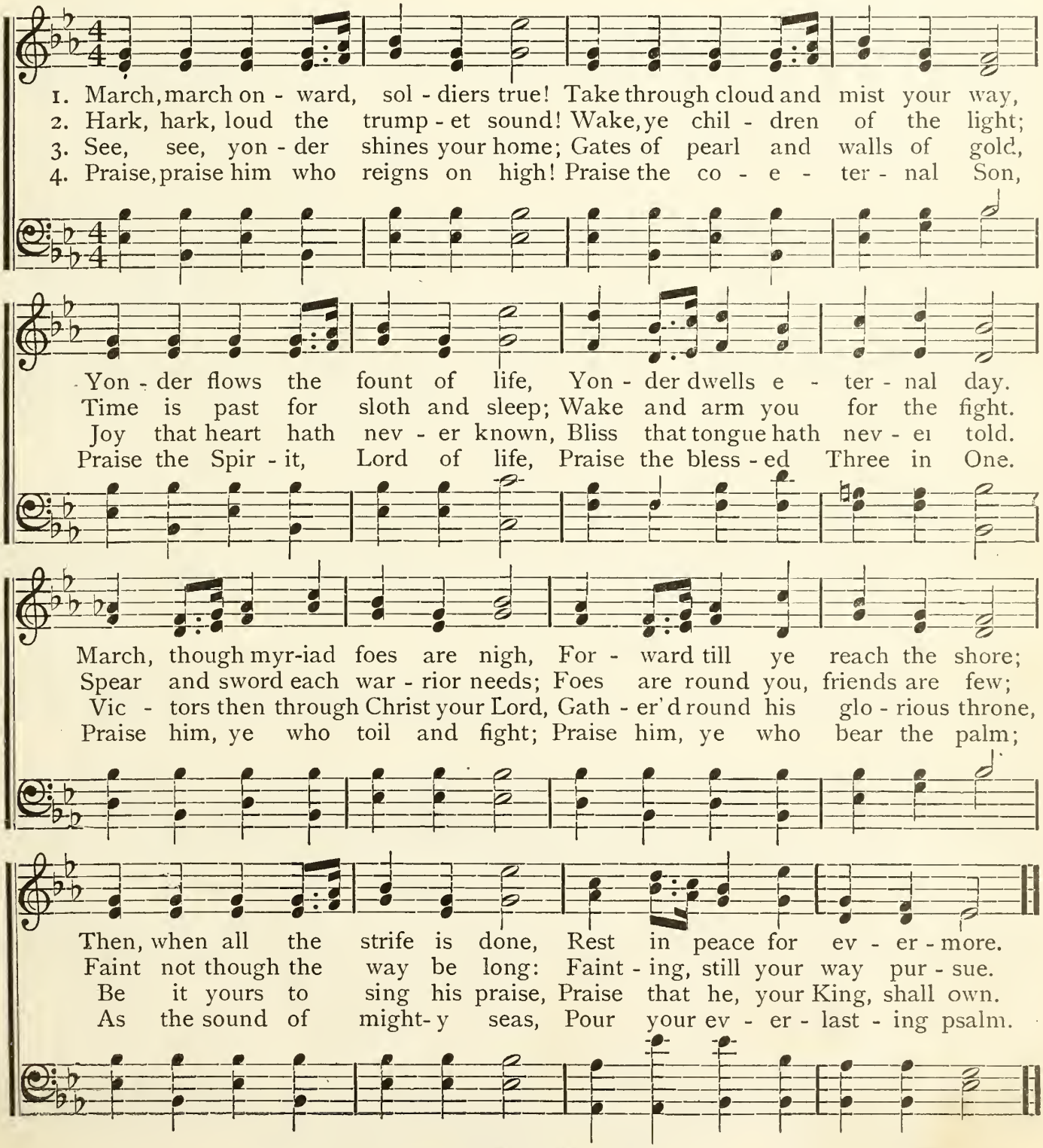
Loyally.—Concluded.



No. 49. March, March Onward, Soldiers True.

H. D. K. ARTHUR BERRIDGE.



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No. 50. Lauded Be Thy Holy Name.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. Laud - ed be thy ho- ly name, Thou of life the Giv - er, Thou who hold-est
2. Thine the gen- tle voice we hear, Soft as breath of e - ven, In the stillness
3. Keep us ev - er in thy love, Ev - er in thy fa - vor, And the love that

Cho.—Laud-ed be thy ho- ly name, Thou of life the Giv - er, Thou who hold-est

in thy hand Mountain, rock and riv - er; Thine the flam- ing sphere of light,
of the night Tell - ing us of heav - en; Ev - 'ry vir - tue we pos - sess,
made us thine Keeps us thine for - ev - er; Glow- ing hearts with rap - ture dwell

in thy hand Mountain, rock and riv - er; Thine the flam- ing sphere of light,

Fine.

Ris - ing from the sea, Thine the pres- ent and the past, Thine e - ter - ni - ty.
Ev - 'ry vic - t'ry won, Ev- 'ry thought of ho - li- ness, All are thine a - lone.
On thy wondrous love, Thus to make for us a place In thy courts a- bove.

Ris - ing from the sea, Thine the pres- ent and the past, Thine e - ter - ni - ty.

Refrain. Girls.

Thou that slumb' rest not nor sleepest, In thy ho- ly keeping we our future place;

D.C. for Chorus.

Till in heav-en we a- dore, a - dore thee, There to ful - ly know thy grace.

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No. 51. Sowing the Golden Grain.

NELLIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. We are sow-ing now of the gold- en grain, The toil - ing time for us has come;
2. We will sow the seed with a bus - y hand, With will- ing mind the ground prepare;
3. O! the fruit-ful seed we will glad-ly sow,—The har-vest we may nev- er see;

In the reap- ing time we may come a - gain, And gath- er for the har-vest home.
For the weeds will spring from the furrow'd land—It needs our watch and greatest care.
But the gold - en grain for the truth will grow, And all in heav- en gath-er'd be.

CHORUS.

We are sow - - ing seeds of kind - - ness, Sow - - -
Sow - ing, ev - er sow - ing, Sow - ing seeds of kind - ness, Sow - ing, ev - er

ing seeds of love. . . . . Soon, ah! soon . . . . . will come the
sow - ing, sow - ing seeds of love, Soon, ah! soon will come the

reap - - - - - ers To gath - er for the har - vest home.
reap - ers, come the reap - ers, harvest home.

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No. 52.

We Make No Compromise.

J. W. V. J. W. Van De Venter.

1. We're vol - un- teers for Je - sus, His or - ders we o - bey, We
2. Our lives are on the al - tar, Our trust is in the Lord, We
3. We preach a full sal - va - tion, A gos - pel that will save, An

march in line to - geth - er, A- long the King's highway; We love the Master's
charge the foe in bat - tle, And car - ry out his word; In Je- sus' name we'll
un - de- filed re - li - gion, The same that Je - sus gave; We live and die for

service, And work with all our might, We try to please our Captain, And dare to do the right.
conquer, And claim the victor' scrown, But never cease the struggle, Nor lay the armor down.
oth - ers, A true and valiant band, En- list- ed in the ar - my For God and native land.

Chorus.

We make no compromise, We make no compromise, Nev- er, nev-er, never will we yield;

We make no compromise, We make no compromise, Never, never, but die up- on the field.

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No. 53.

I Belong to the King.

Ida L. Reed. Maurice A. Clifton.

Solo or Duet.

1. I be-long to the King, I'm a child of his love, I shall dwell in his pal-ace so fair; For he tells of its bliss in yon heav-en a-bove, And his
2. I be-long to the King, and he loves me I know, For his mer-cy and kindness, so free, Are un-ceas-ing-ly mine, whereso-ev-er I go, And my
3. I be-long to the King, and his promise is sure, That we all shall be gathered at last In his kingdom a-bove, by life's wa-ters so pure, When this

Chorus.

chil-dren its splen-dors shall share.
ref-uge un-fail-ing is he.
life with its tri-als is past.
} I be-long to the King, I'm a child of his love, And he nev-er for-sak-eth his own; He will call me some day to his pal-ace a-bove, I shall dwell by his glo-ri-fied throne.

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No. 54. Hear the Master's Earnest Call.

Rev. F. L. Snyder. Howard E. Smith.

1. Hear the Mas - ter's earn - est call, There is work for one and all; Go and work, (go and work,) go and work—(go and work,) On your ears may fall this sound, Stand not al - ways i - dly round, Go where la - bor may be found; Go and work, (go and work.)
2. Hear the Mas - ter's call to you, There is plen - ty work to do; Go and work, (go and work,) go and work (go and work,) Dy - ing souls are ev - 'ry-where, Bowed with sor - row, sin and care, You should go and la - bor there, Go and work, (go and work.)
3. Hear the Mas - ter call - ing yet, Soul, why stand and doubt, and fret, Go and work, (go and work.) go and work; (go and work,) There is la - bor to be done, Pre- cious souls that may be won, Ere the set - ting of the sun, Go and work, (go and work.)

Chorus.

Go and work, For the har - vest fields are white, (Go and work,) Go and work, Gath - er sheaves while yet 'tis light, (Go and work,) Go and la - bor one and all, Lest the

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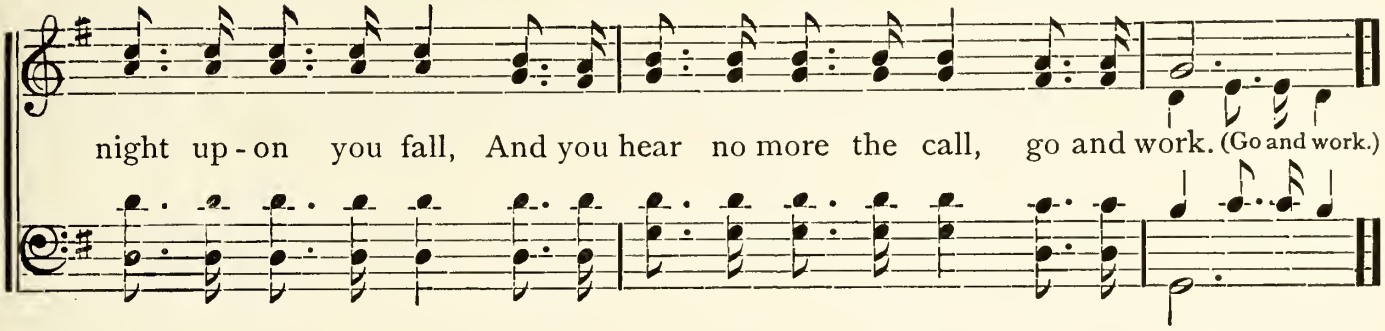
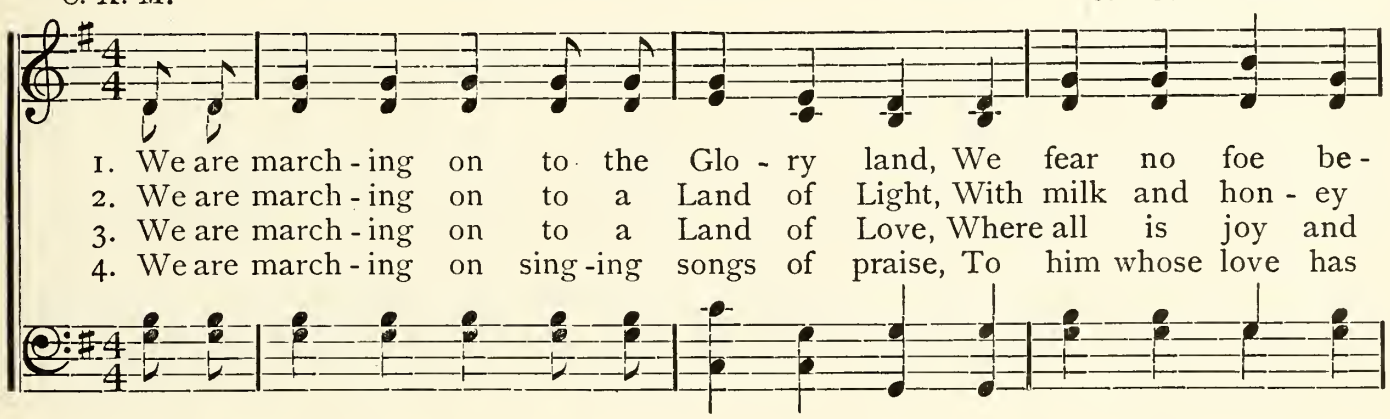
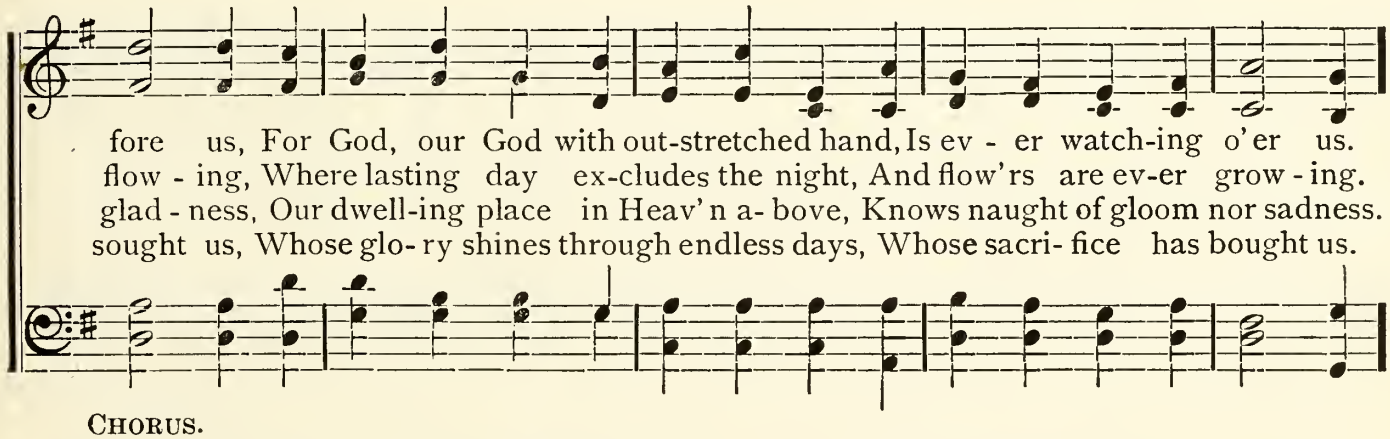
Hear the Master's Earnest Call.—Concluded.



No. 55. Marching to a Land of Love.

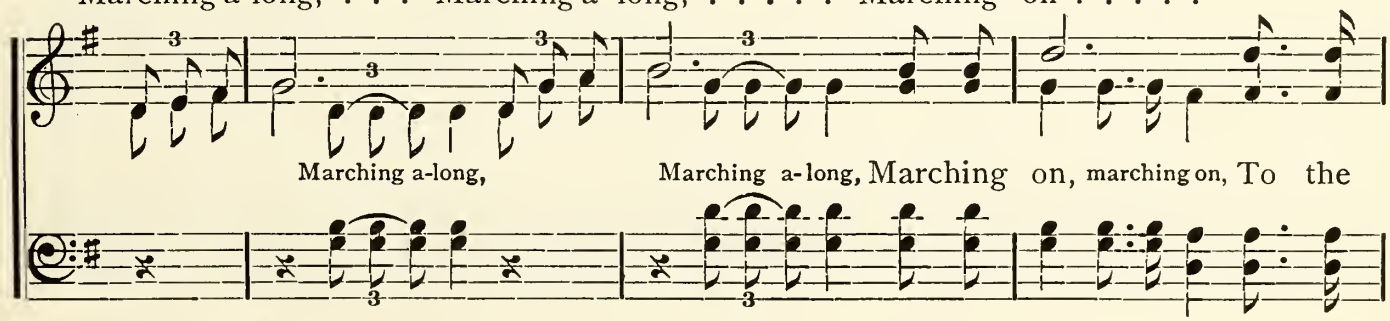
C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

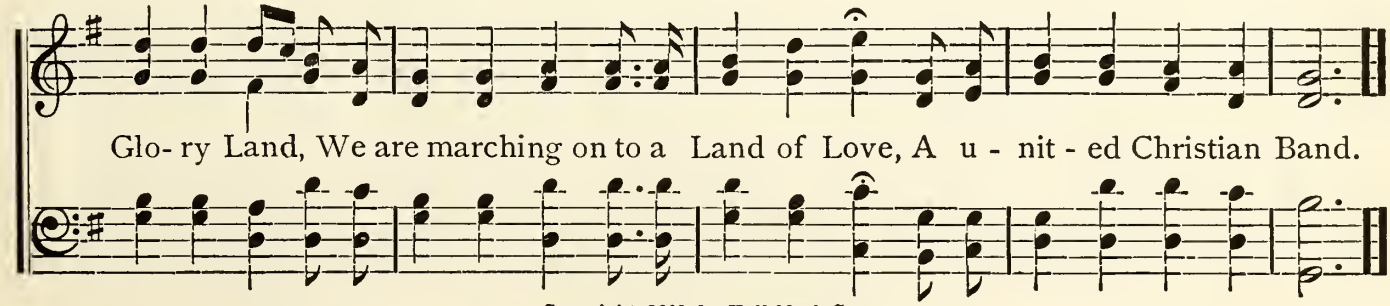




Chorus.

Marching a-long, . . . Marching a-long, ... Marching on . . . . .





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No. 56.

Let Us Help One Another.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

J. P. HEY.

1. Let us help one an - oth - er for life is so short, It is
2. Just a look, or a smile, it may lead to the light, To the
3. Let us help one an - oth - er with brave words of cheer, Bring - ing

on - ly a day at the best, There are those all a - round us dis -
souls who are close by your side; Will you leave them in dark-ness to
joy to some heart while we may; Heav- y bur - dens grow light and the

cour - aged and sad, We may point to the ha - ven of rest.
per - ish a - lone? 'Tis for these the dear Sav - iour has died.
clouds dis - ap - pear, When the sun - shine of love clears the way.

CHORUS.

Let us help . . . . one an - oth - - er,

Let us help one an - oth - - er, help one an - oth - er, And give of our best to each

oth - er, Let us strive in this world below, The Christ in his beau - ty to show.

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No. 57.

Look Up! Go Forth!

IRVIN H. MACK. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. Look up! Look up! The Master calls, Come, join the happy reap-ers; A-wake! The
2. Look up! Look up! The daylight breaks Upon the stars of morning; The reap - er
3. Look up! O lift thy fall-en brow, And cease thy dull re-pin-ing; The past is

call to la- bor falls Up- on the list' ning ear. O haste, the grain is rip' ning fast, The
at the dawn awakes, With songs the day to greet. Go forth! Ye men, with willing hands, Some
gone, thy time is now:—To work with happy steps! Tho' great thy sins of days gone by, They' re

sun is brightly shin-ing, Go lend a hand while daylight lasts, Thy work do not delay.
little work be doing, Go forth! In love the Lord commands, Your work for Christ renew.
all by Christ for-giv- en, So work with joy, no lon-ger sigh, The Master calls to you.

CHORUS.

Forth to thy la - bor, Cease thy re - pin - ing,

Forth to la - bor, forth to la - bor, Cease re - pin - ing, la - bor now, O hear the call to

1 2

one and all, To work ere daylight fades; one and all, To work ere daylight fades.

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No. 58.

The King of Glory.

From Psalm xxiv.

J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Ye gates, lift up your heads on high; Ye doors, that last for aye,
2. But who of glo - ry is the King? The might - y Lord is this;
3. But who is he that is the King Of glo - ry? Who is this?
4. Ye gates, lift up your heads on high; Ye doors, that last for aye,

Be lift - ed up, that so the King Of glo - ry en - ter may.
E'en that same Lord, that great in might, And strong in bat - tle is.
The Lord of hosts, and none but he The King of glo - ry is.
Be lift - ed up, that so the King Of glo - ry en - ter may.

Chorus. Girls.

Who is the King of glo - ry? Who is the King of glo - ry? Who is the King? O

ff Full School.

Inst. *Inst.*

who is the King? Who is the King of glo - ry? The Lord, The Lord, The

Faster with joyfulness.

Lord of hosts, He is the King of glo - ry, He is the King of

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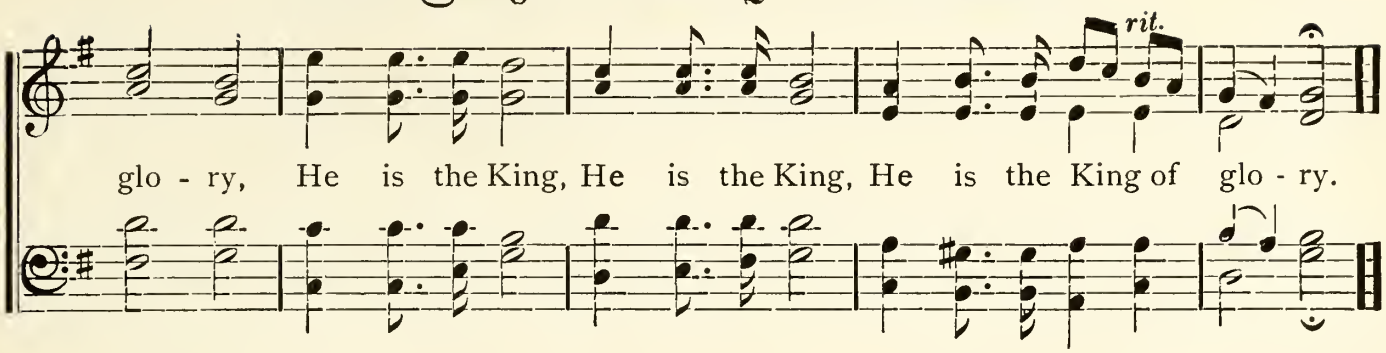
The King of Glory.—Concluded.



No. 59. The Father's Love.

IDA L. REED. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

SOLO. *Feelingly.*

1. Guide thou my steps, I cry to thee, When clouds my pathway hide;
2. Thro' dark-est days I catch the glow Of thine un - fail-ing love,
3. I shall not fall, when thou art near, For thou my strength will be;

Then, Lord, I pray thee, help thou me Press clos-er to thy side.
And still it shines for me, I know, The night and storm a - bove.
Nor cloud, nor shad - ow will I fear, Thou still wilt care for me.

CHORUS.

Tho' oft af - flic - tions cloud my days, 'Mid all my griefs I'll sing thy praise;

For tho' my way may shadowed be, Thou still dost love and care for me.

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No. 60.

Hear Ye the Battle Cry.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. See the foe ad- vanc- ing now, read - y for the fray, Trust in God and
2. Vol - un-teers are want- ed still, for the foe is strong, Trust in God and
3. Sing the song of vic - to - ry, God is with his own, And the power of

strug - gle on, right will win the day; Heav- en's hosts are gathered round,
per - se - vere, right will con- quer wrong; Thro' the bat - tle's strife and din
sin and woe will be o - verthrown; When the vic - tor's palms we bear,

they our aid will be, God will lead his chos - en ones to vic - to - ry.
this our cry shall be, God will lead his chos - en ones to vic - to - ry.
this our song shall be, God hath led his chos - en ones to vic - to - ry.

Chorus.

Hear ye the battle cry, Hear ye the battle cry, Fall in - to line! Onward, forward!

on to meet the foe, all thought of fear resign; Hear ye the battle cry, Hear ye the

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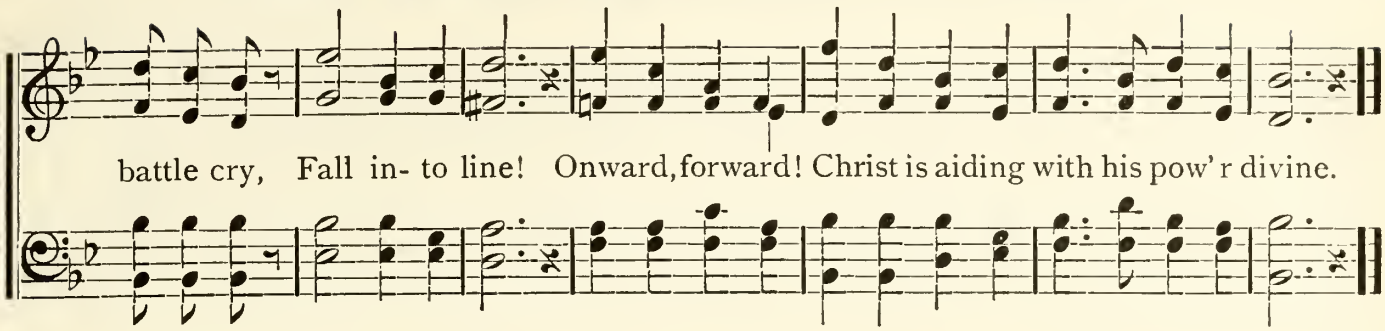
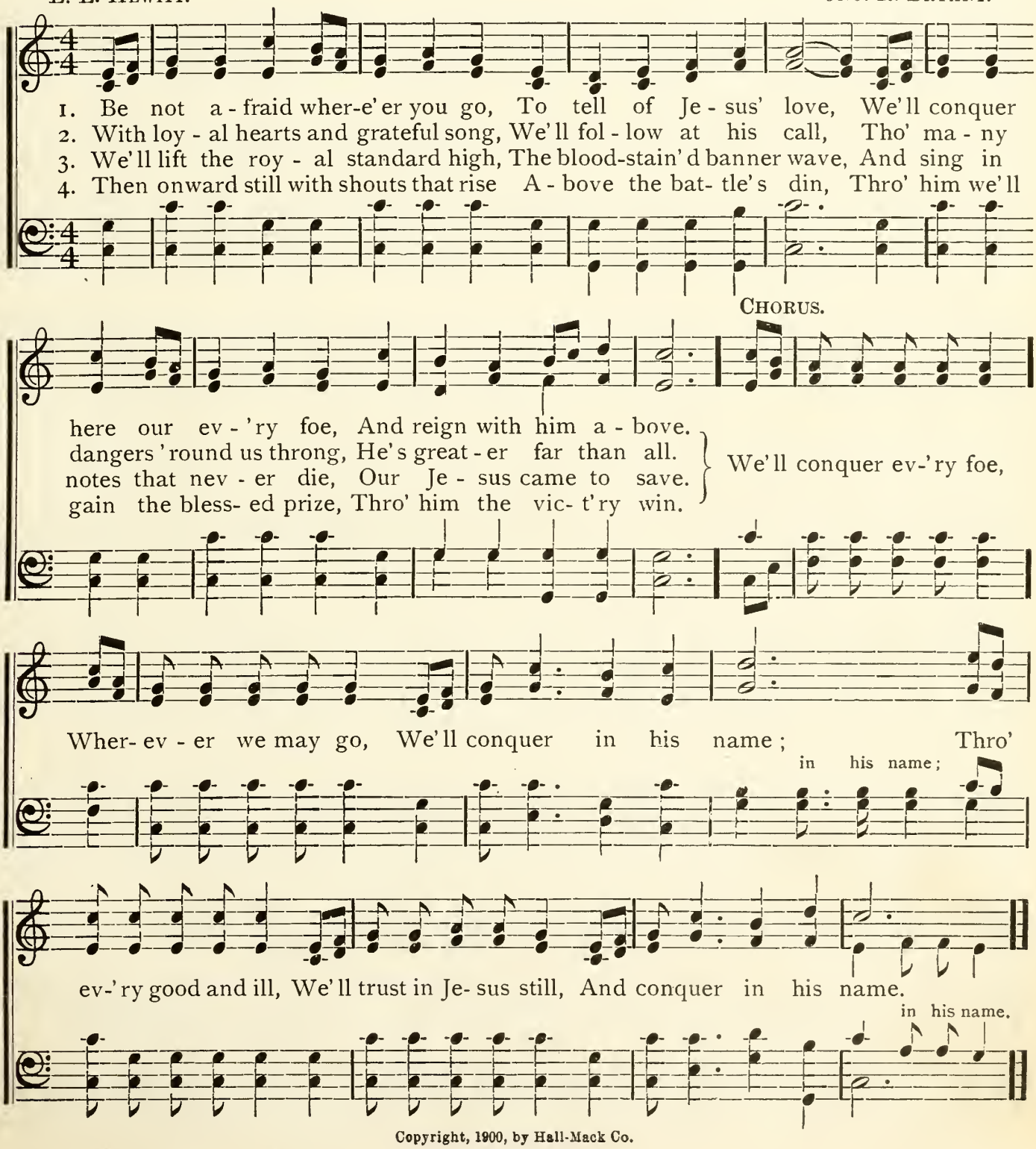
Hear Ye the Battle Cry.—Concluded.



No. 61. We'll Conquer in His Name.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Bryant.



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No. 62.

Our Song of Victory.

FANNY J. CROSBY. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Like a strong and might - y ar - my With a firm and fear - less tread,
2. Like a strong and might - y ar - my, May we keep our col - ors bright,
3. Look - ing up as thou hast taught us To thy dwell - ing in the skies,—

We are march - ing, bless-ed Sav - iour, By thy word and Spir - it led;
In thy cause O bless - ed Mas - ter, May we all as one u - nite,
Lift - ing up the souls that per - ish From the death that nev - er dies;

We are go - ing forth to con - quer, And wher - ev - er we may be,
Then, be - liev - ing in thy prom - ise "As our day our strength shall be,"
Con - se - cra - ted now and ev - er To the work, O Lord, are we,

We will cheer each oth - er on - ward With a song of vic - to - ry!
How our foes will fear and trem - ble At the song of vic - to - ry!
'Till we en - ter life e - ter - nal With the song of vic - to - ry!

CHORUS.

We will battle with the world for thee, And the standard of the cross we'll bear, We will
for thee, we'll bear,

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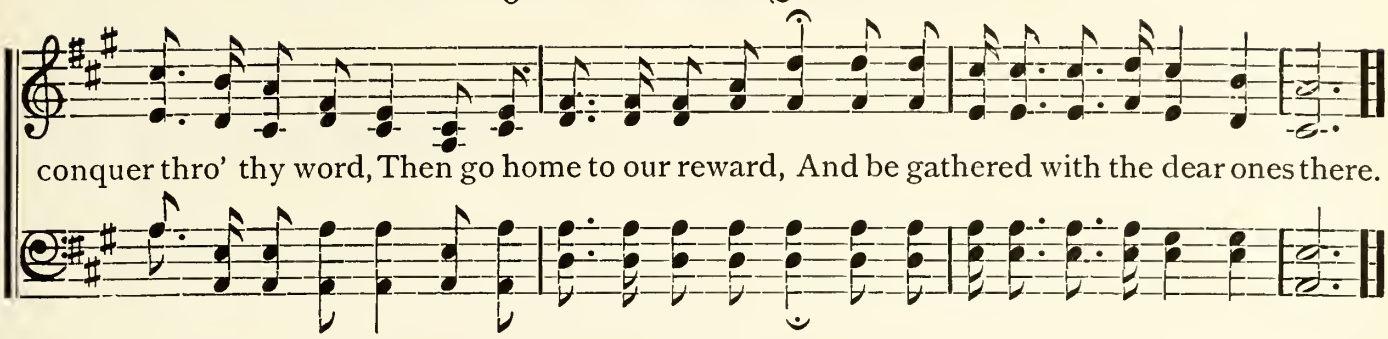
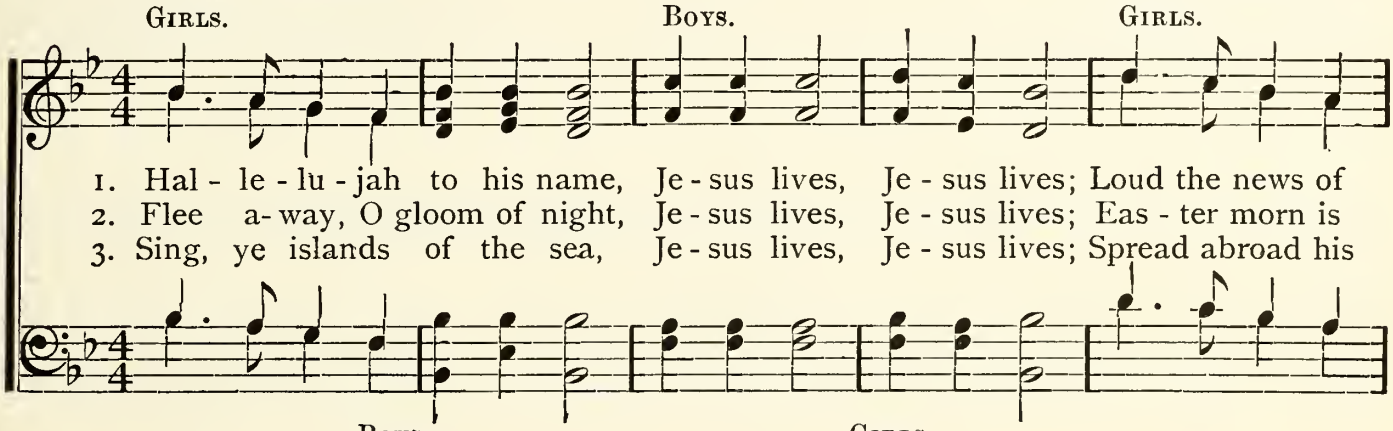
Our Song of Victory.—Concluded.



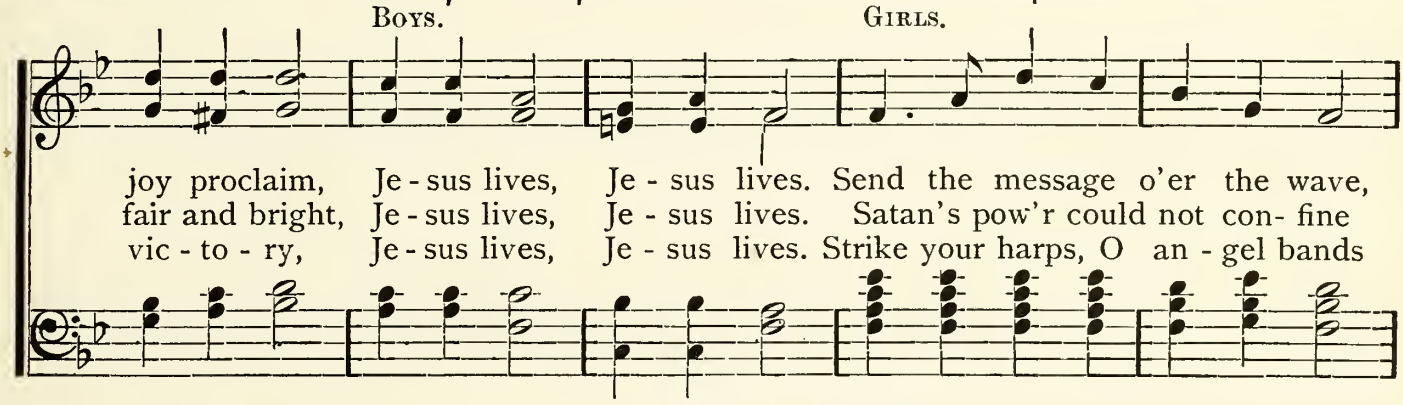
No. 63. Jesus Lives.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. J. LINCOLN HALL.

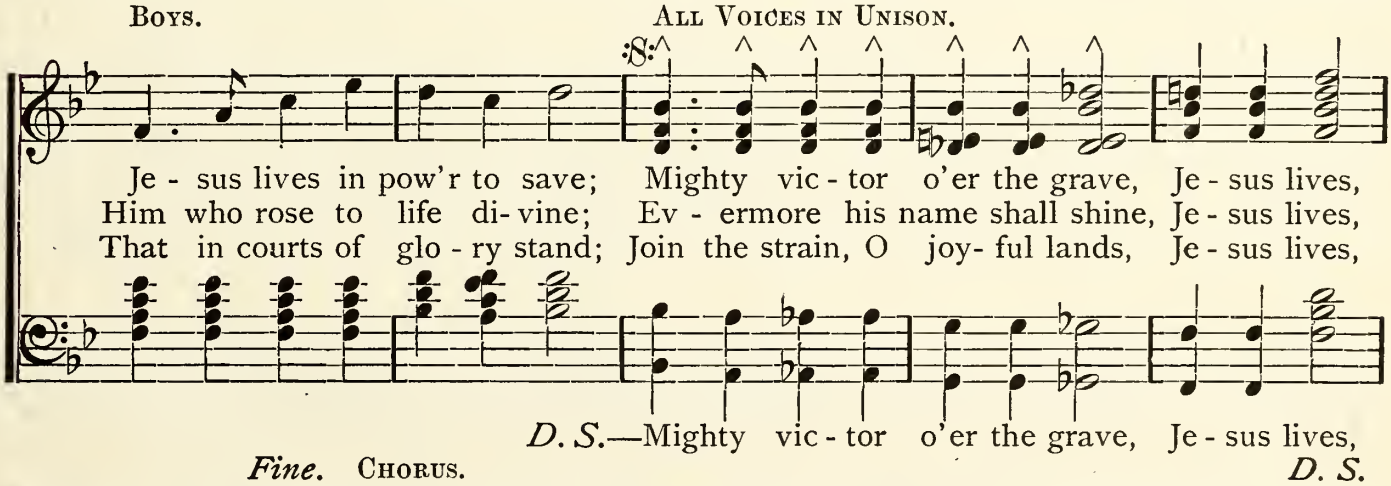
GIRLS. BOYS. GIRLS.



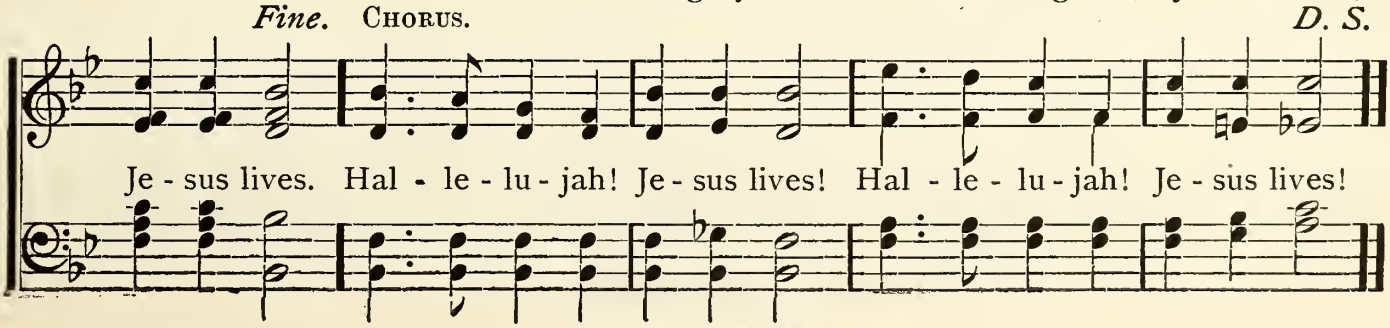
BOYS. GIRLS.



BOYS. ALL VOICES IN UNISON.



Fine. CHORUS. *D. S.*



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No. 64.

Shine for Jesus.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. In this world of darkness let us ev - er be Each a light that shineth clear and bright; O the shining ray some wand' ring soul may see, And be led to Christ the Light.

2. Nev-er think your light so humble is and small That it mat- ters not if it should fade; Let its radiance softly thro' the darkness fall, That some soul from sin be stay' d.

3. E' en a lit - tle light can pierce the gloom afar; It can shine for Je- sus day by day; It may serve to someone as a guiding star That shall lead from sin a-way;

CHORUS.

Shine for Je - sus! Shine for Je - sus! Nev- er let your light grow dim;
Shine for Je - sus! Shine for Je - sus! Nev - er let your light grow dim;

Shine for Je- sus! Shine for Je- sus! Souls will be led to follow him.
Shine for Je - sus! Shine for Je- sus! Souls will be led to fol - low him, to fol-low him.

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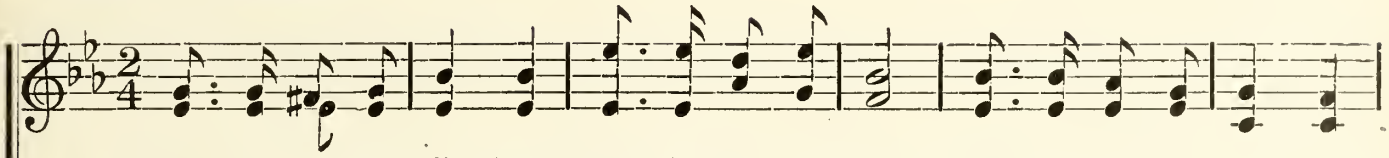
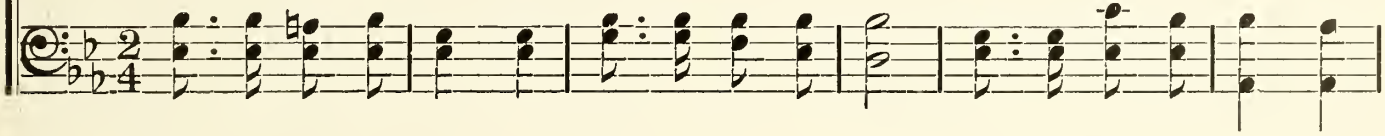
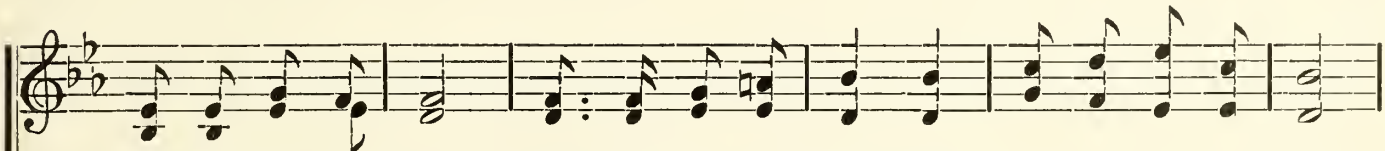
No. 65. Who is On the Lord's Side?

Miss F. R. Havergal. T. A. Aldridge.

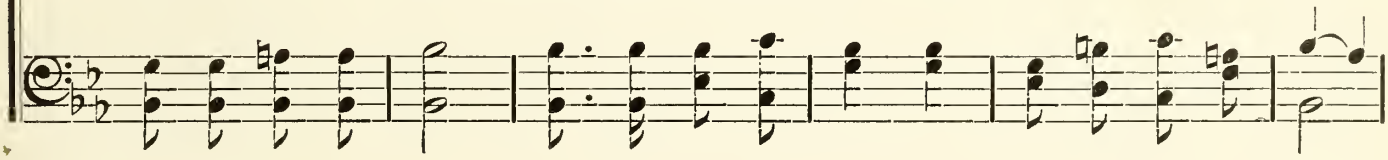


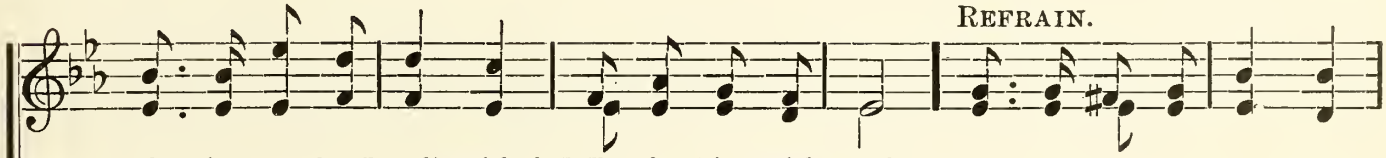
1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be his help-ers?
2. Not for weight of glo-ry, Not for crown or palm, En-ter we the ar-my,
3. Je-sus, thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with thine own life-blood,
4. Fierce may be the con-flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar-my





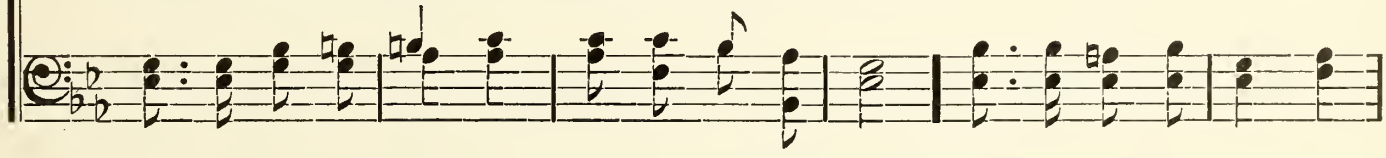
Oth-er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
Raise the war-rior psalm; But for love that claim-eth Lives for whom he died;
For thy di-a-dem; With thy bless-ing fill-ing, Each who comes to thee,
None can o-ver-throw; Round his standard rang-ing, Vic-t'ry is se-cure,

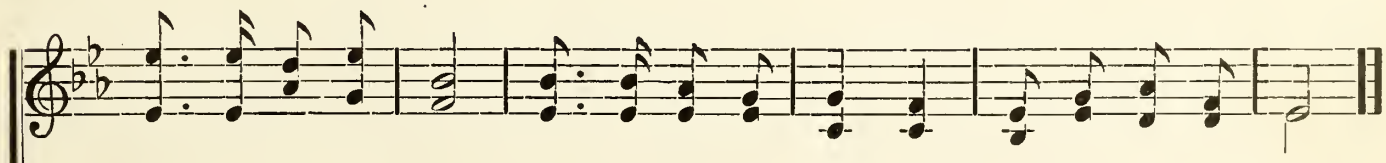




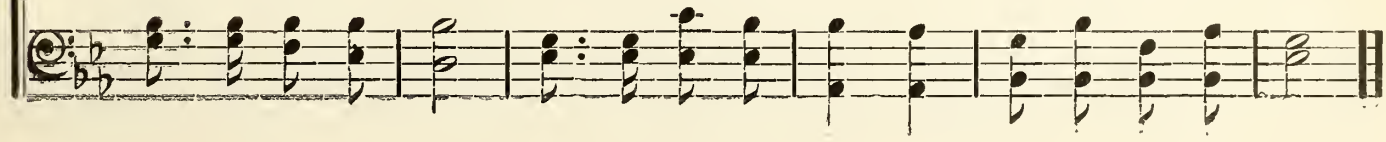
Refrain.

Who is on the Lord's side? Who for him will go?
He whom Je-sus nam-eth Must be on his side.
Thou hast made us will-ing, Thou hast made us free.
For his truth unchang-ing Makes the triumph sure.
} By thy call of mer-cy,





By thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side; Sav-iour, we are thine.



No. 66. Rejoice! Ye Children of a King.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Re-joice! Ye chil-dren of a King, And tell sal-va-tion's sto-ry, The
2. Re-joice! Ye chil-dren of a King, En-cir-cled by his pow-er, Be-
3. Re-joice! Ye chil-dren of a King, A-way with gloom and sad-ness! For

old, yet all-ab-sorbing theme That an-gels sing in glo-ry. Re-joice! For
neath the shadow of his wings Rejoice! Tho' clouds may low-er. Re-joice! And
heirs to mansions in the skies, Should sing a-loud with glad-ness! Re-joice! Your

life is new and sweet, 'Tis seal'd with prom-ise ten-der, O walk his ways with
trav-el calm-ly on, Tho' rough the way and lone-ly, O lay your burdens
tears shall jew-els be Where sor-row com-eth nev-er, For in the pal-ace

CHORUS.

will-ing feet! And lov-ing serv-ice ren-der.
at his feet, And trust in Je-sus on-ly.
of the King, His glo-ry shines for-ev-er.
} Sing a-loud and shout for joy! Heirs to

mansions bright a-bove; Sing a-loud and shout for joy! Sing of God and his great love.

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No. 67.

On! On! On!

J. W. V.

J. W. Van De Venter.

1. Press on, re - new the bat- tle, Nor lay the arm- or down; Cease not to do your du - ty, But strive to win the crown; Fear not nor get dis- cour-aged, But sound the bat - tle cry; Yield not but keep ad-vanc-ing, We'll con-quer by and by.

2. The na-tions must be tak- en, The peo-ple we must win; The mill-ions we must res - cue, Now go - ing down in sin; They're looking, wait-ing, long - ing For us to cross the sea; They're lost and need the gos-pel, They're slaves and must be free.

3. Some lie up - on the mountains, They're desti- tute and cold; They ought to be pro- tect - ed, With - in the mas-ter's fold; They need a lov- ing Sav - iour, A gen-tle shepherd's care; Go forth to save the fall - en, The lost ones ev - 'ry-where.

Chorus.

On! on! on! Press on against the foe; All in line, Be stead-y as you go.

On! on! on! Keep ev - er in the fray; Forward march, Un- til we win the day.

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No. 68.

Ever Trusting Jesus.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. Trust - ing tho' the clouds may gath-er heav - y o - ver - head, Trust-ing tho' we
2. While we rest up - on his prom-ise, peace he will be - stow; Sweeter peace while
3. Trust - ing him thro' ev - 'ry sor - row, ev - 'ry toil and pain; Trust-ing him un -

can - not see the way our feet may tread, In the Sav-iour's love a - bid-ing,
rest - ing thus a soul may nev - er know. Ev - er trust the Saviour's promise
til at last the vic - tor's crown we gain. We will trust the word of Je - sus

as a faith - ful friend We may safe - ly trust him to the end.
tho' we can - not see— "As thy days thy strength shall ev - er be."
all our jour - ney thro', He is ev - er faith - ful, ev - er true.

Chorus.

Ev - er trust-ing Je - sus, Trust - ing him thro' storm and sun-shine,

Ev - er trusting Je - sus, Ev - er trusting Je - sus, Ev - er trusting Je - sus thro' the storm and sunshine,

Ev - er trust-ing Je - sus,

Ev - er trusting Je - sus, Ev - er trusting Je - sus, Believ-ing on his word divine. (his word divine.)

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No. 69. Live to Spread His Glory.

E. E. Hewitt. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. All who know the Saviour's name, Live to spread his glory; To the world his grace proclaim,
2. Go, wherev - er he shall lead, Joy to oth-ers bring-ing, Tell of grace for ev -'ry need,
3. As a her- ald of the King, Go, his way pre-par- ing, Joy- ful car- ols ev - er sing,

Cho.—All who know the Saviour's name, Live to spread his glory; To the world his grace proclaim,

Unison.

Tell the bless-ed sto - ry, Of the precious Saviour's wondrous love, How his life he
When to Je - sus cling - ing, O, the hap- py life that he will give, Precious gifts be-
Of his gen- tle car - ing; Till the wea- ry list- en with de-light, To the bless-ed

Tell the bless-ed sto - ry, Of the precious Saviour's wondrous love, How his life he

Parts. Fine.

gave us, Sing the hap-py song, Send the news a-long, Je - sus came to save us.
stow - ing; Strength for ev -'ry day, Light up - on the way, Ten- der mer- cy show-ing.
sto - ry, Till with us they raise, Grate-ful songs of praise, To the King of Glo - ry.

gave us, Sing the hap-py song, Send the news a-long, Je - sus came to save us.

Chorus.
Girls.

Telling his sal- va- tion, Offer'd now to all, Peace and consola-tion, When we heed his call,

D. C. Chorus.

Hearts with joy abounding, Songs of gladness raise, Prince of Peace, Immanuel, Thy name we praise.

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No. 70.

In the March of Life.

F. C. Maker, arr.

Very boldly.

1. In the march of life, thro' the toil and strife Of the wind - ing path be - fore us,
2. In the Christian race, if we take our place We may run and wea - ry nev - er;

We have naught to fear with a Sav-iour near, And his ban - ner wav-ing o'er us.
Dai - ly press-ing on till the goal be won, Un - to Je - sus look-ing ev - er.

Marcato.

If the temp-est rise in the dark'ning skies, We will yield to no re - pin - ing;
Cast-ing all our care on the Lord by prayer, He will keep our feet from fall - ing;

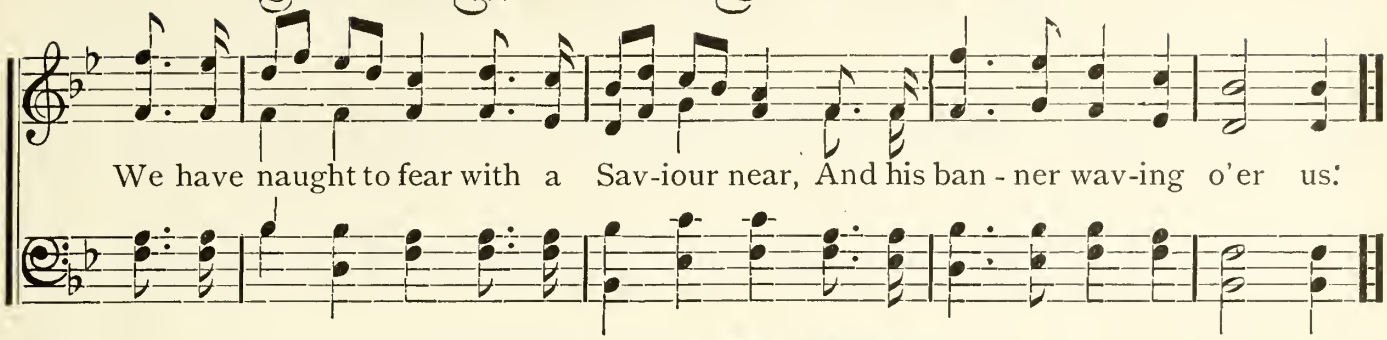
Rit.

Tho' the storm roar loud, thro' the rifted cloud There's a gold-en sun-beam shin - ing.
We'll the crown obtain, nor have run in vain For the prize of God's high call - ing.

Chorus. *Tempo.*

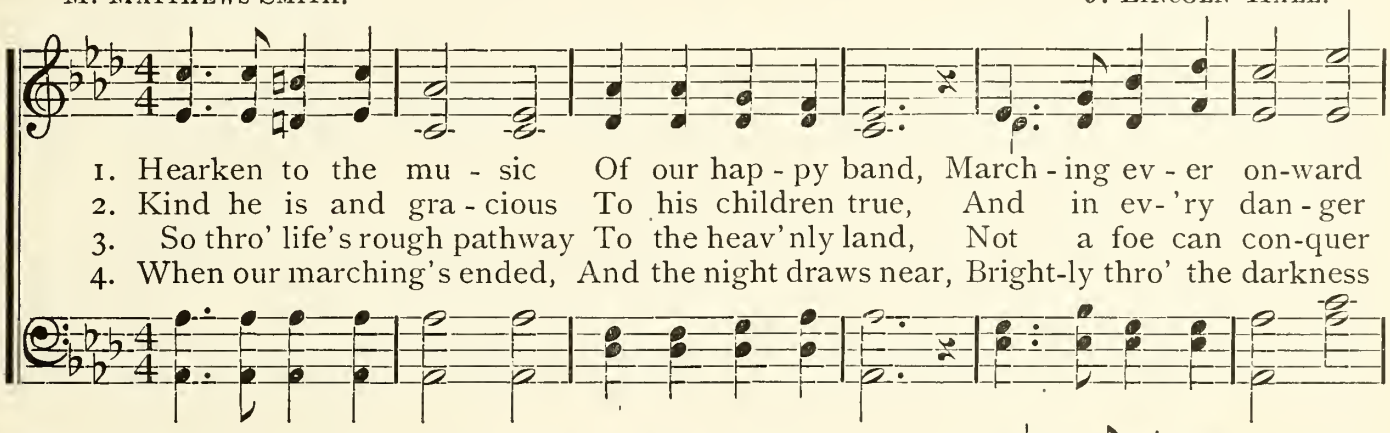
In the march of life, thro' the toil and strife Of the wind - ing path be - fore us,

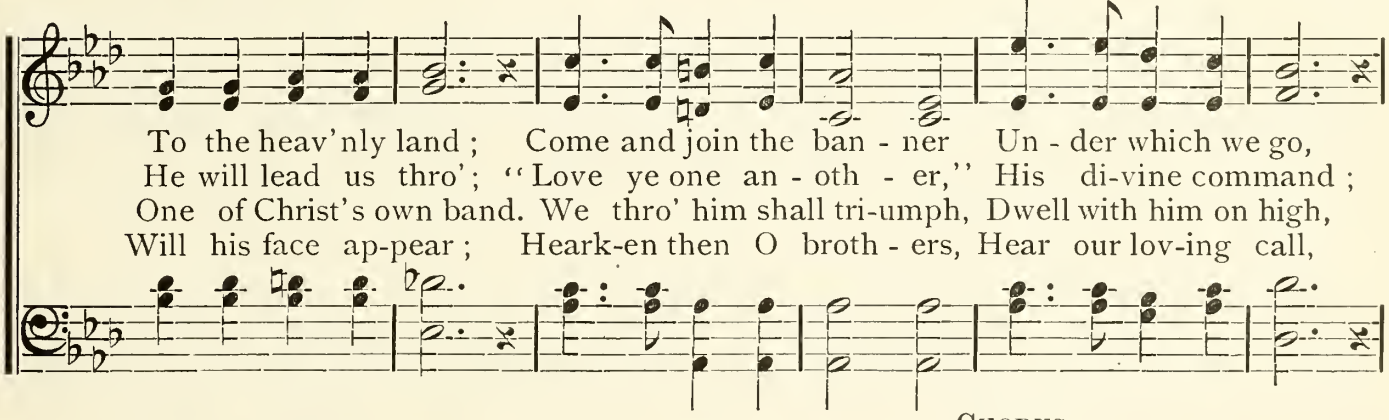
In the March of Life.—Concluded.

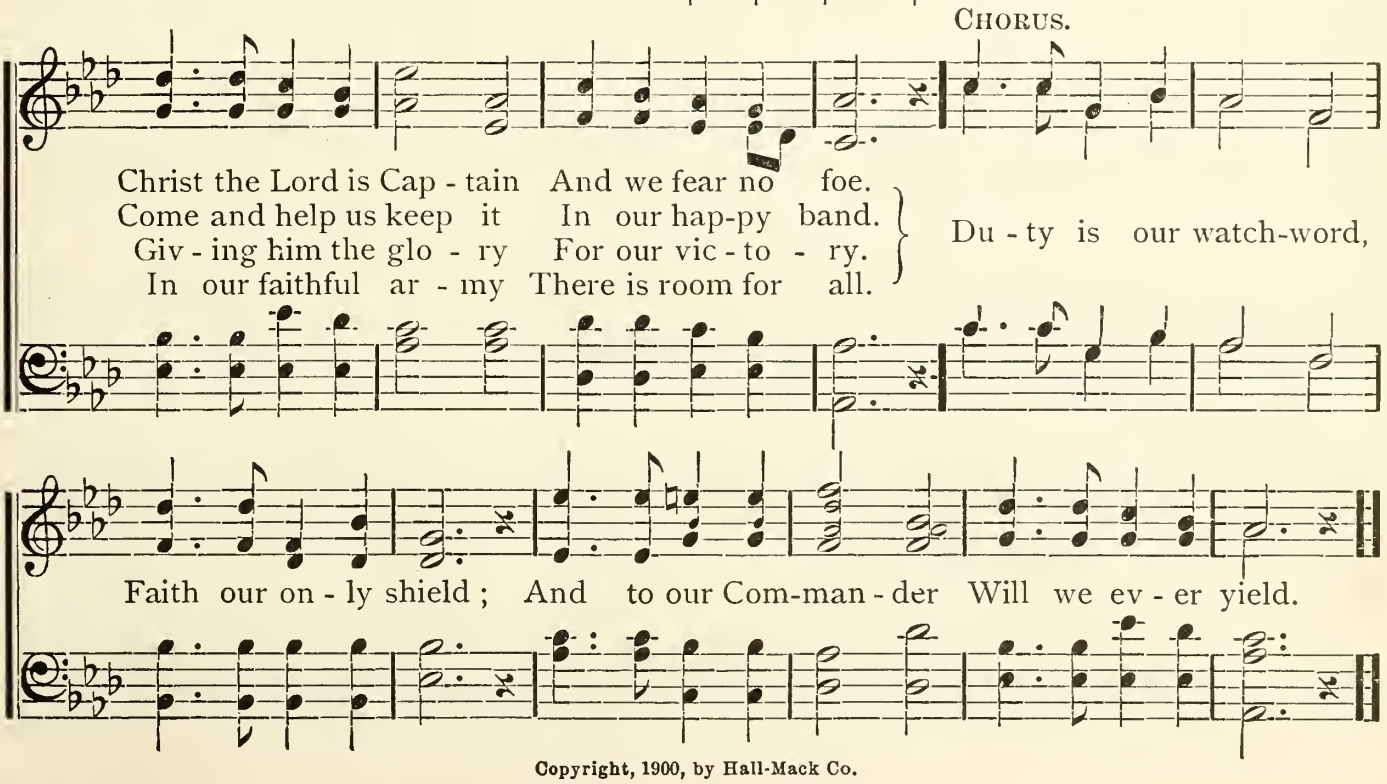


No. 71. Hearken to the Music.

M. Matthews Smith. J. Lincoln Hall.







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No. 72. Don't You Hear Them Shouting Victory?

E. E. Hewitt. J. Howard Entwisle, by per.

1. Don't you hear them shouting vict'ry, all a-long the line? 'Tis the ar - my of the
2. Don't you hear them shouting vict'ry, in the forward ranks? They are marching t'ward the
3. Don't you hear them shouting vict'ry? God is on our side, And we will not fear what

Lord, a might-y throng; Don't you see their lift - ed ban-ners in the sun-light shine,
Pal - ace of the King; To his bless- ed name ascrib- ing glad and loving thanks,
e - vil foes may do; We are safe if we but fol - low close-ly at his side,

Chorus.

As they sing their hap- py hal - le- lu - jah song?
Trust- ing him for help that he will sure- ly bring.
He will be to ev - 'ry pre- cious promise true.
} Don't you hear them shouting?

Praise to grace Divine, "Vic-to- ry, vic - to- ry," all a-long the line; "Je-sus and sal-

va-tion," that's the countersign; "Vic - to - ry, vic - to- ry," all a-long the line!

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No. 73. Star of Hope and Light.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Shine thro' the dark - ness, Star of hope and light, Her - ald of the day,
2. Star of the morn - ing, sent to cheer and bless, Guide us ev - er still,
3. Shine in my dark - ness, Light of life di - vine, Dayspring from on high,

Drive the gloom a - way, Lead where thy glo - ry crowns the si - lent night,
To God's ho - ly hill, Up to the mount - ain of his righteousness,
Be thou ev - er nigh, Kin - dle a flame with - in this soul of mine,

CHORUS.

With thy pure and cloudless ray.
All my path with brightness fill.
Lead me where no shad-ows lie.

Light! Beauti-ful light!
Light! Beau-ti - ful light!
Light! Beau ti - ful light!

Light . . . . . of love di - vine;
Light! Beauti- ful
Light! Beauti - ful light! The light of love di - vine;
Light! Beauti - ful light!

light! A - round me ev - er shine.
Light! Beau - ti - ful light! A - round me ev - er shine, a - round me shine.

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No. 74. Go Forward, the Signal is Waving Afar.

H. D. K. C. E. Kettle.

With Vigor.

1. Go for-ward, the sig-nal is wav-ing a-far, The hosts of the might-y are mar-shall'd for war; All clad in their arm-or so ra-diant and bright, And bear-ing their col-ors that gleam in the light.
2. Be-hold them, be-hold them as on-ward they move, Still turn-ing to Zi-on their dwell-ing a-bove; They fol-low their lead-er, and shout as they go, A crown for the vic-tor, de-feat for the foe.
3. Come join this great ar-my; now ral-ly, and sing Of Je-sus, their glorious Com-man-der and King: O, haste, let us en-ter the ranks of the Lord, And know that we nev-er shall lose our re-ward.

Chorus. *ff*

The hosts of the might-y are marching a-long; O, hark to their voic-es, that lift up a song; All praise to the Fa-ther, his name be a-dored, Who gives us the vic-t'ry through Je-sus our Lord.

No. 75. Our Father's Care.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. J. LINCOLN HALL.

DUET.

1. There's a rob - in sing - ing Such a sweet re - frain, From the leaf - y branches,
2. Hap - py lit - tle rob - in, Thro' the darkest days, Look - ing up and sing - ing
3. He, who o'er his creatures Tender watch doth keep, Safely guards his chil - dren

SOLO.

'Mid the fall - ing rain, And in joy - ous ac - cents Thus he seems to say,
Notes of love and praise, Somewhere in the heav - ens, God's own sun doth shine,
When they wake or sleep, So we'll sing with gladness, In the sun or show'r,

CHORUS. *Inst.*

"I am safe—my Fa - ther Cares for me al - way!"
For the bow of prom - ise Sets the seal di - vine.
Trusting in his good - ness, Shielded by his pow'r.
Sing - ing,

Inst.

sing - ing, I belong to Je - sus, I belong to Je - sus;

Inst. *Inst.*

Sing - ing, sing - ing, And he too is mine.

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No. 76.

Stand By the Colors.

J. W. V. J. W. Van De Venter.

1. Al - ways in the front line, Face to-ward the foe, Stand be- side the col - ors, Ev - 'ry - where you go; Nev - er, nev - er fal - ter, Lay your ar - mor down, Till you gain the bat - tle, Win the crown.

2. Al - ways near the Sav - iour, Nev - er turn a - way, Serve him with a whole heart, Serve him ev - 'ry day; Strive to do your du - ty, Ev - er brave and true, Je - sus will de - liv - er, Take you through.

3. When the bat- tle ra - ges, When the foes as - sail, Nev - er leave the col - ors, Nev - er, nev - er fail; Stand be - side your Lead - er, Trust the Lord to save, Be a loy - al sol - dier, True and brave.

Chorus.

Stand in the front line, Fear not a loss, Firm as a he - ro, Stand by the cross; Christ is our Captain, Faith is our shield, Stand by the col-ors, Nev - er yield.

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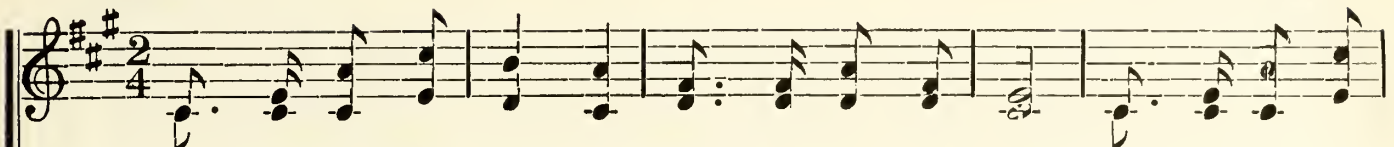
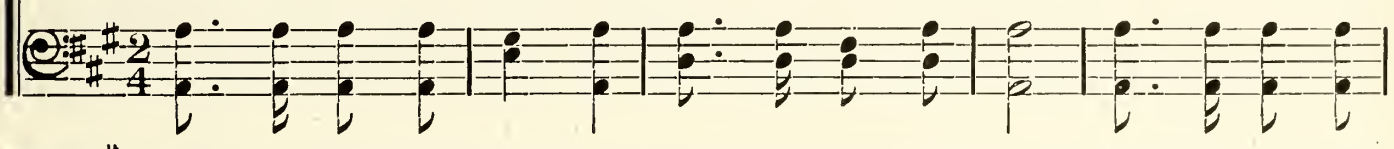
No. 77. O the Flowers of Summer.

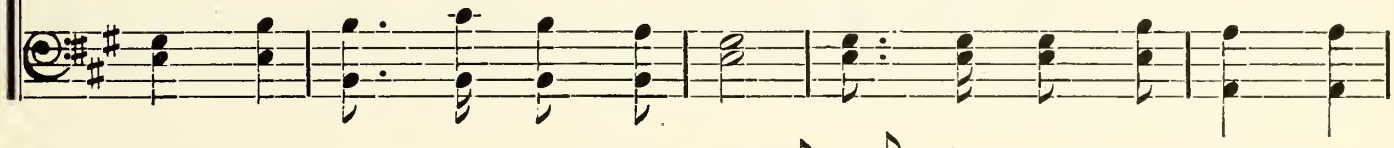
J. Barker. C. Austin Miles.



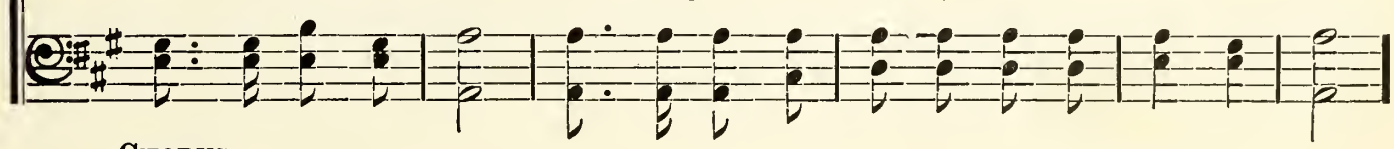
1. O the flow'rs of sum - mer, Flow'rs of ev - 'ry hue, Take each one as
2. Just as earth's cre - a - tion Show'd the might of God, So does ev - 'ry
3. Touch these sweet flow'rs gen-tly, So di - vine - ly dress'd, They are, in earth's
4. Praise him then with sing - ing, Tell his love a - broad; Be the whole earth



com - ing, Straight from God to you; Tell - ing won - drous se - crets
flow'r - et Spring - ing from the sod. He who guides the star worlds,
lan - guage Thoughts of God ex - press'd. Thoughts of heav'n - ly glo - ry—
ring - ing With the name of God. Lakes and hills be tell - ing—

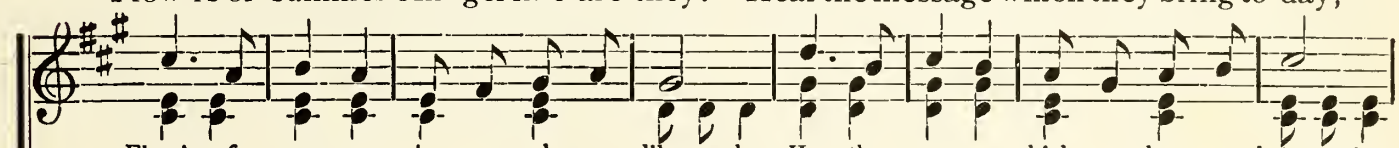


Of his pow'r and love, Wear - ing still the brightness Of the home a - bove.
Curbs the o-cean's pow'r, With the same hand painteth Ev - 'ry leaf and flow'r.
Sweet- ness, pu - ri - ty, Must not he who fram'd them Wholly love - ly be?
Sun - set skies and flow'rs Some-thing of the beau - ty Of this God of ours.

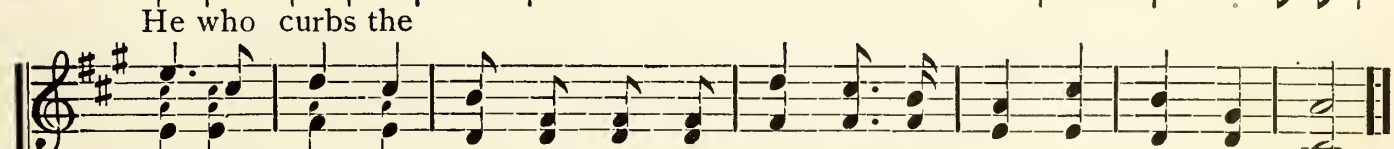


Chorus.

Flow'rs of summer An- gel like are they: Hear the message which they bring to-day,

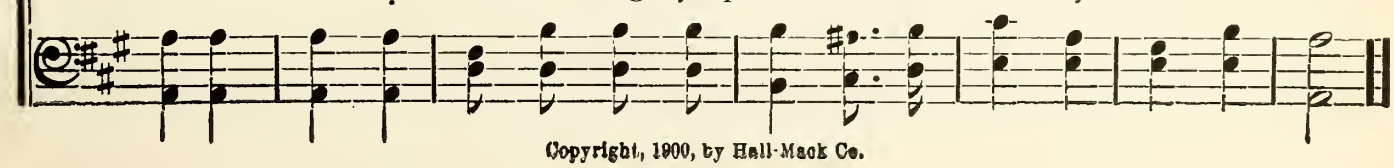


Flow'rs of sum-mer An - gel like are they, Hear the mes-sage which they bring to-day,



He who curbs the

He who curbs the o-cean's mighty pow'r, Painted ev - 'ry leaf and flow'r.



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No. 78. We Sing the Blessed Story.

E. E. Hewitt. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. We sing the blessed sto - ry, So old, yet ev - er new, Of love that nev-er fail - eth,
2. We sing the blessed sto - ry, A song of thanks sincere, For all the ma - ny mer-cies,
3. We sing the blessed sto - ry, Of Christ our Heav'nly Friend; May we, in sweetest service,

Unchanging, ten-der, true; The love of Christ our Saviour, Who came to seek and save;
Which in our path ap - pear; For days of sun - ny brightness, For nights of starry peace;
Our time and tal-ents spend; Led by his lov - ing Spir - it, And strengthened by his grace,

Chorus.

That we might have salva-tion, His precious blood he gave.
For blessings with-out number, Still may our praise increase.
We'll sing and work for Je- sus, Un- til we see his face.

We sing the song, So old yet ev - er new; Our Sav- iour's love, un - changing, tender, true; A song of praise, a song of praise, of glad- ness and of love, of love, To Christ our King, to Christ our King, To Christ our King above.

We sing the song, So old yet ever new; Our Saviour's love, our Saviour's love, unchanging, tender, true, so true; A song of praise, a praise, of gladness and of love, To Christ our King a - bove. . . . . .

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No. 79.

Deeds of Kindness.

J. W. V. J. W. Van De Venter.

1. The lit - tle deeds of kindness Will cheer the aching heart, The lit - tle rays of sun - light Will make the gloom de- part; Then let the hands be bus - y, To make the burdens light, And let the heart be cheer - ful, To make the pathway bright.

2. Re-mem-ber how the Sav- iour De - scended from a - bove To bring the world a bless - ing And sow the seeds of love. He's bid - den us to fol - low, And made the journey plain; Then let us al - so scat - ter The seeds of gold- en grain.

3. Our life will soon be o - ver, The summer will be past; The sow- ing- time, so pre - cious, Has come and can - not last. May we be up and do - ing, Each mo-ment here employ. Un - til our work is end - ed; Then we shall reap with joy.

Chorus.

{ The lit - tle deeds of kind - ness, We do from day to day, Bring sunshine and gladness To those a - long the way. }
{ Then let us not grow wea - ry, Nor fal - ter in de - spair; But ear- nest and faith- ful, Spread (*Omit.* . . . . .) } sunshine ev - 'rywhere.

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No. 80. I Love to Tell the Story.

CATHARINE HANKEY. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be- cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my long - ings, As noth-ing else can do.

2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der - ful it seems Than all the gold- en fan - cies Of all our gold- en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.

3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas- ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it, More won-der-ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry; For some have nev - er heard The mes-sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.

4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun- ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

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No. 81.

The Children of the King.

IDA L. REED. MAURICE A CLIFTON.

1. Chil-dren of the King are we, And as such we must be true; Ev - er will-ing,
2. Ma - ny du - ties wait our hands, We must daily, hourly see; Pressing needs through-
3. We the lost must seek, in love, Stray-ing 'mid the paths of sin; To our Father's

earn - est, free, All our Father's work to do. At his will we each must go
out all lands, And we can-not i - dle be. All a-round us, ev-'ry-where,
courts a - bove Strive to bring all wand'rers in. Then will he our serv-ice bless,

Forth to la - bor till the night Falls o'er hill and val - ley low, And sunbeams bright.
There are souls that we must aid; Hearts o'erladen, bowed with care, By grief dis-mayed.
Kind - ly will our welcome be; Thro' the gates of righteousness His glo - ries see.

CHORUS.

Hap- py chil-dren of the King are we, Dai - ly in his serv- ice blest are we;

Glad - ly we his prais - es ev - er sing, Chil - dren of the King.

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No. 82. Scatter Loving Words and Deeds.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. J. LINCOLN HALL.

GIRLS.

1. Scat - ter lov - ing words and deeds A - long life's rug - ged way,
2. Scat - ter lov - ing words and deeds, Tho' you may nev - er reap,
3. Scat - ter lov - ing words and deeds, Bring heav - en down be - low,

Smile up - on the wea - ry ones, Whose hearts are sad to - day.
Seeds when sown by will - ing hand, The Lord will safe - ly keep;
Think of what the Lord would do, And in his im - age grow.

BOYS.

From a ten - der Fa - ther's hand Come mer - cies, rich and free,
Fruit - ful har - vests they may stand For you in E - den bright,
Tho' you may not paint the clouds, Nor help the stars to shine,

ALL.

O share with the rest, that they may be blest, Give what he lends to thee.
O give while you may in life's bet - ter day, For soon will come the night.
O lead a dear soul to reach the bright goal, A mis - sion most di - vine.

CHORUS.

Scat - ter lov-ing words, scat-ter kind-ly deeds, Free-ly o'er life's rugged way, To

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Chime, Beautiful Bells.—Concluded.

Till with your notes the song shall ring, Thro' all the *rit.*.....

With your notes the song shall ring, Thro' earth the Lord, the Lord is King!

No. 97. Right Joyfully.

Rev. A. M. Blatchford. B. Mansell Ramsey.

Allegretto.

1. Right joy- ful- ly we meet to praise Our Fa-ther's ho - ly name, Who dwells in
2. Give thanks while life is young and fair, And skies a- bove are bright, And childhood's
3. By wonders great, by mercies sure, He marks the changing hours; Thro' wreaths of
4. He bids the sum- mer sun rise up, O'er o- cean's rock- y bed, And chang-es
5. And still as years go si - lent by, The same sweet tale is told, Of his di -
6. O God of Love! E- ter - nal- ly To thee our songs shall rise; And thankful -

Chorus. *ff*

light, who guards our life, Whose love is aye the same.
voic - es fill the air With mu- sic soft and light.
snow, tho' cold winds blow, He lifts the springtide flow'rs.
earth's green robe to gold, When autumn's fruit is shed.
vine and watchful pow'r, That nev- er wax- eth old.
ness and joy shall crown Thy children's sac-ri - fice.

Re - joice! Re - joice! Be -

fore the Lord, rejoice! And sing his love with heart and voice! Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice!

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No. 98. Conquering Ever.

IRVIN H. MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.

Voices in Unison.

1. Con - quering ev- er, ev - er to con-quer, For-ward he goes to the fray;
2. Con - quering ev- er, ev - er to con-quer, Gra-cious Redeemer and King;
3. Con - quering ev- er, ev - er to con-quer, Je - sus is mon-arch of all;

Urg - ing the ar- my of . . the faith-ful, Bid-ding them nev- er de - lay.
Whith-er thou leadest we . . will fol- low, While of thy glo - ries we sing.
Let ev-'ry al - ly of . . the Sa- tan, With guilt- y heart quick-ly fall;

GIRLS.

Now they're advanc- ing with cour- age, Lift - ing their ban-ner on high,
We shall be faith - ful in do - ing, All that thou dost com - mand;
But all the ar - my thou lead - est, True shall re - main to the end;

Sound-ing the praise of the Sav - iour, Rais - ing the glo - ri - ous cry. . .
Then we shall come with re- joic - ing, By thy bright throne we shall stand.
Then in thy glo - ries for - ev - er, All com - ing a - ges they'll spend.

CHORUS.

Con - quering ev - er, ev - er to con-quer, Forward he goes to the fray;

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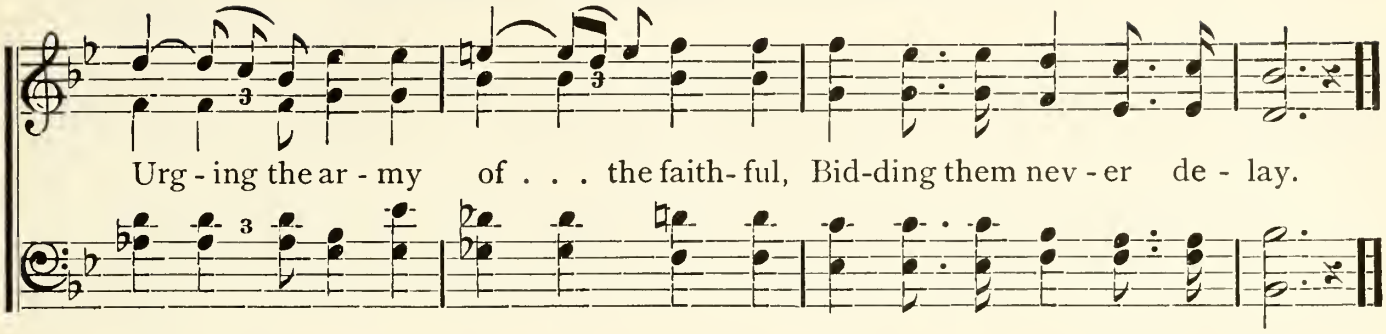
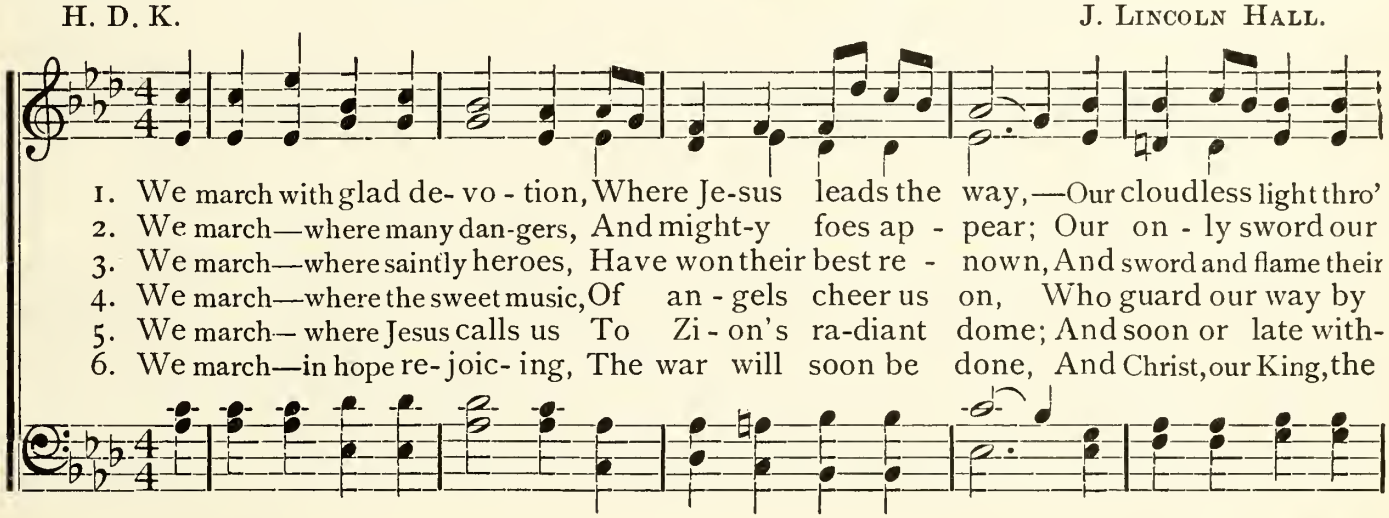
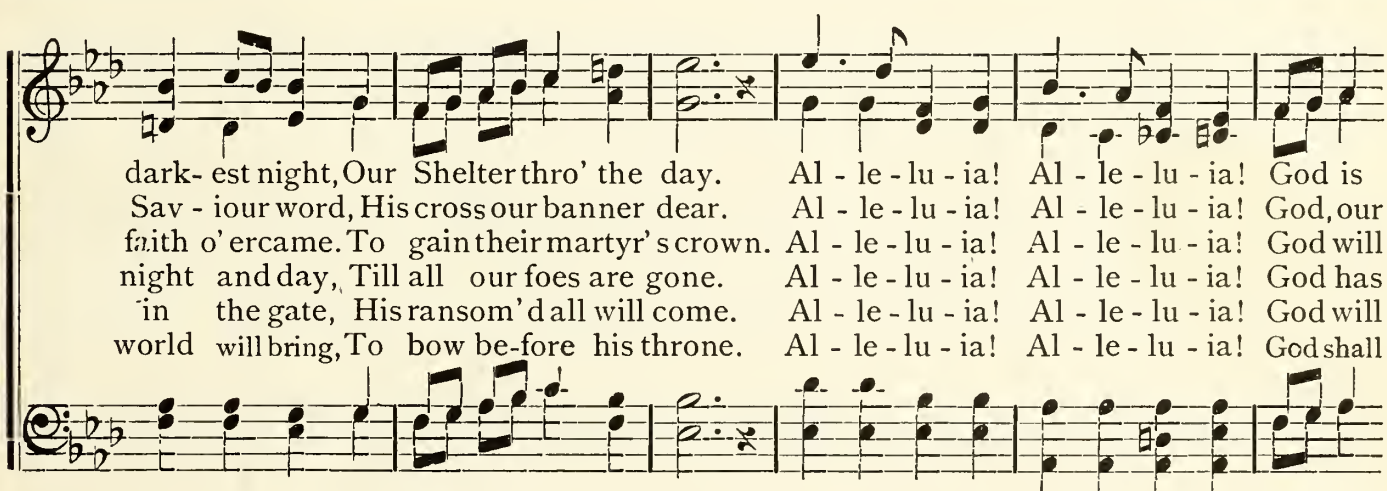
Conquering Ever.—Concluded.

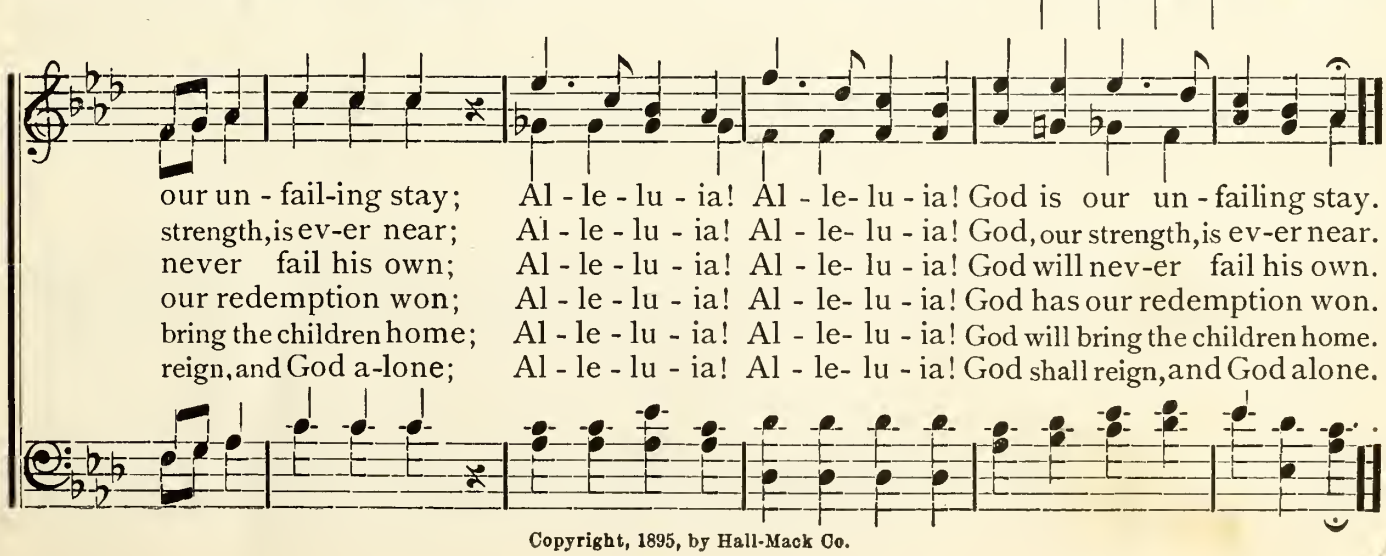


No. 99. We March With Glad Devotion.

H. D. K. J. Lincoln Hall.







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No. 100.

To the Harvest.

J. W. V.

J. W. Van De Venter.

1. There is work that must be done, And the Mas - ter sends the call;
2. Lo, the fields are read - y now, And the la - bor - ers are few;
3. Your re - ward is safe and sure In the treas- ure house a - bove;
4. Soon the sum - mer days will end, When the har - vest time is past;

Lay a - side your world - ly care, Come and la - bor, one and all.
Hast - en while the day is here, There is work for you to do.
Come and help the faith - ful ones In the bless - ed work of love.
Come and la - bor while you may, While the pre- cious mo- ments last.

Chorus.

To the har - vest, work - er, To the har - vest

To the har- vest, worker, to the harvest, Faint not by the way; To the har-vest hast- en,

hast - en, On the hill - side gath - er,

to the har- vest, La - bor there to - day; On the hill- side, gath - er on the hill - side,

Be a toil - er faith - ful,

Glean up - on the plain; Be a toil - er, faith-ful toil - er true, And reap the gold-en grain.

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No. 101. Bearing the Banner of Jesus.

JENNIE WILSON. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. For- ward to Ca-naan's fair coun-try we go, Bear - ing the ban-ner of Je - sus;
2. Sol - diers are we in the ar - my of God, Bear - ing the ban-ner of Je - sus;
3. Ev - er we'll fol - low the foot- steps di-vine, Bear - ing the ban-ner of Je - sus;

For - ward tho' oft - en as- sail' d by the foe, Bear- ing the ban-ner of Je - sus.
Tread-ing 'mid time's changing scenes where he trod, Bear- ing the ban-ner of Je - sus.
Light from a-bove on our spir - its doth shine, Bear- ing the ban-ner of Je - sus.

DUET OR SEMI-CHORUS.

"Faith- ful for- ev - er" our watch-word shall be, Faithful till truth from all fet- ters is free,
On-ward tho' shadows of gloom 'round us lie, On-ward when conflict and dangers are nigh,
Sing-ing of peace when the warfare is o'er, Sing- ing of home in the glad ev - er-more.

:S: FINE.

Faith- ful till Zi - on's bright cit - y we see, Bear-ing the ban-ner of Je - sus.
On- ward to vic - to - ry won by and by, Bear-ing the ban-ner of Je - sus.
Sing - ing we march to the heav - en - ly shore, Bear-ing the ban-ner of Je - sus.

D.S.—Marching we go to the dear promis' d land, Bear-ing the ban-ner of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Unison. . . . . . *D.S.*

Bear - ing the ban - ner of Je - sus, Bear - ing the ban - ner of Je - sus;

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No. 102. Battle Song.

W. C. Martin. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Wave the ban - ner of the cross, Charge the foe with one ac - cord;
2. Nerve and for - ti - fy the soul, From the storehouse of the word;
3. Cast a - side each weight and sin, For no sol - dier can af - ford
4. An - gels watching from a - bove, Ev - 'ry wor - thy deed re - cord;

For we fight be - neath the Cap - tain, Of the ar - mies of the Lord.
Be no cow - ard nor a weak - ling, In the ar - mies of the Lord.
To have an - y e - vil hab - it, In the ar - mies of the Lord.
What is done by faith - ful sol - diers, In the ar - mies of the Lord.

Chorus. Boys.

For - ward go; charge the foe, An - y hard-ships un - der - go, For the

Girls.

Captain whom we fol-low leads to vic - t'ry; March a - long, with a song, Praising

God that we be-long To the ar - mies of Je - ho - vah, might-y vic - tor.

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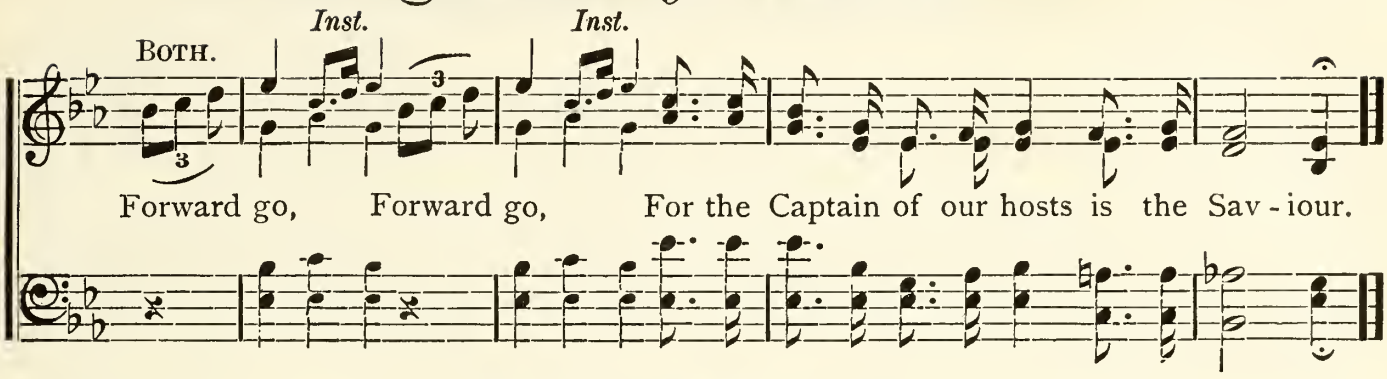
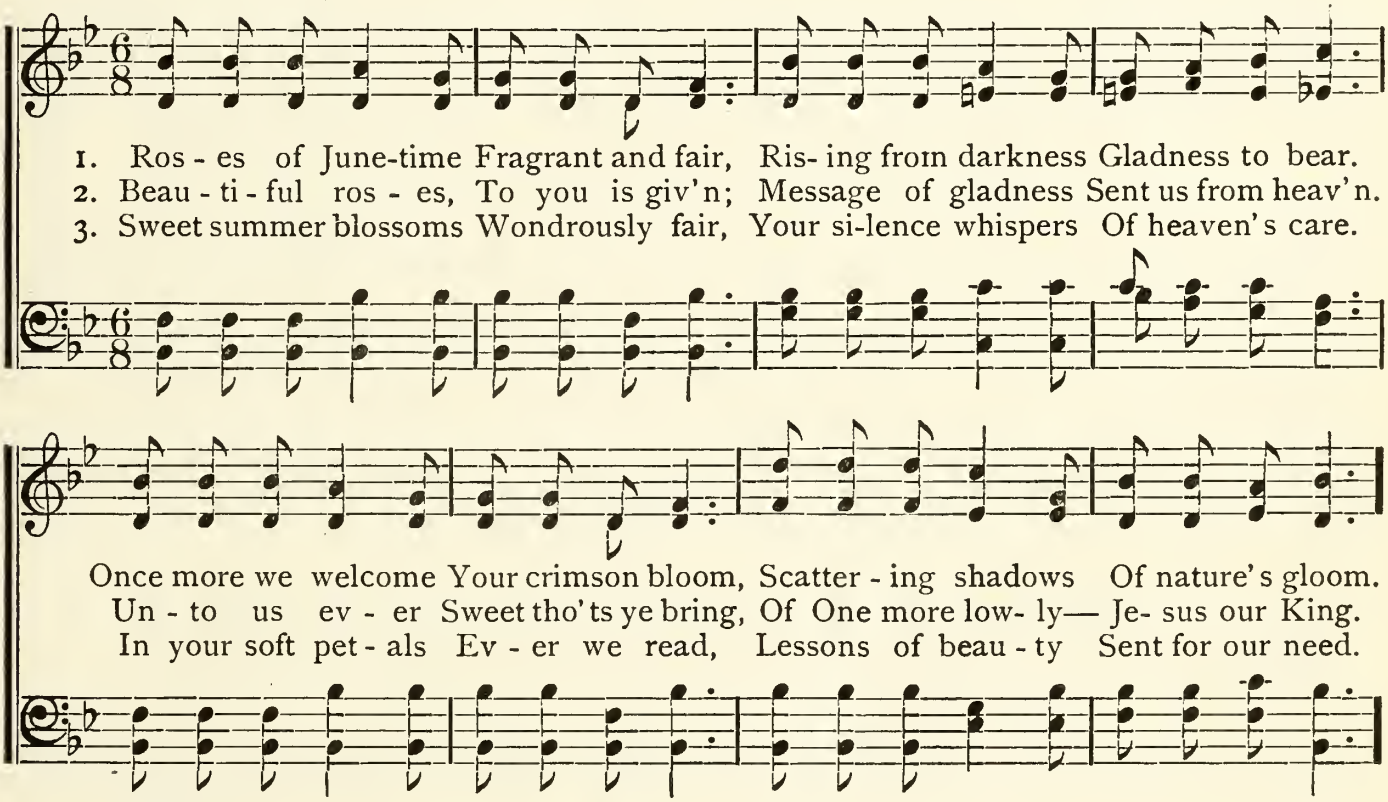
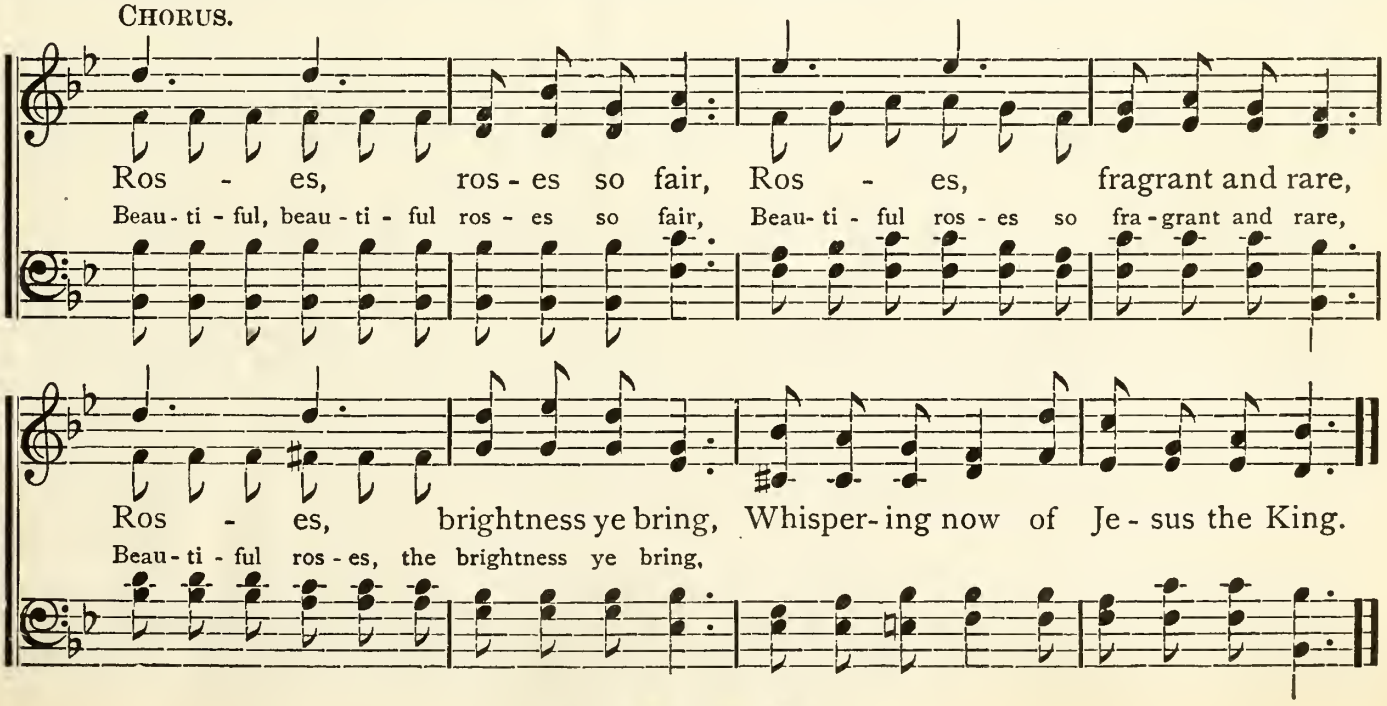
Battle Song.—Concluded.



No. 103. Roses of Junetide.

Alice Jean Cleator. J. Lincoln Hall.





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No. 104. The Children Are Coming to Thee.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. Howard Entwisle, by per.

1. Dear Sav-iour, the children are com-ing to thee, Com-ing to thee, com- ing to thee,
2. Dear Sav-iour, the children are com-ing to thee, Com-ing to thee, com- ing to thee,
3. Dear Sav-iour, the children are com-ing to thee, Com-ing to thee, com- ing to thee,

From mountain and valley, from isl - and and sea, The children are com-ing to thee;
To lean on thy breast and thy beauty to see, The children are com-ing to thee;
O look down from heaven, dear Saviour, and see, The children are com-ing to thee;

For "suf - fer the children to come un - to me, For - bid-ding them not" in the
"An ar - my with banners" now marching a-long, An ar - my for Je - sus, to
O take them and seal them for - ev - er thine own, And nev - er al - low them to

Bi- ble we see, So now in life's morning, so hap - py and free, The children are
fight a-gainst wrong, Still shouting and singing a ju - bi-lant song, The children are
wan-der a- lone, But ten - der-ly guide them un-til 'round thy throne, The children are

Chorus.

com-ing to thee.
com-ing to thee.
gather'd to thee.

Com - - ing to thee, . . com - - ing to thee; . .
Coming to thee, com-ing to thee, com-ing to thee, com-ing to thee,

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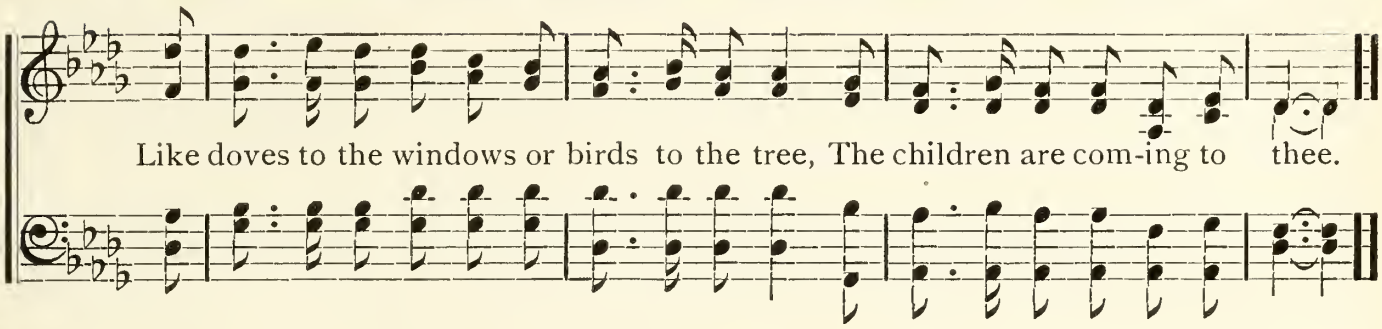
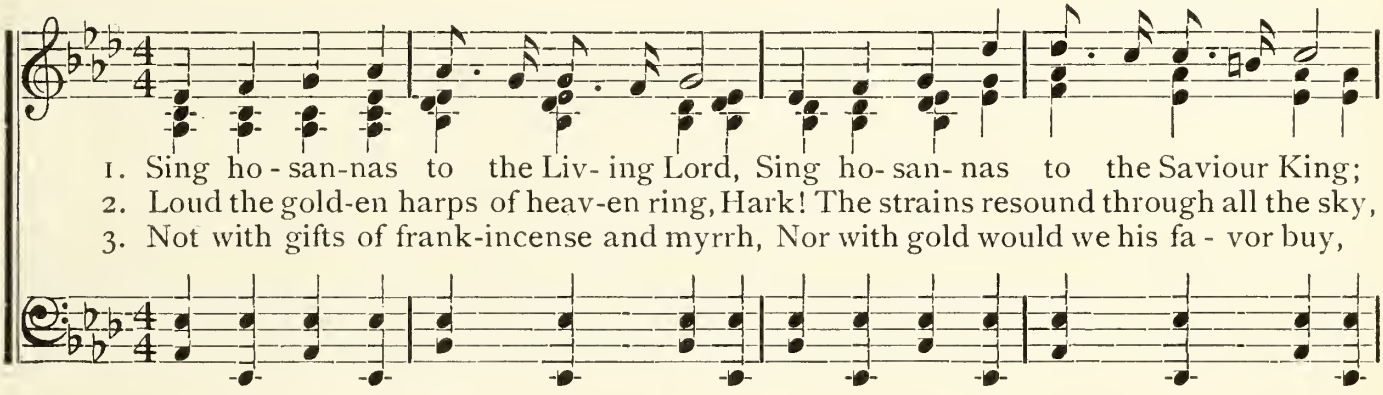
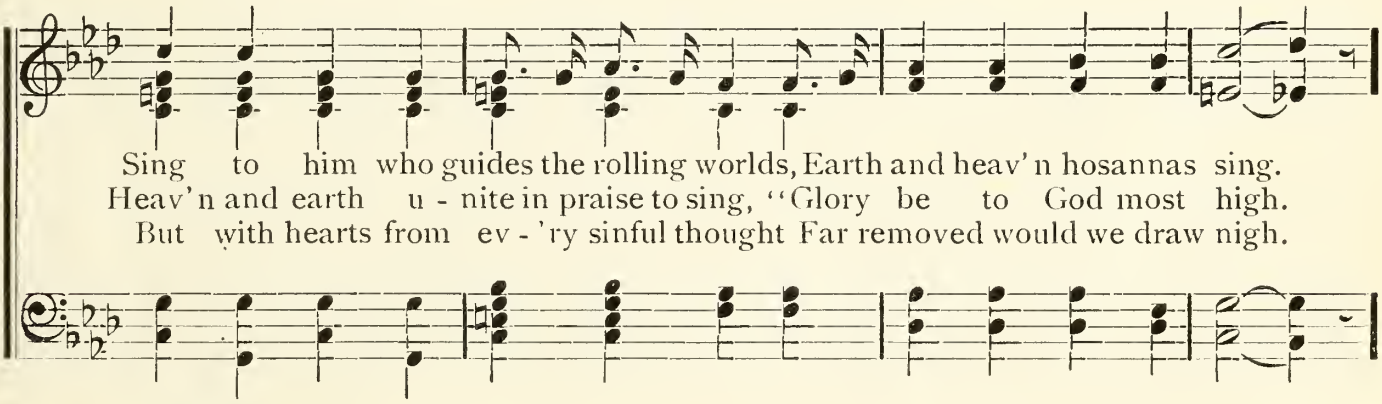
The Children Are Coming to Thee.—Concluded.



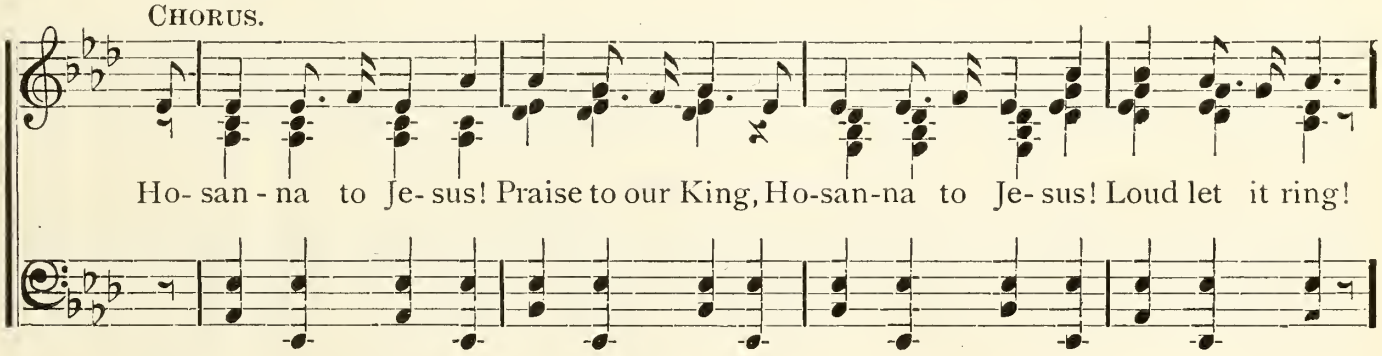
No. 105. Hosanna! Hosanna!

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

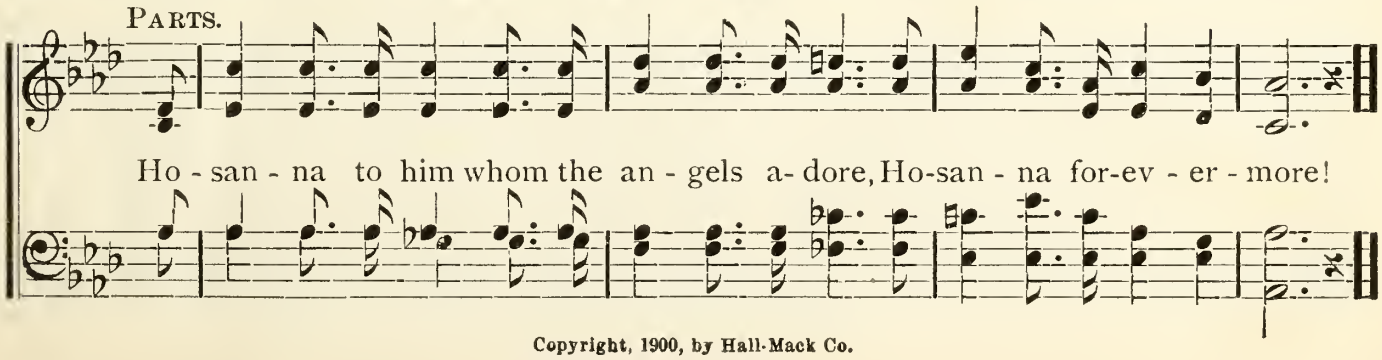




Chorus.



Parts.



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No. 106. True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. True - heart - ed, whole-heart- ed, faith - ful and loy - al, King of our
2. True - heart - ed, whole-heart- ed, full - est al - le - giance Yield - ing hence -
3. True - heart - ed, whole-heart- ed, Sav - iour all glo - rious! Take thy great

lives, by thy grace we will be; Un - der thy stand - ard, ex -
forth to our glo - ri - ous King; Val - iant en - deav - or, and
pow - er and reign thou a - lone, O - ver our wills and af -

alt - ed and roy - al, Strong in thy strength we will bat - tle for thee.
lov - ing o - be-dience Free - ly and joy - ous - ly now would we bring.
fec - tions vic - to - rious, Free - ly sur - ren-dered and whol - ly thine own.

CHORUS.

True - heart - ed, whole- heart - ed, faith - ful and loy - al, King of our

lives, by thy grace we will be; Un - der thy stand - ard, ex -

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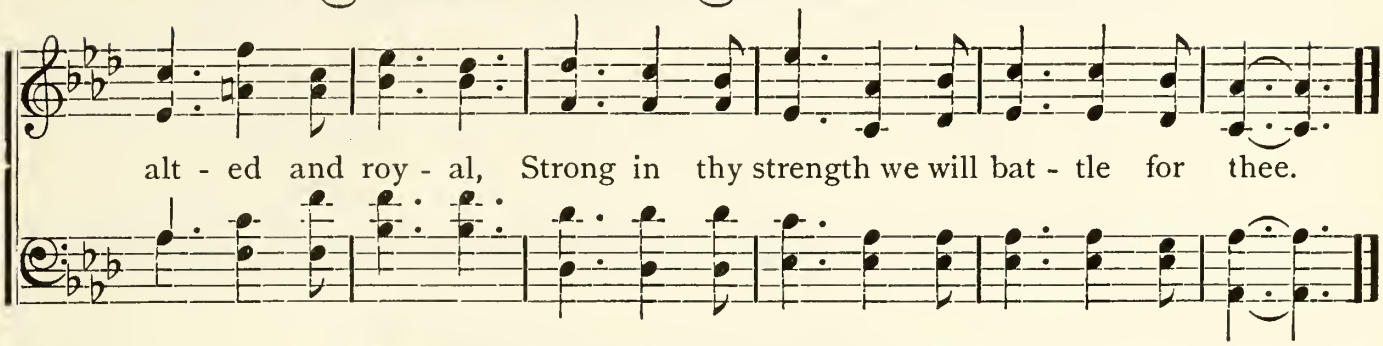
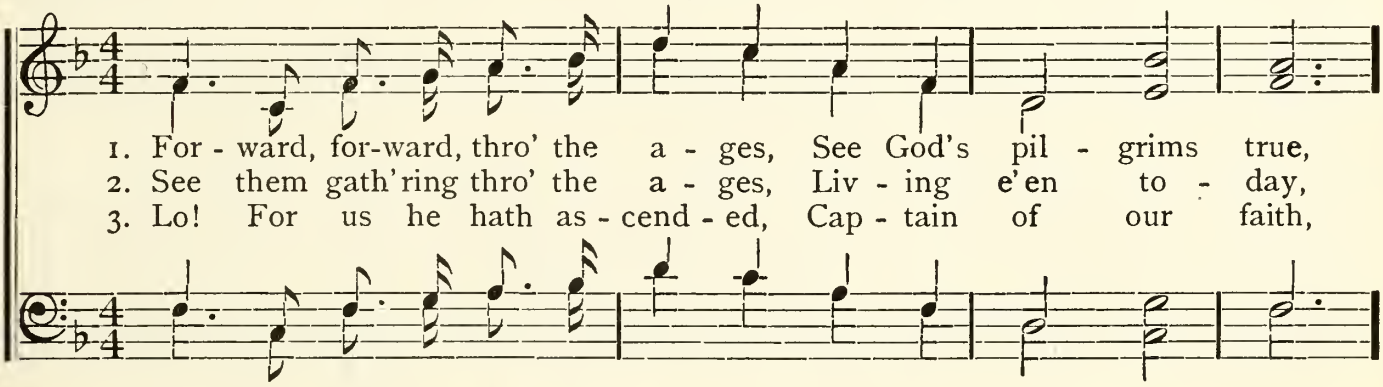
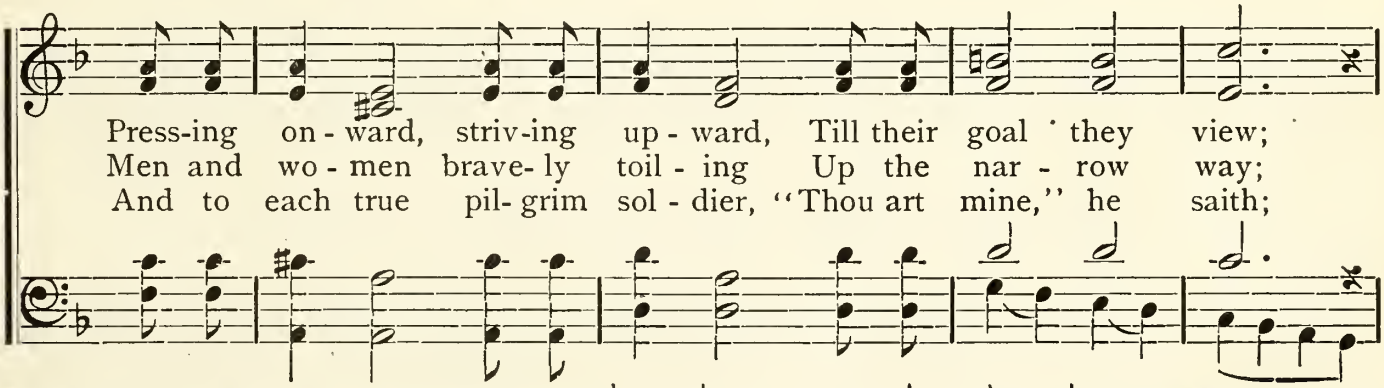
True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.—Concluded.

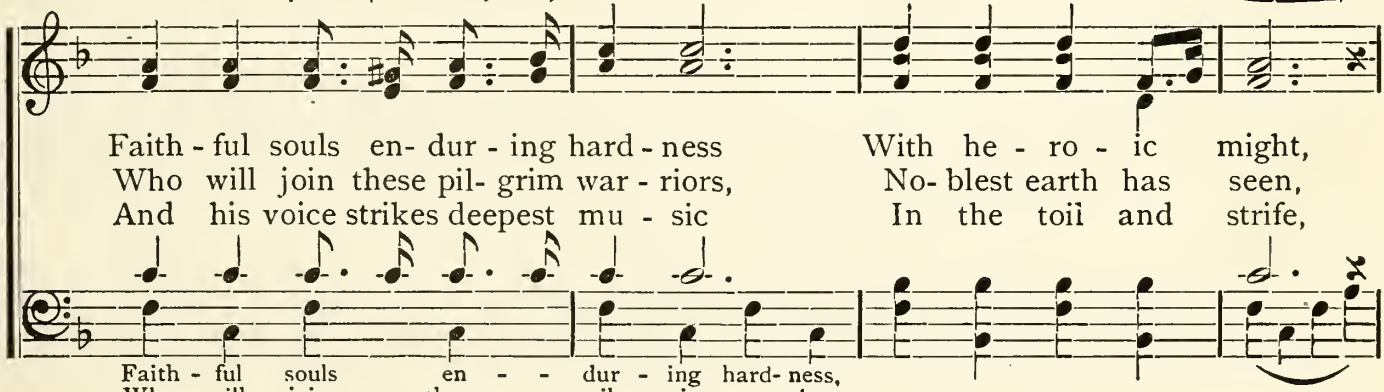


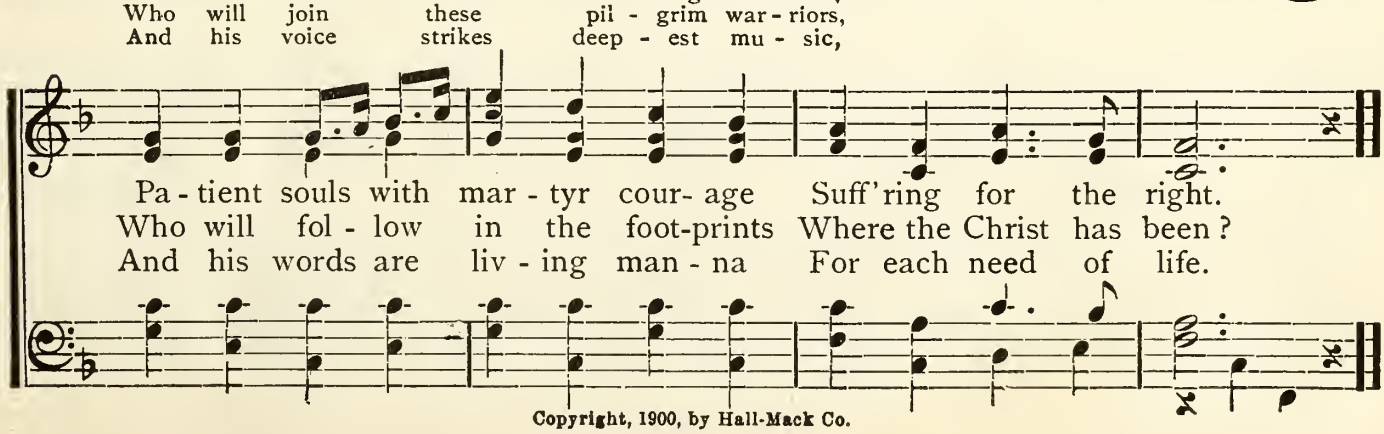
No. 107. Forward, Through the Ages.

J. H. D. Jas. H. Dixon.









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No. 108.

The World's Choral.

ADALINE H. BEERY. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Hark, from ev-'ry vil-lage, Cit - y dome and town, Such a wondrous mes-sage
2. All the long pro-ces-sion, On its churchward way, Kneel-ing round the al - tar,
3. Saved of ev-'ry na-tion, Born in ev-'ry clime, Hear their homage blending,

Grand - ly ring- eth down; Ech - oes still are ring- ing Of the Saviour's birth;
Glad - ly seem to say, "Je - sus Christ, our Sav-iour, King and Lord of all,
At this blessed time. "Thou, our dai - ly Coun-sel, Thou, our Strength and Shield,

CHORUS. UNISON.

For the world's redeeming Je - sus came to earth."
Bless- ed Friend and Teacher, At thy feet we fall!"
In our hearts for- ev - er Thou thy scep-ter wield!"
} Sing, my heart, in an - swer:

He's my Sav-iour too; . . . . Nev - er cease to tell it, All his word is

true. . . . Ech - oes still are ring - ing of the Sav- iour's birth. . . .

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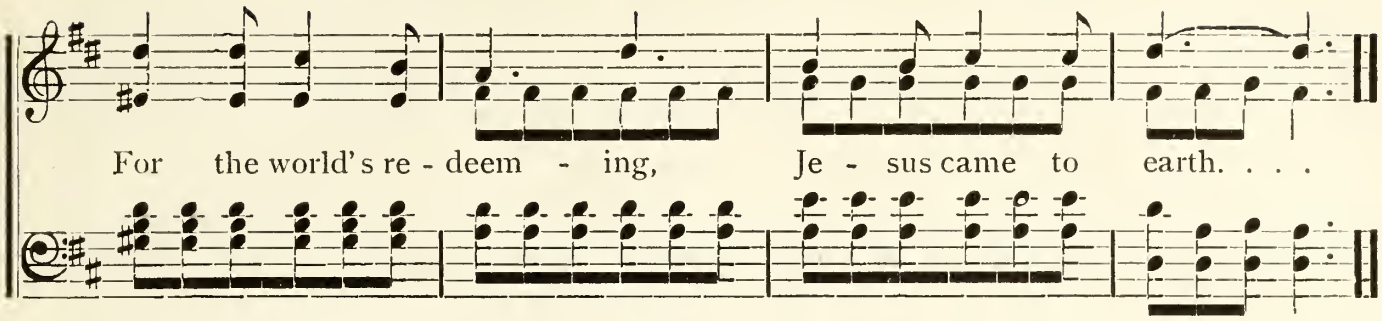
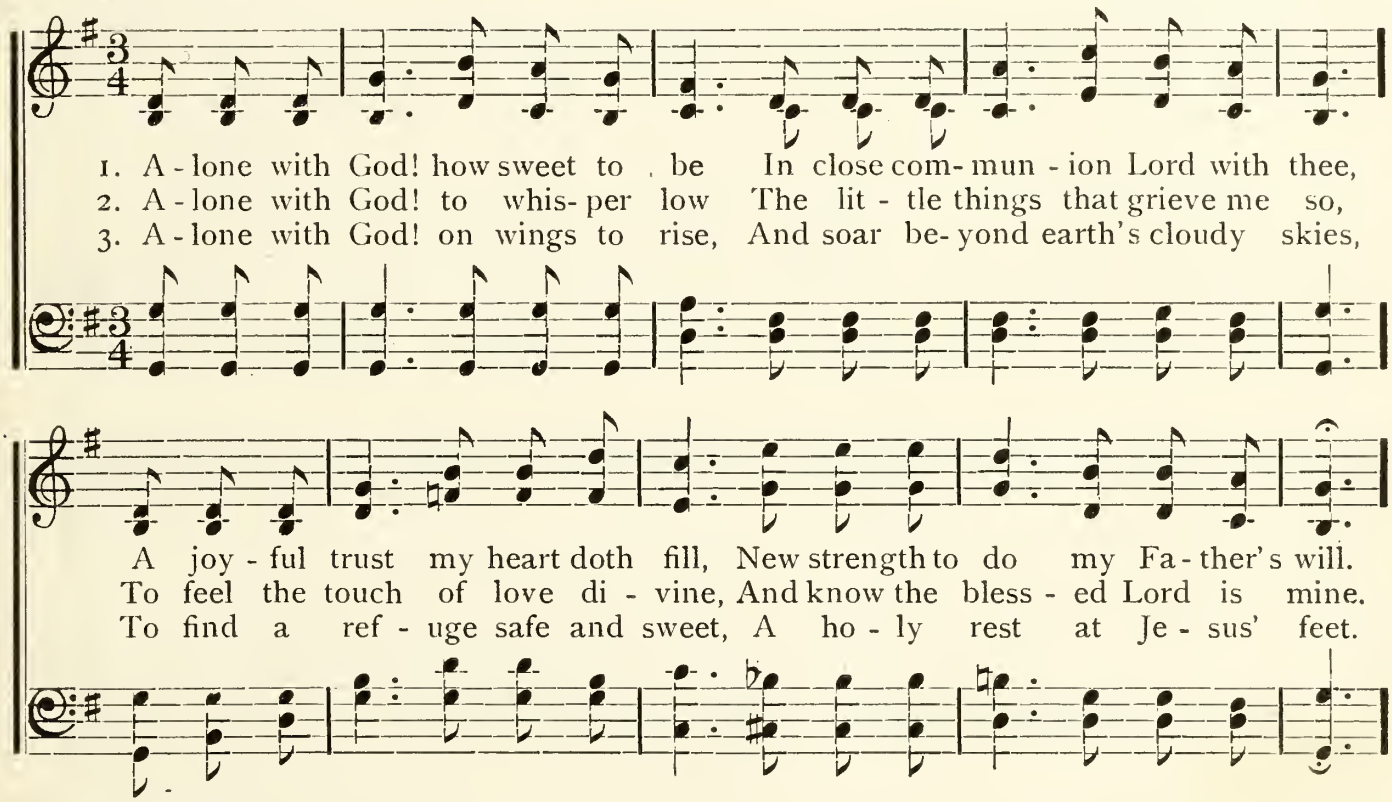
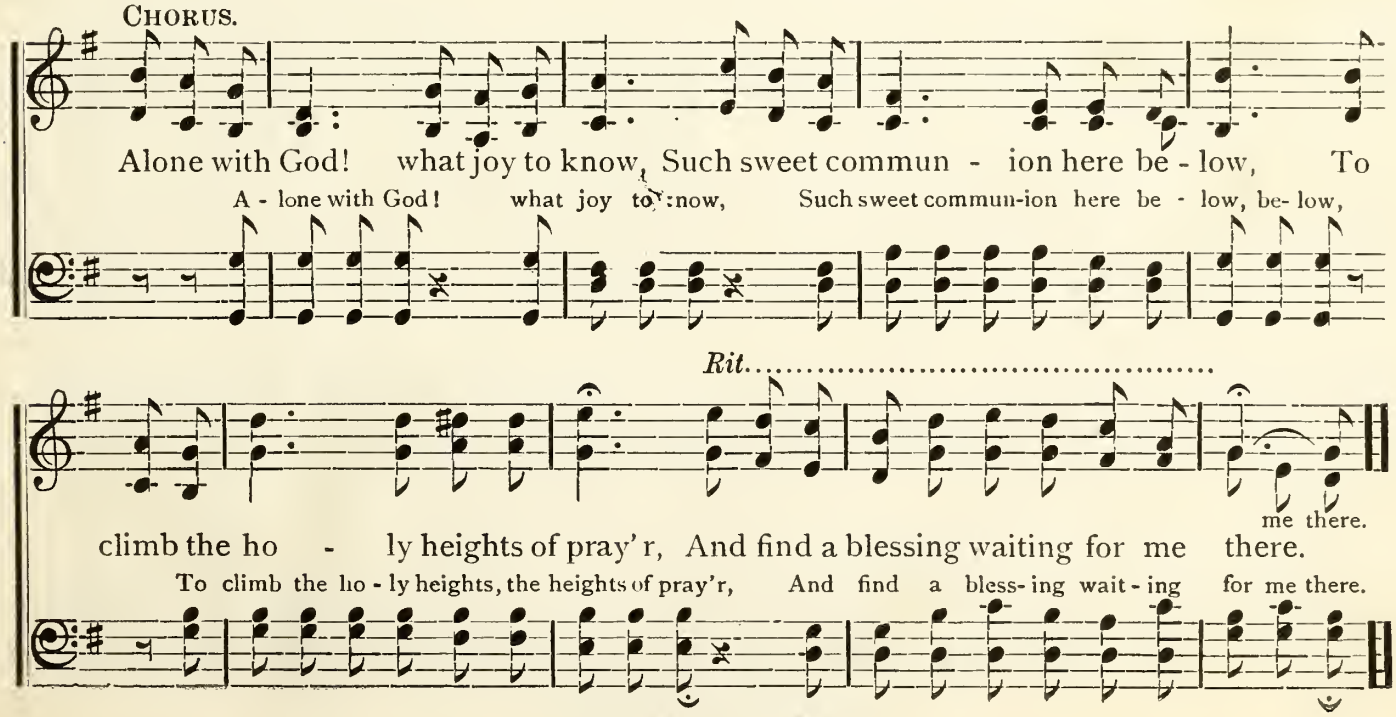
The World's Choral.—Concluded.



No. 109. Alone With God.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. HOWARD CLARE.





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No. 110. Sweet Are the Roses.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. Sweet are the ros - es of Shar - on, Fair and bright are its lil - ies, Bending their
2. Je - sus is call - ing the children, Thro' the words of his gos - pel, Bidding us
3. Glad - ly we come at his bid-ding, Bear - ing garlands of ros - es, Ev - er re -

heads to the breez-es 'Neath the bright glowing sun. Sweeter than all is the message,
keep his commandments, Ev - er grow in his grace. We are se-cure in the message,
memb'ring his kindness, At his feet we will kneel, Trusting a-lone in the message,

Which to the world has been giv'n; "Suf-fer the children to come un-to me, For of

Chorus.

such is the Kingdom of Heav'n. Suf - fer the chil - dren to come . . un- to

Suf-fer the children to come un- to me, Suf-fer the children to

me, . . . Of such . . . is the King - dom, of such is the Kingdom of Heaven,

come un- to me, Such is the Kingdom, the Kingdom of Heav'n,

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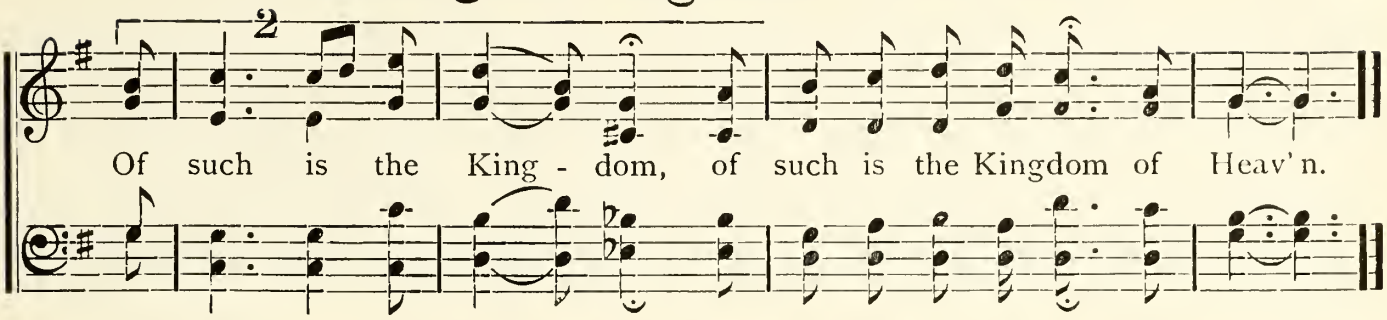
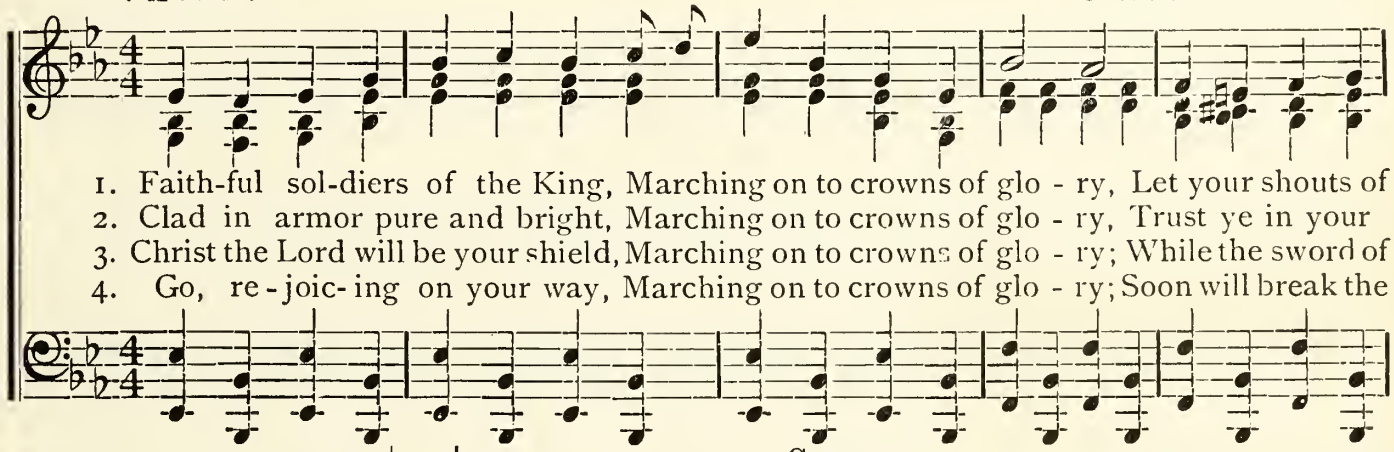
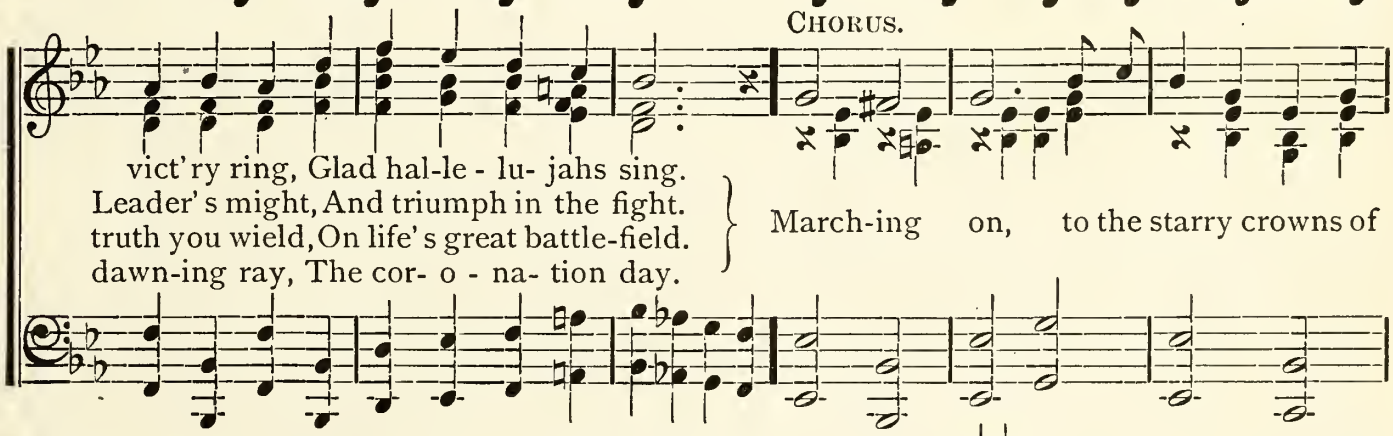
Sweet Are the Roses.—Concluded.

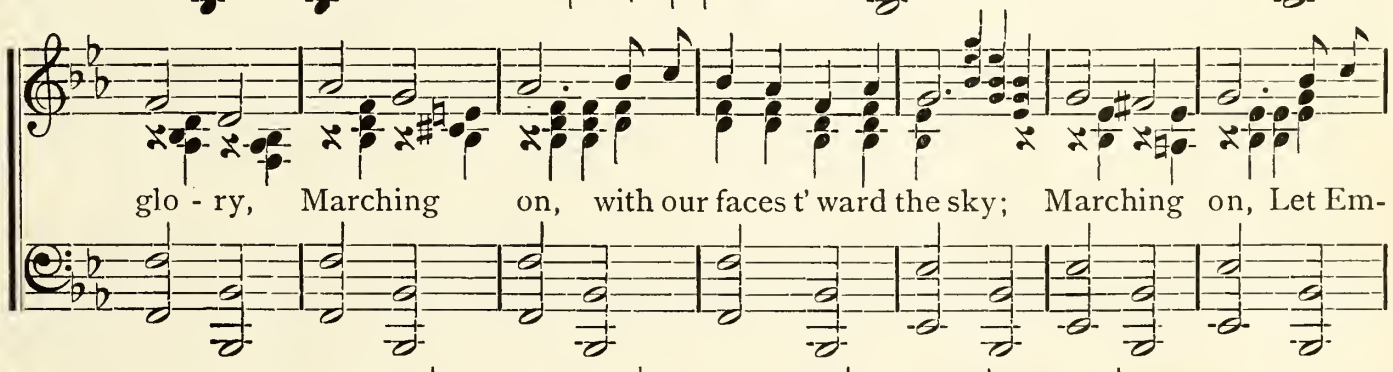


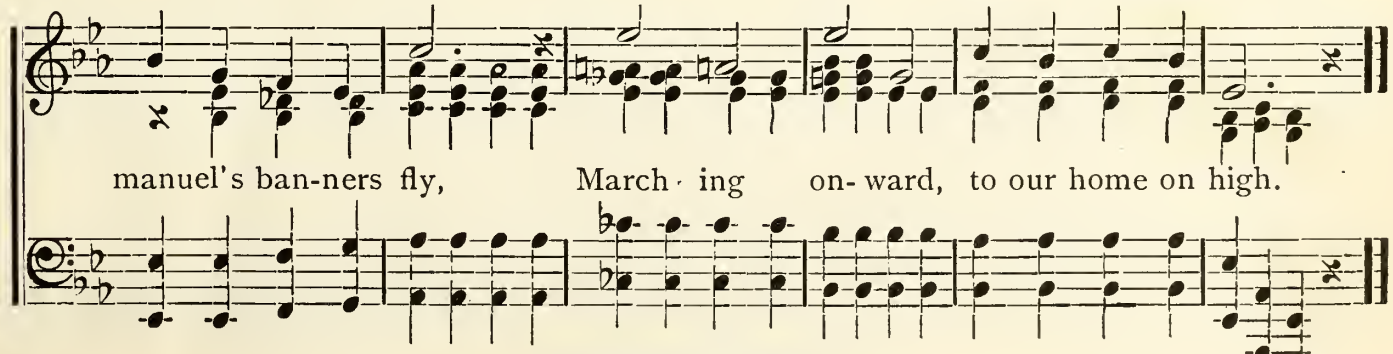
No. 111. Marching On to Crowns of Glory.

E. E. Hewitt. J. Lincoln Hall.









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o. 112.

We Are Going Forth to Reap.

J. B. Mackay. J. B. Mackay.

1. We have heard the Mas - ter call - ing, Who will go and reap to-day, See the
2. There is need for ma - ny reap- ers In the har- vest fields so white, And each
3. When the har - vest time is o - ver, And the fields have all been reap' d, Then the

fields are white alread- y, And the summer speeds away; Stand no lon - ger i - dly
reap- er for the Master Is most pre-cious in his sight. Ev-'ry sheaf their hands may
prais- es of the Master, On his work-ers will be heap' d. He will bid us to his

wait - ing, There is work for one and all, Heed to - day his bless - ed sum-mons,
gath - er, He will gar - ner up with care, Come and join the hap - py reap - ers,
banquet, Say-ing "Come, my children come," Then with hap -py hearts re- joic - ing,

Chorus.

Hear O! Hear his gra-cious call.
And the har - vest glo - ry share.
We will shout the har- vest home.

We are go - - - ing forth to reap,

We are go- ing forth to reap, forth to reap,

To reap the gold-en sheaves, There is work for all to do,

To reap the gold - en sheaves, the gold-en sheaves.

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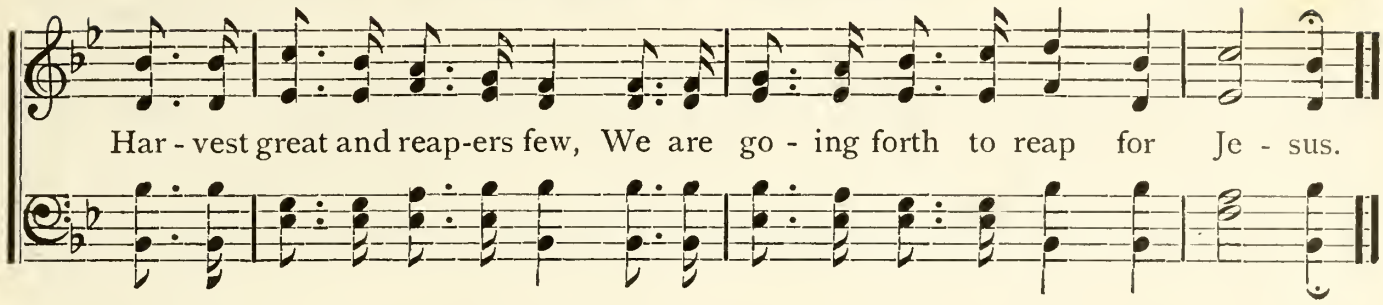
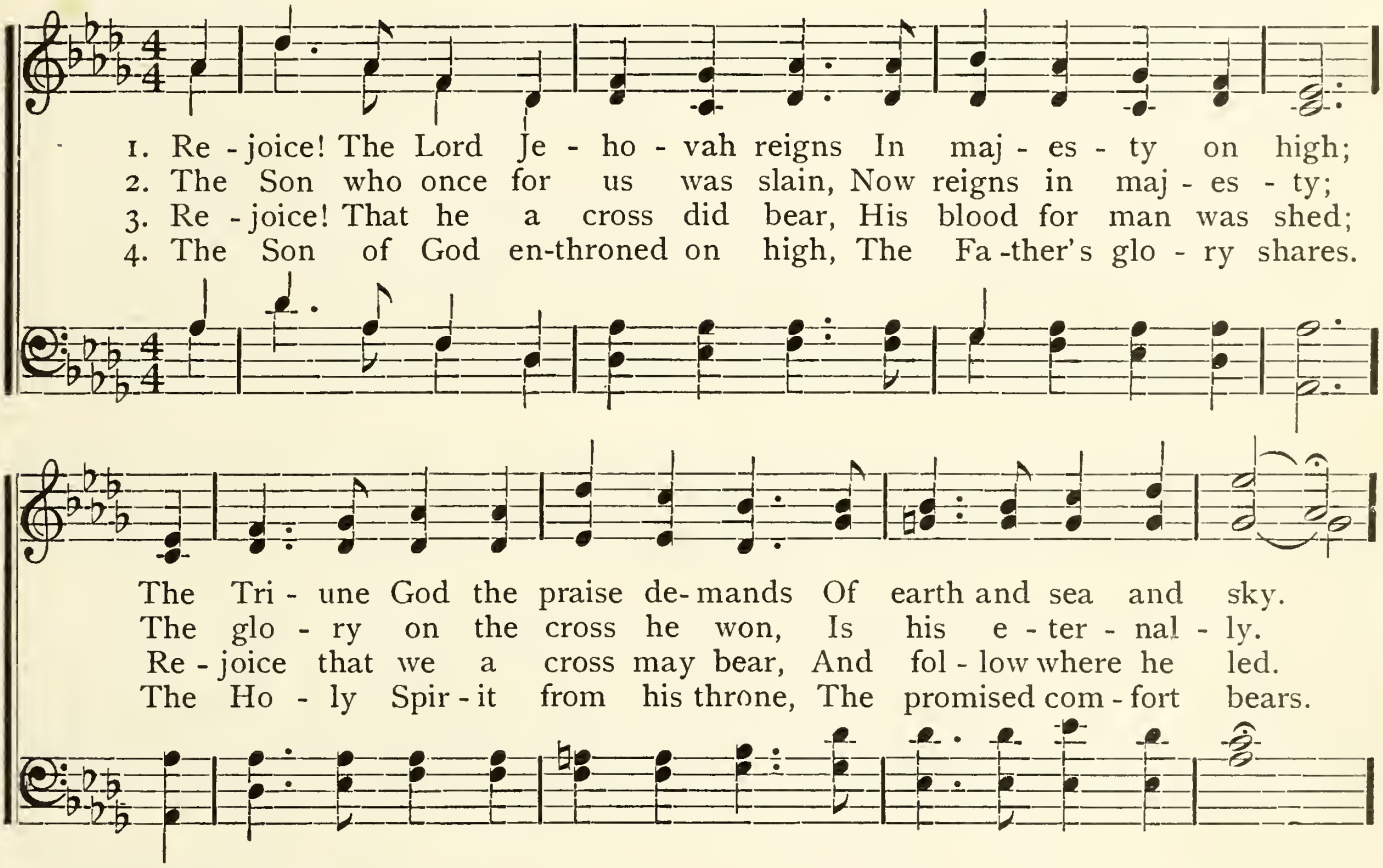
We Are Going Forth to Reap.—Concluded.

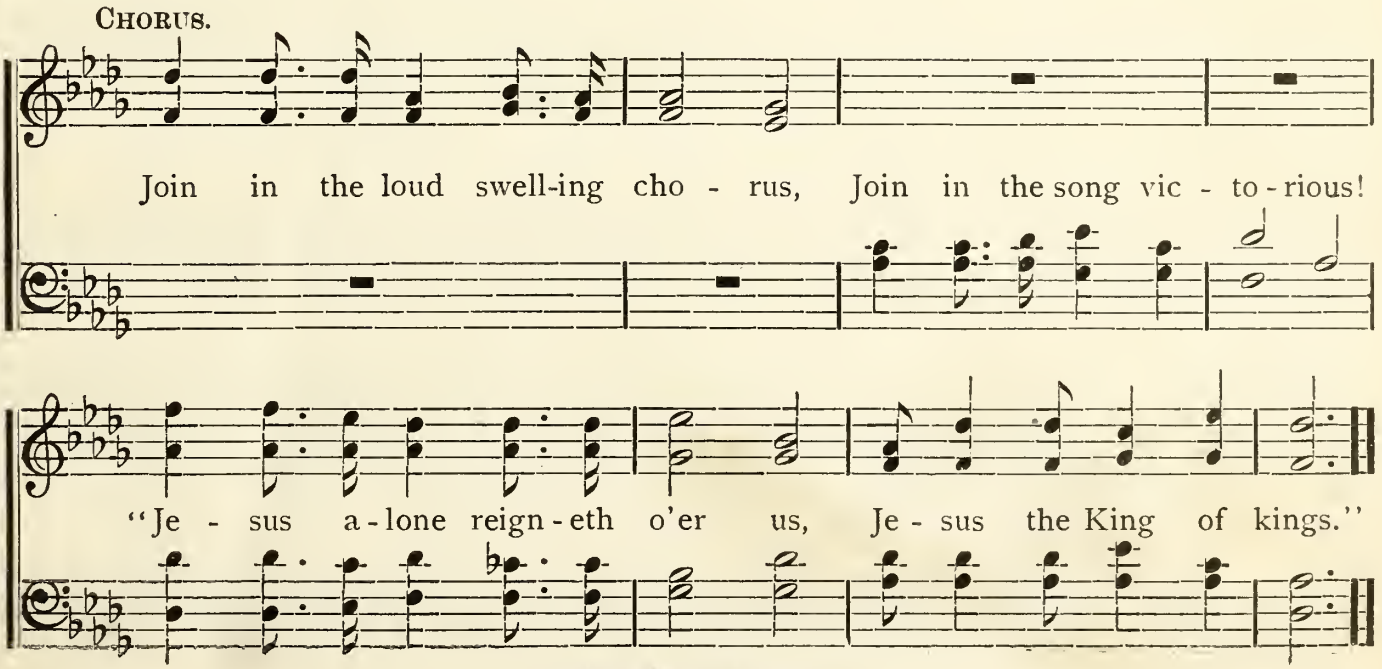


No. 113. Rejoice.

C. Austin Miles. Maurice A. Clifton.



Chorus.



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No. 114.

Beautiful Sunbeams.

JENNIE WILSON. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Soft - ly come the bless - ed sunbeams In a flood of gold - en rain,
2. Sunbeams on the snow-capped mountains Lay a daz - zling di - a - dem,
3. Ver- dant land and glanc- ing wa - ter An - swer to the sun's ca - ress,
4. Like a smile of God, our Fa - ther, Comes the sun with wel- come light,

Bring- ing gifts of wealth and beau - ty To all Na - ture's wide do - main.
And the hum - ble, ti - ny dew- drop Turn they to a spark- ling gem.
And the clouds of eve and morn- ing Blush with hues of lov - li - ness.
Tell - ing all his earth - ly chil - dren Of his good-ness and his might.

CHORUS.

Beau- ti - ful sun - beams, ... ra- di- ant sun - beams, ... Like
Beau - ti - ful sun - beams, ra - di - ant sun - beams,

sweet ben- e- dictions fall; . . . . . Beauti- ful sun - beams . . . gently de-
ben - e - dic- tions fall, Beau- ti - ful sunbeams,

scend- ing, ... Bring their joy . . . . and cheer to all. . . . . .
gen - tly de- scending, Bring their joy, their joy and cheer, their joy and cheer to all.

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No. 115.

O Conquering Angel.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. Onward, onward, speed thy conq'ring flight; Through the darkness send thy radiant light;
2. Onward, onward, speed thy conq'ring flight; Plant thy standard on each mountain height;
3. Onward, onward, speed thy conq'ring flight; Now the morn - ing bursts up- on the sight;

Tread the i - dols in the dust, Spread the gospel's ho - ly trust; Bid the slumb'ring nations Hail the Lord of all.
Let the bliss- ful tid- ings float Till the sweetly echoing note Sounds from vale and for-est, "He is Lord of all."
Je - sus now his kingdom takes And the joy- ous song awakes From the hearts of thousands, "He is Lord of all."

Chorus.

O conq'ring angel, onward haste! A - way! A- way! Pro - claim the dawn of free - dom's day. A - way with sadness! Hail with gladness Je - sus, the Lord of all. . . . . .

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No. 116. In the Strength of the Lord.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE, by per.

1. In the strength of the Lord we will go, (will go,) With our face ev - er turned to the foe, (to the foe,) We will nev - er, nev - er yield, With sal - va - tion as our shield,
2. In the arm of the Lord we will trust, (will trust,) He is right-eous and mighty and just; (he is just,) We will nev - er, nev - er fail, For our Cap - tain will pre-vail,
3. In the cause of the Lord we will win, (will win,) In the con- flict of right o - ver sin; (o - ver sin;) We will nev - er, nev - er fall, For our King is o - ver all,

CHORUS.

In the strength of the Lord we will go.
In the arm of the Lord we will trust.
In the cause of the Lord we will win.
} Marching on, . . . marching on, . . .

Marching on, marching on,

To the hap-py land of Ca-naan, bright and fair, . . . When the Captain calls his own,

bright and fair,

rit. ad lib.

To the mansions 'round the throne, Praise his name! Halle - lu-jah! we'll be there!

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No. 117.

I'm a Pilgrim.

MARY S. B. DANA. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night! Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing
2. Of that cit - y, to which I jour - ney; My Re- deem- er, my Re- deem- er, is the light; There is no sor - row, nor an - y sigh - ing,
3. There the sunbeams are ev - er shin - ing, O my long- ing heart, my long- ing heart is there; Here in this coun - try, so dark and drear - y,

CHORUS.

I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar- ry, I can tar- ry but a night; I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night!

To where the fountains are ev- er flow - ing;
Nor an - y tears there, nor an - y dy - ing.
I long have wander'd for-lorn and wea - ry:

I'm a pil-grim, I'm a pil-grim, and a stranger, and a stranger; tar-ry, tar- ry, tar - ry but a night;

pilgrim, I'm a pilgrim, and a stranger, and a stranger, tar - ry. tar - ry, tarry but a night.

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No. 118.

Life is Full of Sunshine.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. Life is full of sunshine, when the sun is hid, When its beams no lon-ger
2. Set the ech - oes ring- ing in a glad re - frain, Tho' the clouds may gather

round the flow - ers play, Sor - rows will not lin - ger, grief will not remain, Where
dark-'ning all the way, Chil- dren of the Sav- iour ev - er joy - ful be, For

Chorus.

life is full of sunshine ev - 'ry day.
life is full of sunshine ev - 'ry day.
} Then chil - dren sing, Let the

cho - rus ring, For life is full of sun - shine tho' the clouds appear, Then

chil- dren sing, Let the cho-rus ring, While Jesus waits our song to hear.

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No. 119. The Banner of the King.

IDA L. REED. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Lo, the ban - ner of our King, 'Neath its folds we're marching, As the vic- tor's
2. On-ward, up-ward day by day, 'Neath its folds we're marching, Fighting for him
3. On-ward for our King we'll go, 'Neath its folds we're marching, In his strength we'll

marching,

songs we sing, 'Neath its folds we're marching, Straight to glo-rious vic - to - ry,
all the way, 'Neath its folds we're marching, Fighting foes with- out, with-in,
meet each foe, 'Neath its folds we're marching, Trusting in our-selves we fall,

marching,

D.S.—Lift the roy - al ban-ner high,

Out of death's cap - tiv - i - ty, In - to no - ble man-hood free,
Striv- ing ev - er - more to win, Souls from out the ways of sin,
But thro' him we're strong tho' small, He will help us con - quer all,

Let the crim - son col - ors fly, 'Neath its folds we dare to die

FINE. CHORUS.

'Neath its folds we're march-ing. March - ing, march - ing, 'Neath its folds we're

Marching, marching, marching, marching,

'Neath its folds we're marching.

D.S.

march - ing, March - ing, march - ing, 'Neath its folds we're marching.

march-ing, march-ing, March-ing, march-ing, march - ing, march-ing, marching, marching

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No. 120.

Christ is King.

C. Austin Miles. J. Howard Entwisle.

1. All the na- tions of the earth re - joice and sing, Through the radiant spheres of light the ech-oes ring, Send the news from shore to shore, Jesus reigns for-ev- er more,
2. Cru-ci - fied on Cal - va - ry 'neath dark-en'd sky,—Can it be that Je - sus reigns enthroned on high? Yes! The Lord of life and love, On the roy- al throne above,
3. Mingling with the ransomed host a - round the throne, We shall join the song of an - gels with our own. When his pu - ri- ty we share, We his glo - ry shall declare,

Chorus.

Send the glorious tidings swelling "Christ is King."
Hears the shouts of angels ringing "Christ is King."
And shall join the mighty chorus "Christ is King."
} Christ is King! Christ is King!

Through the radiant spheres of light his prais - es ring, Send the news from shore to shore,

Je - sus reigns for- ev - er-more, Send the glorious tidings swelling "Christ is King."

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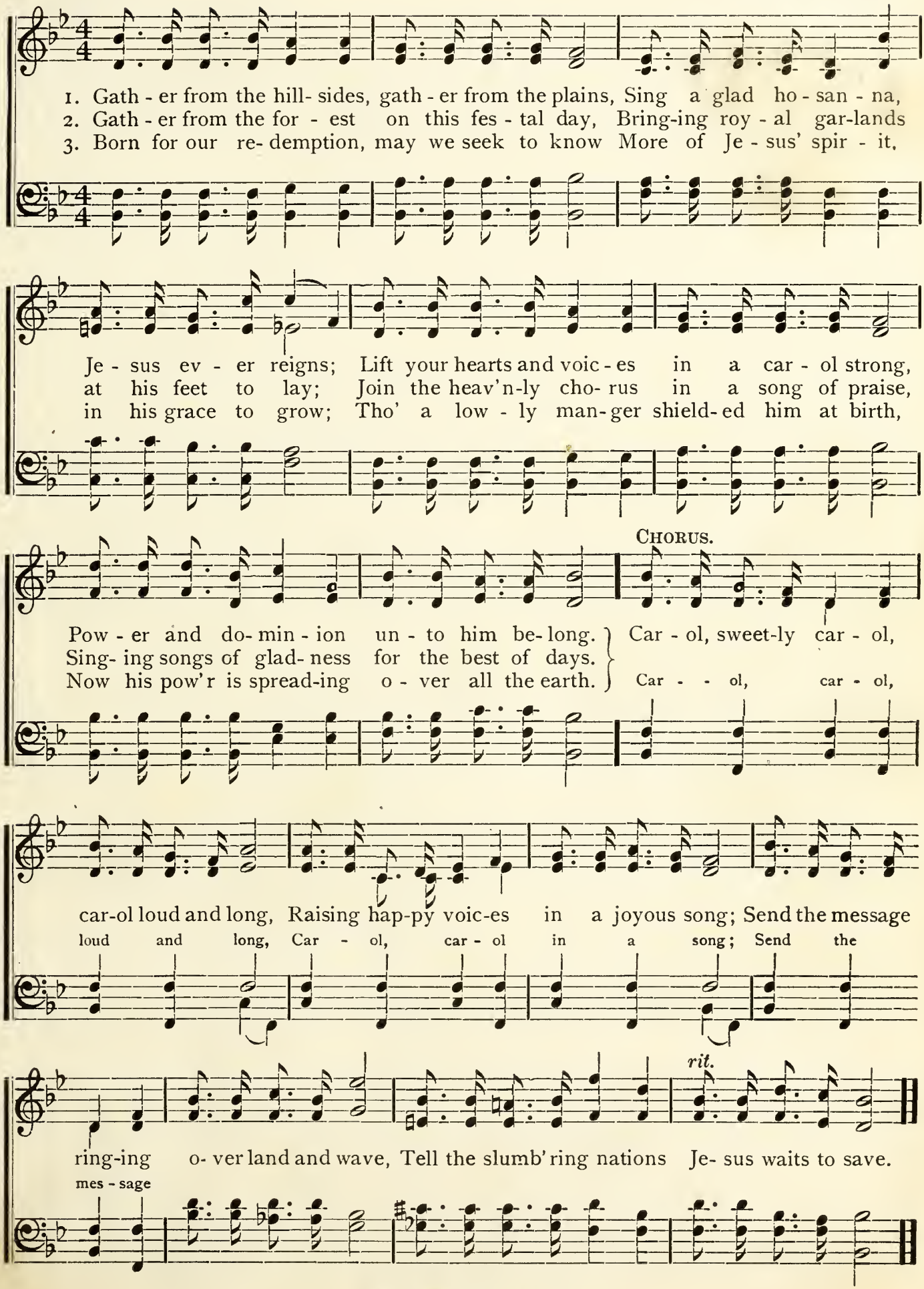
No. 121.

Carol, Sweetly Carol.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.



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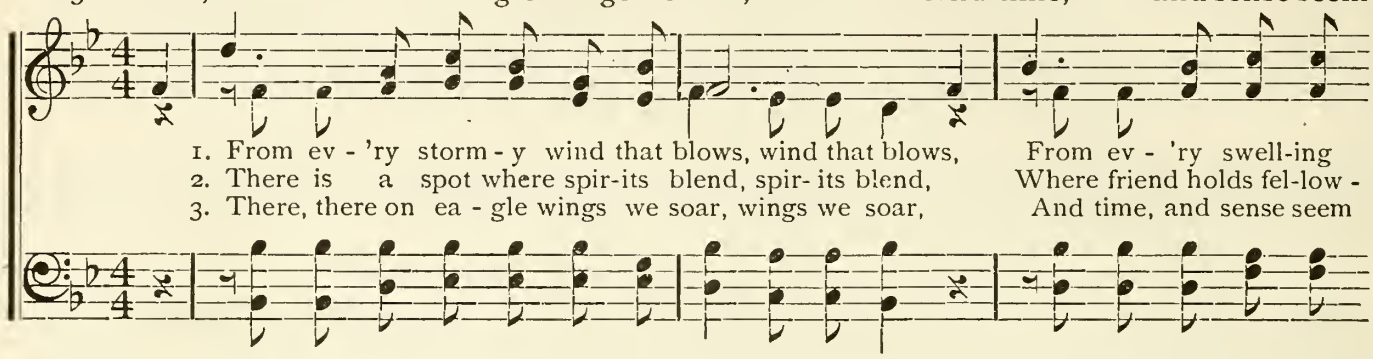
No. 122. The Mercy-Seat.

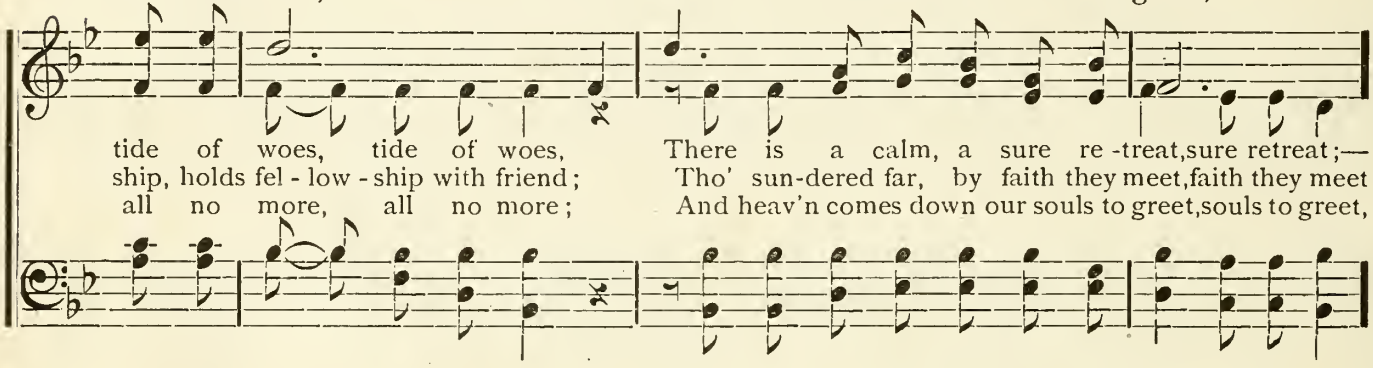
HUGH STOWELL. R. C. WARD.

1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing
2. There is a spot where spirits blend, Where friend holds fel-low -
3. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And time, and sense seem

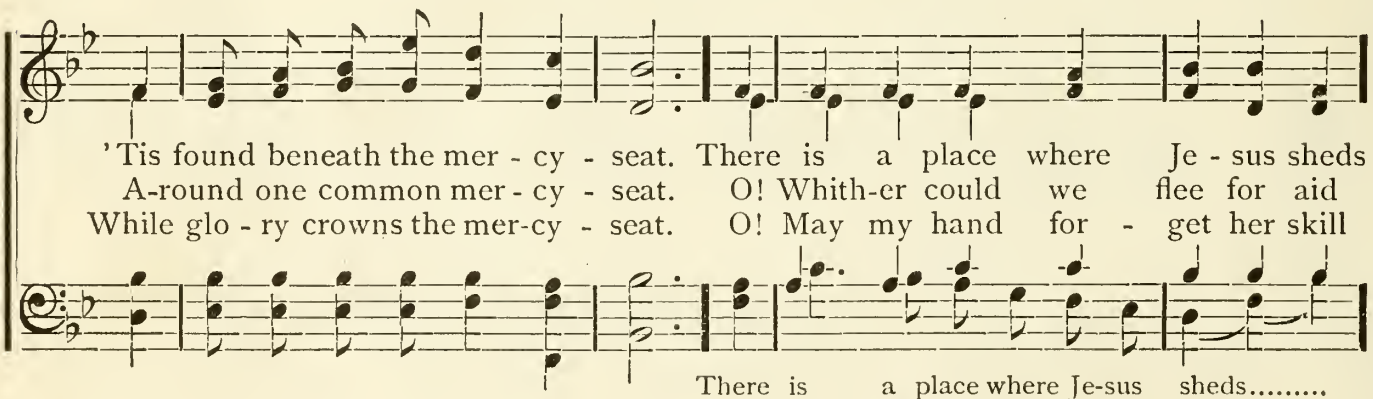


1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing
2. There is a spot where spir-its blend, spir- its blend, Where friend holds fel-low -
3. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, wings we soar, And time, and sense seem

tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re - treat;—
ship with friend; Tho' sun - dered far, by faith they meet
all no more; And heav' n comes down our souls to greet,



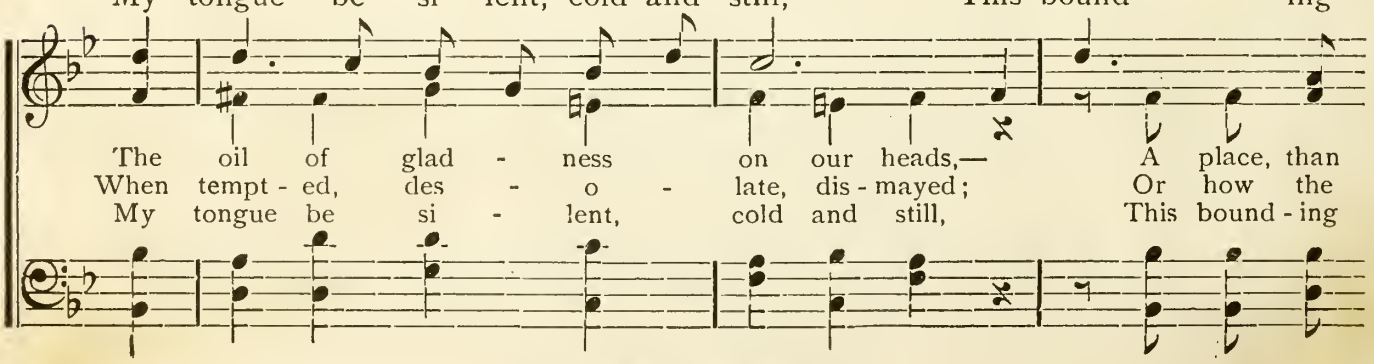
tide of woes, tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re -treat,sure retreat;—
ship, holds fel - low - ship with friend; Tho' sun-dered far, by faith they meet,faith they meet
all no more, all no more; And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,souls to greet,



'Tis found beneath the mer - cy - seat. There is a place where Je - sus sheds
A-round one common mer - cy - seat. O! Whith-er could we flee for aid
While glo - ry crowns the mer-cy - seat. O! May my hand for - get her skill

There is a place where Je-sus sheds.....
O! Whith- er could we flee for aid .....
O! May my hand for - get her skill.....

The oil of glad - ness on our heads,— A place, than
When tempt - ed, des - o - late, dis-mayed; Or how the
My tongue be si - lent, cold and still, This bound - ing



The oil of glad - ness on our heads,— A place, than
When tempt - ed, des - o - late, dis - mayed; Or how the
My tongue be si - lent, cold and still, This bound - ing

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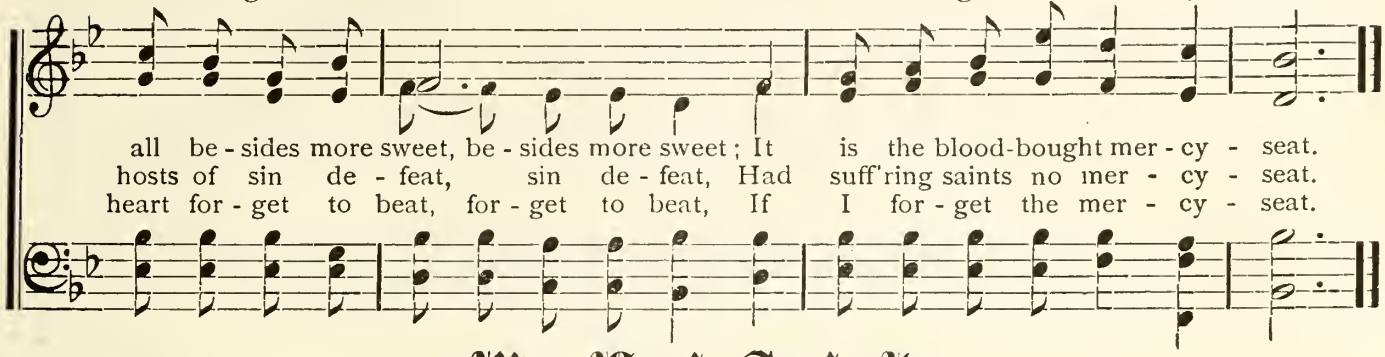
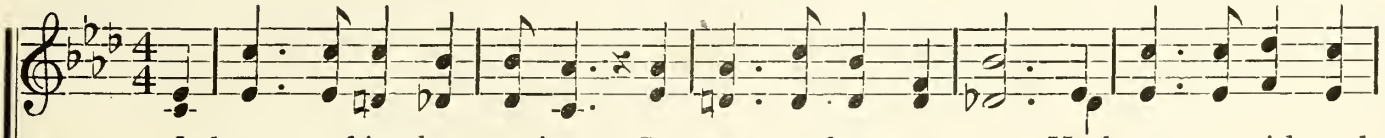
The Mercy-Seat.—Concluded.

all be-sides more sweet; It is the blood-bought mercy - seat.
hosts of sin de - feat, Had suff'ring saints no mer - cy - seat?
heart for-get to beat, If I for - get the mer - cy - seat.

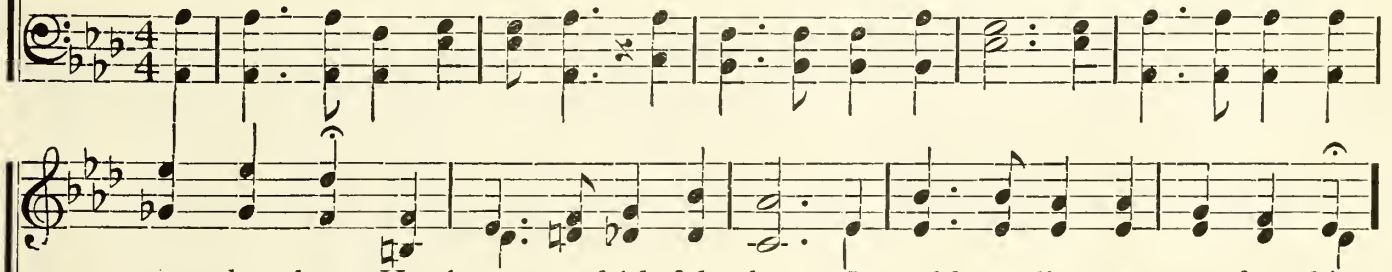


No. 123. My Lord And I.

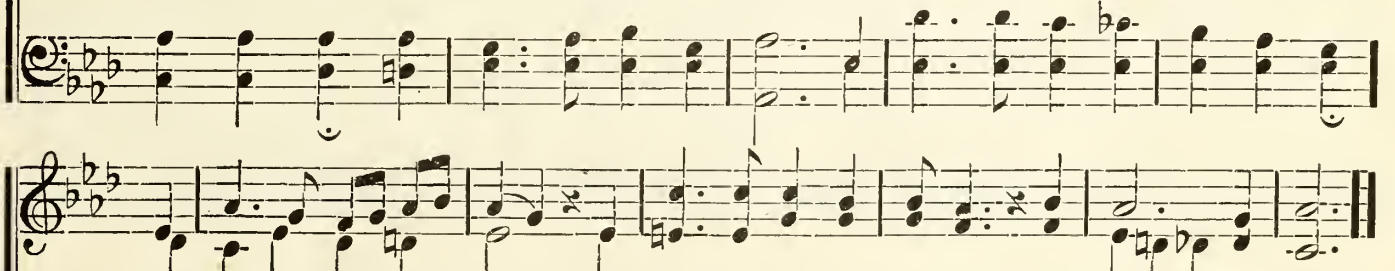
Anon. Mrs. H. L. T. Atkinson.



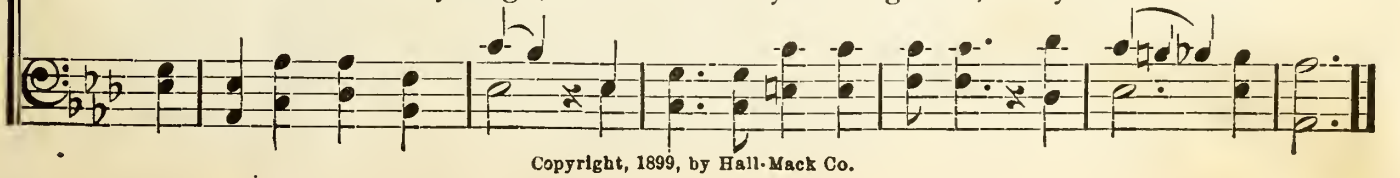
1. I have a friend so precious, So ver - y dear to me, He loves me with such
2. Sometimes I'm faint and weary, He knows that I am weak, And as he bids me
3. He knows how much I love him, He knows I love him well; But with what love he
4. I tell him all my sor-rows, I tell him all my joys, I tell him all that
5. He knows how I am long-ing Some wea - ry soul to win, And so he bids me
6. I have his yoke up - on me, And eas - y 'tis to bear; Of the burden which



ten - der love, He loves so faith-ful - ly. I could not live a - part from him,
lean on him, His help I glad - ly seek; He leads me in the paths of light,
lov - eth me, My tongue can nev-er tell; It is an ev - er - last-ing love,
pleas - es me, I tell him what an-noys; He tells me what I ought to do,
go and speak A lov - ing word for him. He bids me tell his wondrous love,
he car - ries I glad - ly take a share; For then it is my hap - pi - ness



I love to feel him nigh, And so we dwell to-gether, My Lord and I.
Beneath a sun - ny sky, And so we walk to-gether, My Lord and I.
In ev - er rich sup- ply, And so we love to-gether, My Lord and I.
He tells me what to try, And so we talk to-gether, My Lord and I.
And why he came to die, And so we work to-gether, My Lord and I.
To have him al -ways nigh,—We bear the yoke to-gether, My Lord and I.



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No. 124.

Blossoms of Praise.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Ring mer-ry bells in a joy-ous chime! Pealing your glad rounde- ley! Car - ry the
2. Ring sil- ver chimes, while the sunlight gleams. Bright thro' the blue arching sky! Tell-ing a -
3. Ring, while the an-gels in heav-en sing Un-to the Fa-ther of light, Crowning with

Rit.....

mes-sage of blossoms so sweet, As they praise the dear Lord ev-'ry day! . . . .
new of the beau- ti - ful home, And the love that will nev - er-more die. . . .
gladness the sweet summer tide, E - ven so, it seem'd good in his sight. . .

CHORUS.

GIRLS. *Tempo.* (*Swinging movement.*) ALL.

Swing - ing, swing - ing, while the world is gay, . . .

BOYS. ALL.

Ring - ing, ring - ing, crown'd with his love to - day, ...

GIRLS. ALL.

Sing - ing, sing - ing, prais - es to Christ our King! . . .

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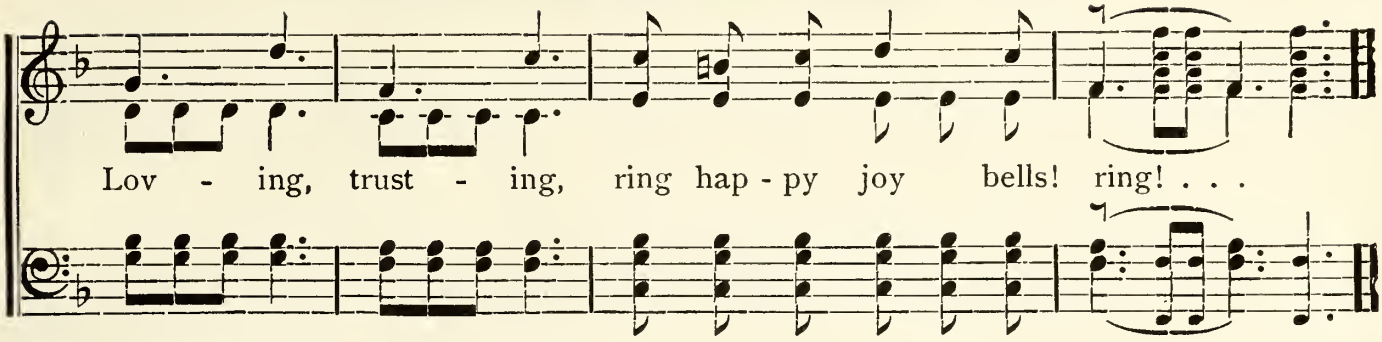
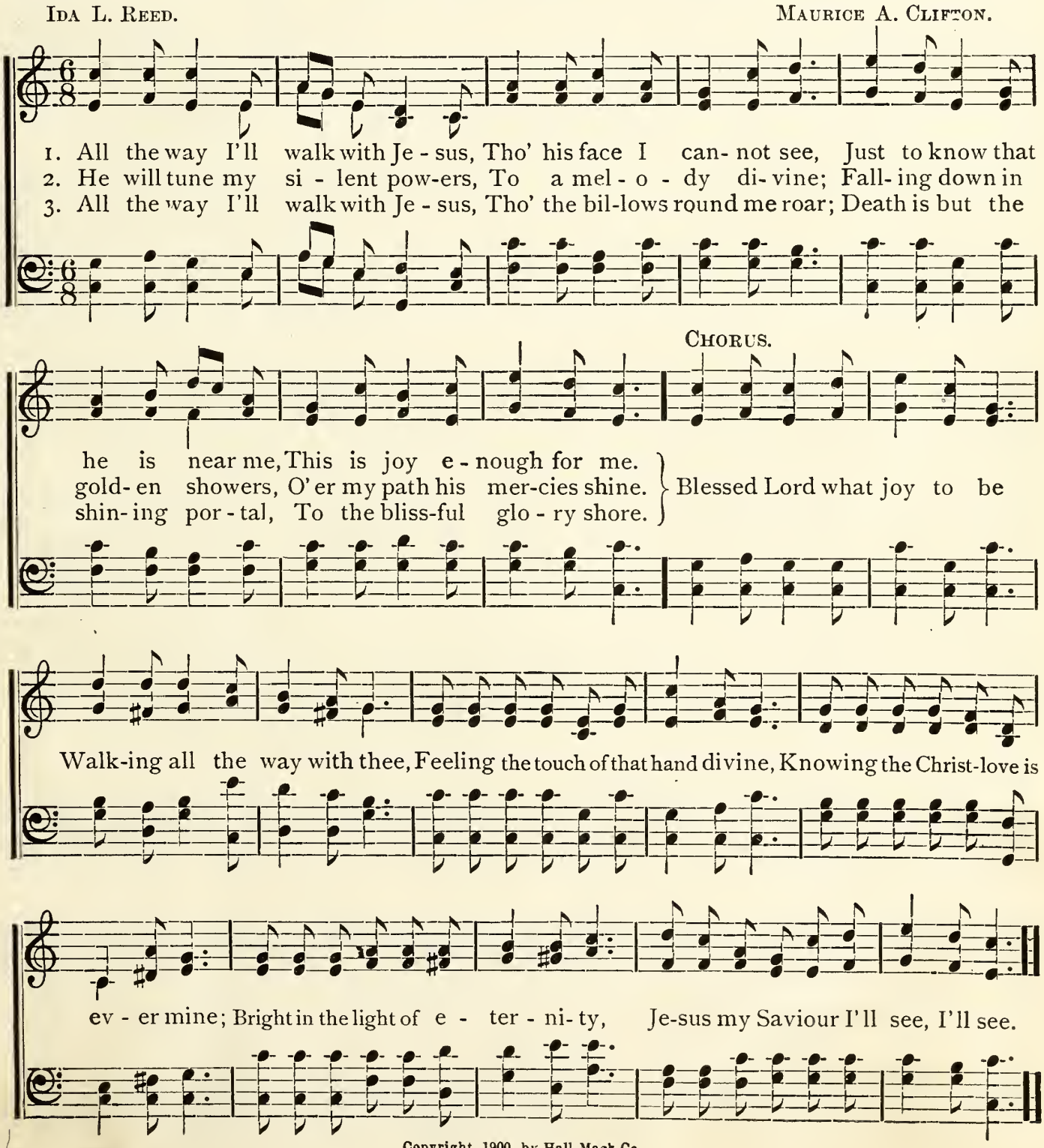


No. 125. All the Way I'll Walk With Jesus.

IDA L. REED. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.



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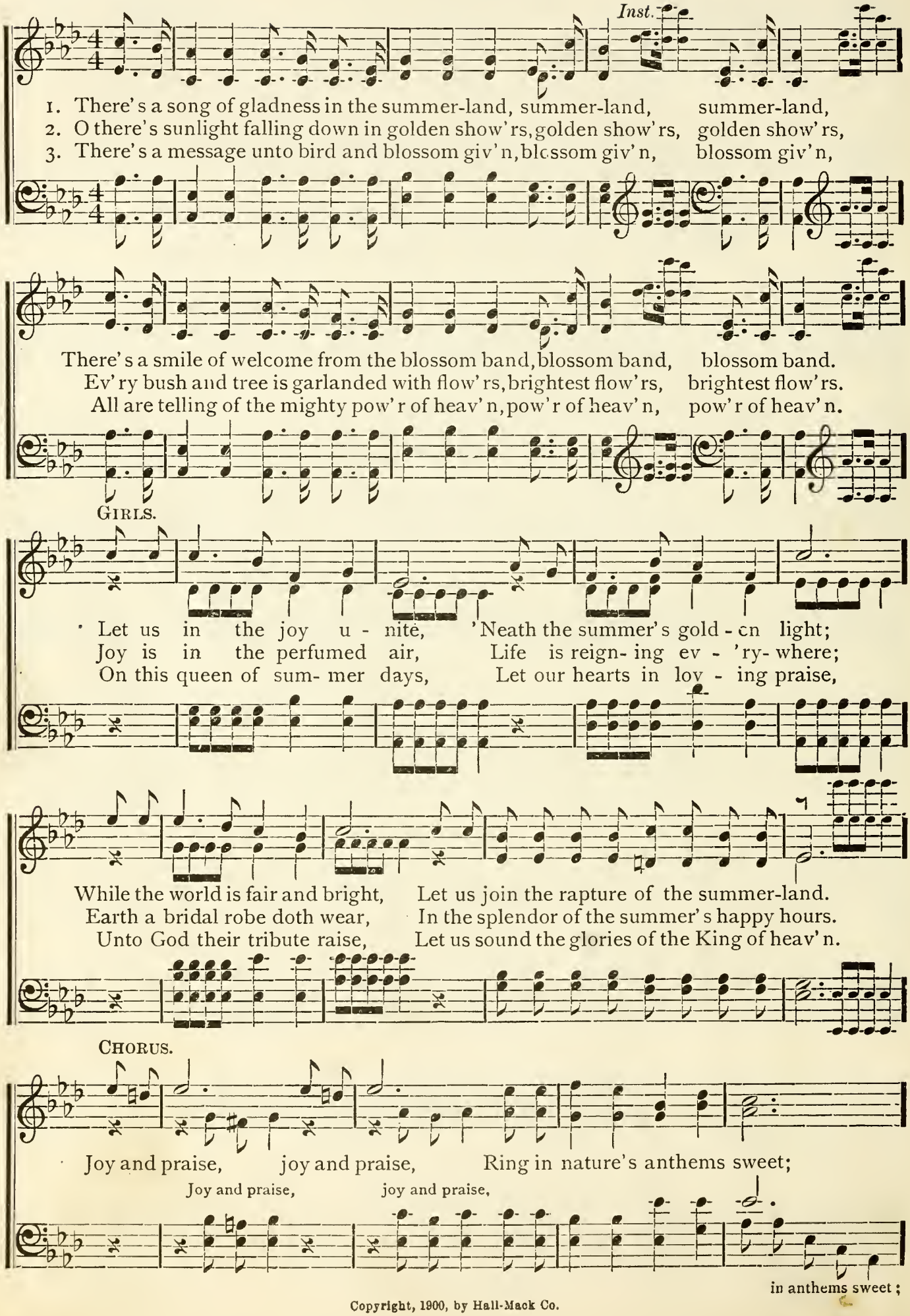
No. 126.

Joy and Praise.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. J. LINCOLN HALL.



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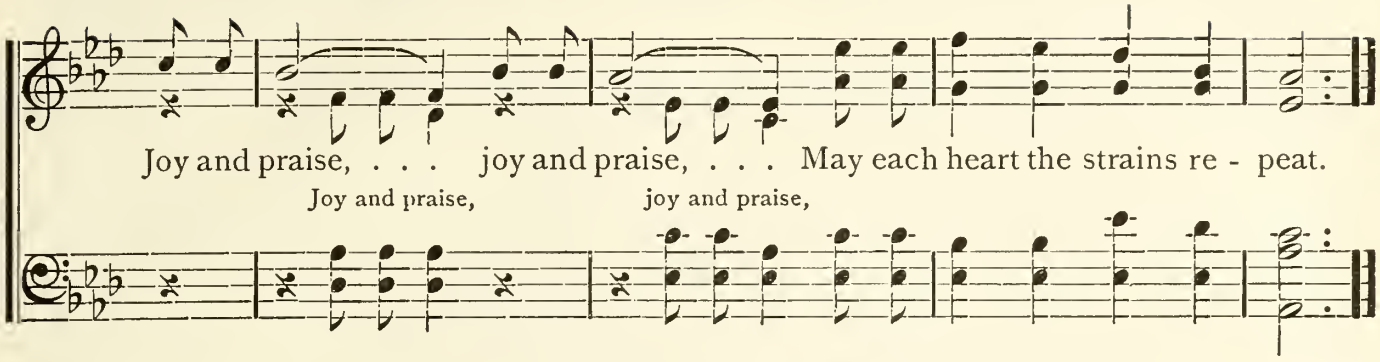
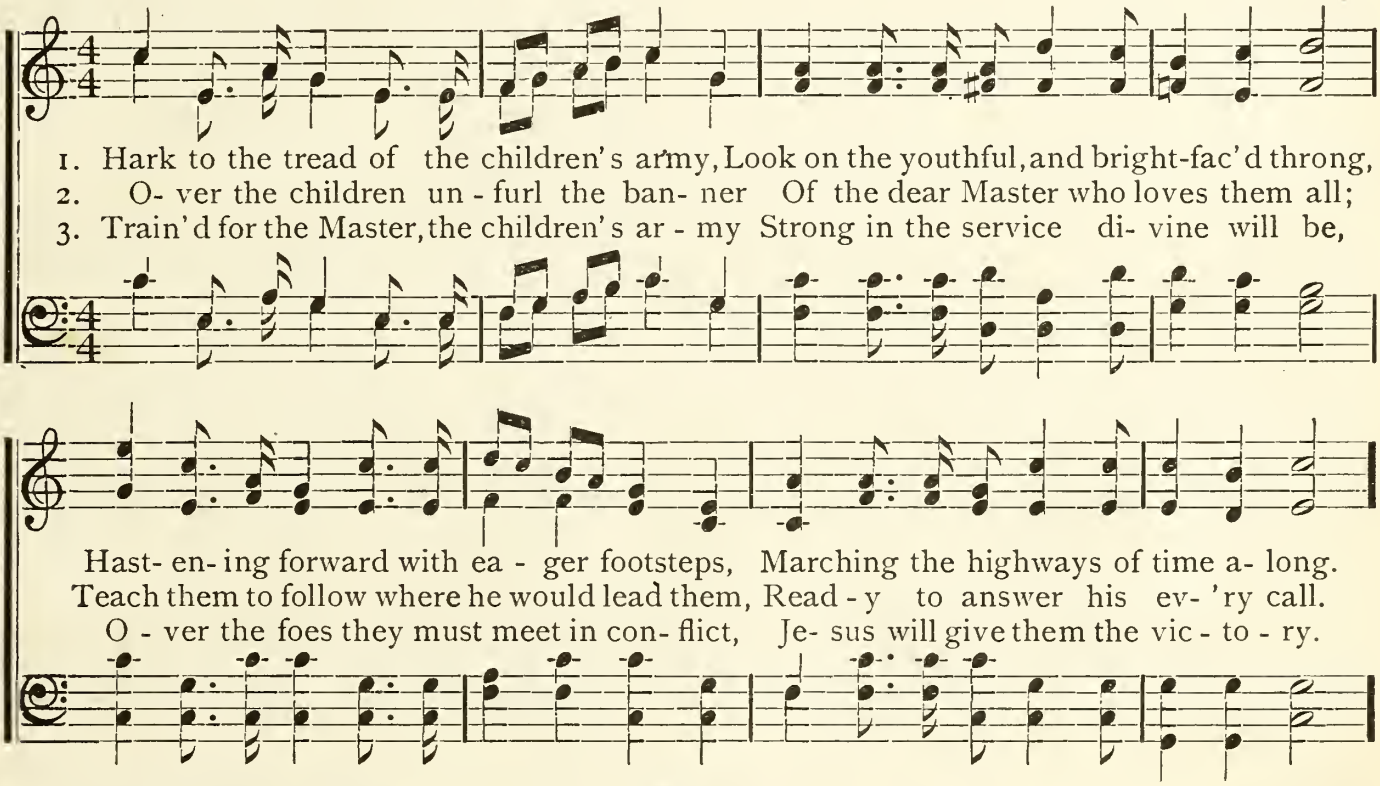
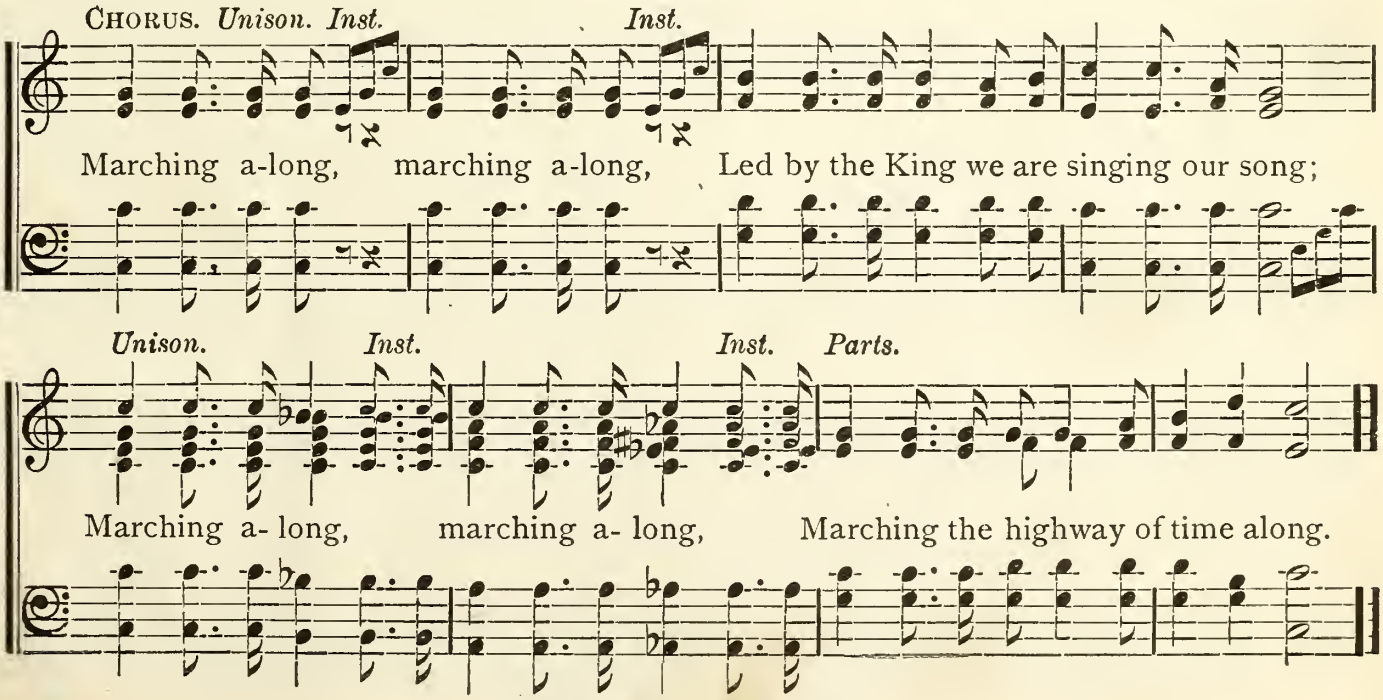
Joy and Praise.—Concluded.



No. 127. The Children's Army.

JENNIE WILSON. C. AUSTIN MILES.





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No. 128. God Wants My Life to Be a Song.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. God wants my life to be a song, A strain of mu - sic sweet, A glad sur-
2. God wants my life to be a song, A hal - le - lu - jah strain, Un - to the
3. God wants my life to be a song, A cho - ral hymn of praise, That saints and

ren - der of my all, Be - fore the mer - cy - seat; A joy - ful sac - ri -
Lamb of Cal - va - ry, For dy - ing sin - ners slain; A har - mo - ny di -
an - gels sweet - ly sing, Thro' ev - er - last - ing days; What tho' it be a

fice of praise, A chime of sil- ver bells, That thro' the si - lence of the night,
vine, that fills With joy the pass-ing years, An an-them, ris - ing strong and true,
mi-nor strain, Sometime the notes will ring, And with ex - ult - ant mu - sic fill

CHORUS.

p *f cres.*

The coming dawn foretells.
Thro' pen - i - ten- tial tears.
The pal- ace of the King.

Singing sweet mel- o - dy, Praising him for -

ff *p*

ev - er, Life shall be a triumph song, Lord, to thee; Singing sweet melo- dy,

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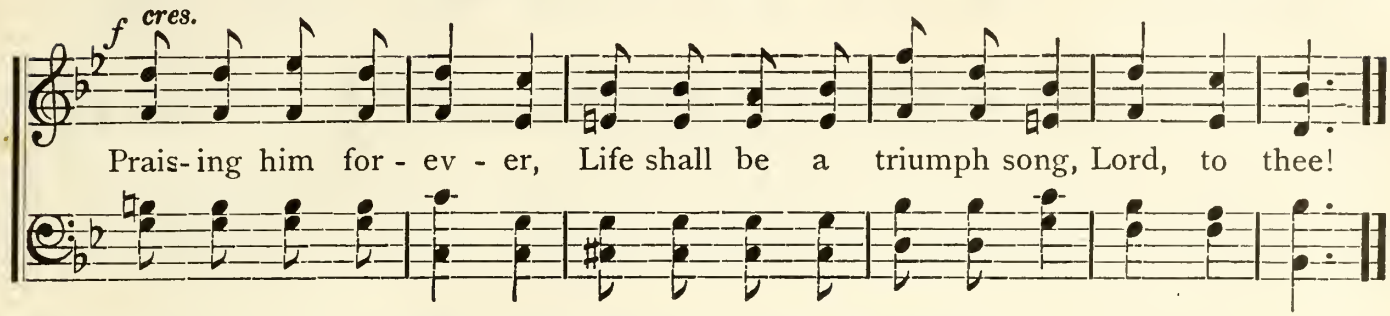
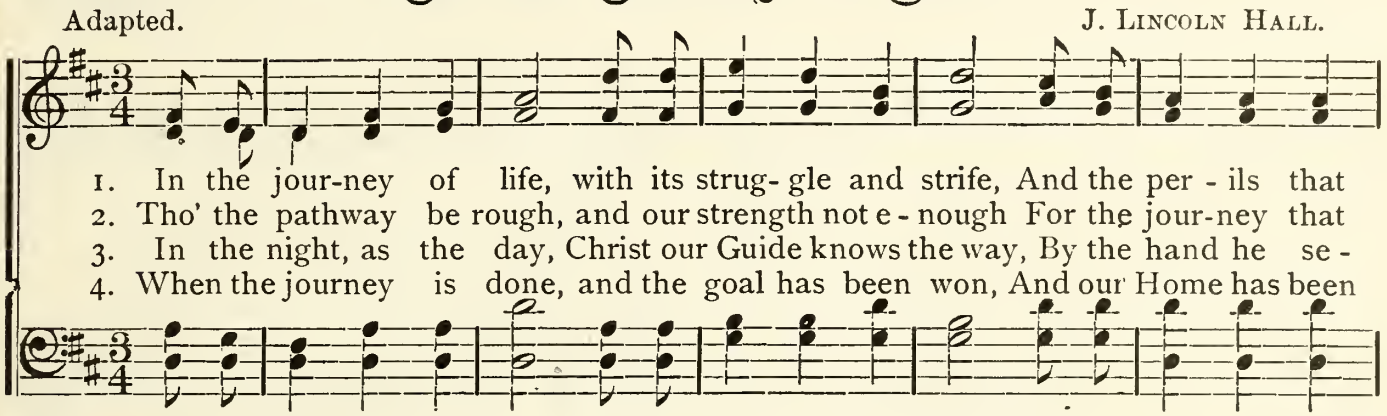
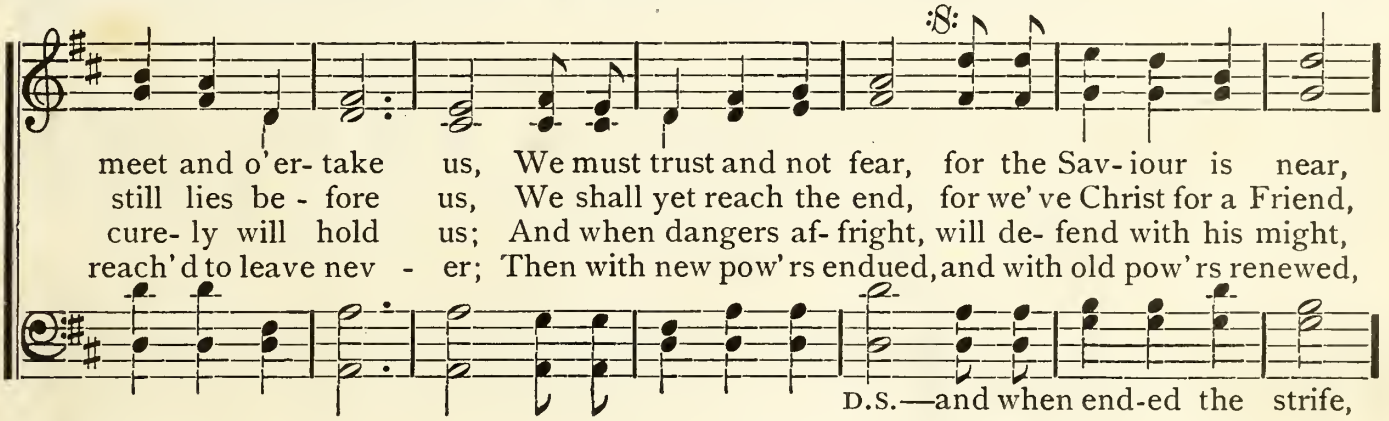
God Wants My Life to Be a Song.—Concluded.

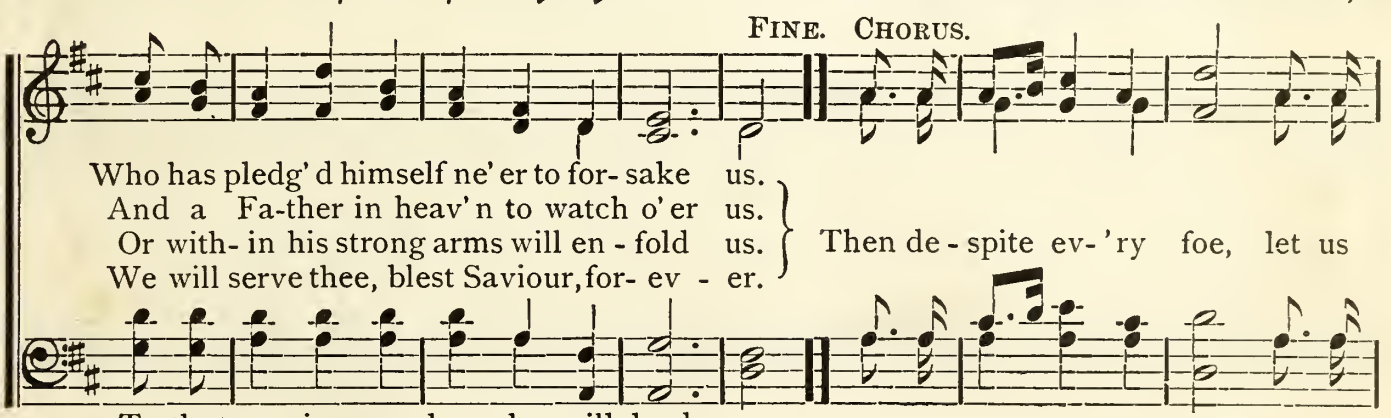


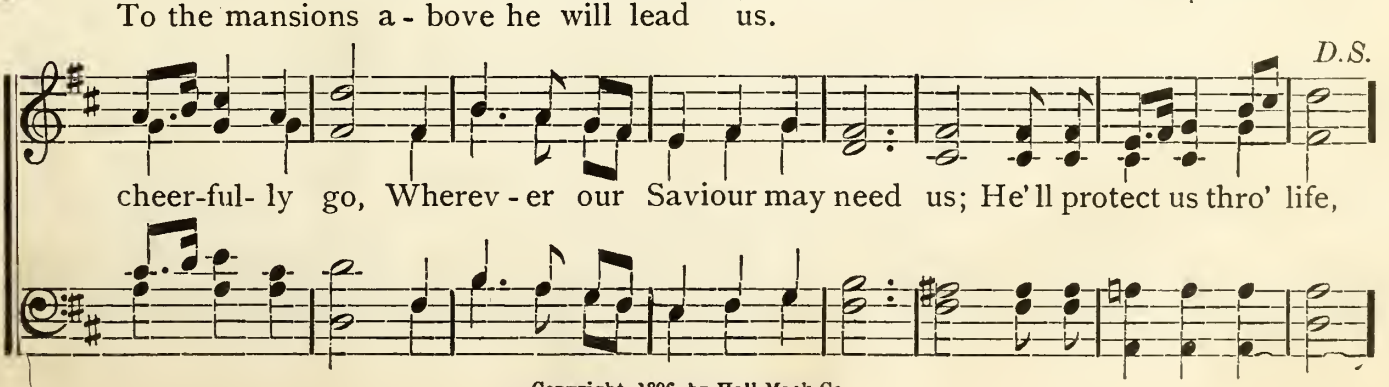
No. 129. In the Journey of Life.

Adapted. J. Lincoln Hall.









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No. 130. The Heavenly Summerland.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Be - yond the winter's storms and blight, Be - yond the summer's shining strand,
2. No lin- g'ring shadow of the night, Shall dim the glo - ry of that shore;
3. No part - ing word, no tears nor pain, Shall pass those por- tals fair and bright,

There waits a land of joy and light— O bright and fadeless summer - land!
There all is joy and song and light, And rest and peace for- ev - er - more!
There part - ed friends shall meet a-gain, With - in that Land of love and light!

CHORUS.

O summer-land . . . . . that gleams a-far, ... Beyond the light . . . . .
O summer- land that gleams a - far, Be-yond the light

of sun or star, ... O sum-mer- land, ... O summer-
of sun or star, O sum - mer- land,

land, ... we long for thee, ... dear summer- land.
O summer - land, we long for thee, dear summer-land.

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No. 131.

Prepare Ye for Service.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. Pre - pare ye for serv- ice, put on the Gos- pel Arm- or, Pre - pare ye for
2. Pre - pare ye for serv- ice by dai - ly pray' r and praising, Pre - pare ye for
3. Pre - pare ye for serv- ice, be read - y at his bid-ding, Pre - pare ye for

serv - ice, at - tend your Lord's command; Ad - vance to the con-flict, nor
serv - ice by kneel- ing at his feet; In cheer - ful sub- mis-sion and
serv - ice, de - lay not at his calls; Each day strug - gle on-ward, his

fear e - vil forc- es, By faith ye shall conquer and pos - sess the land.
deep con - se - cra-tion, Let self be re - ject- ed, for his use made meet.
work glad - ly do- ing, And rest will be sweet-er when the twi- light falls.

Chorus.

Then prepare ye for service, read- y and willing Quickly to answer when Jesus calls;

Then prepare ye for service, his work pursuing, Rest will be sweet when the twilight falls.

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No. 132. Gathering Sheaves for Jesus.

JENNIE WILSON. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Work in the har-vest that for you calls, Gath-er-ing sheaves for Je - sus, Work till the twi-light a-round you falls, Gath-er-ing sheaves for Je - sus; Hast-en, O hast-en, de - lay no more, Gar-ner for heav-en the gold-en store, Work till the sea- son of toil is o'er, Gath-er - ing sheaves for Je - sus.
2. Reap, for the harvest-field lies world-wide, Gath-er-ing sheaves for Je - sus, Serve with the faith-ful ones side by side, Gath-er-ing sheaves for Je - sus; Tho' you toil hard thro' the burning heat, Lay-ing bright grain at the Master's feet, You will have won ben-e - dic - tion sweet, Gath-er - ing sheaves for Je - sus.
3. Pa-tient-ly toil in the field of time, Gath-er-ing sheaves for Je - sus, Lay-ing up treas-ure for realms sublime, Gath-er-ing sheaves for Je - sus; Tho' you oft wea-ry and faint may be, And with dim eyes oft your tasks may see, La - bor in faith for e - ter - ni - ty, Gath-er - ing sheaves for Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Gath - er-ing sheaves, Gath-er-ing sheaves, gath-er-ing sheaves, Gath - er-ing sheaves, Find in life's harvest divine employ, Bringing the soul ever-
gath-er-ing sheaves, gath-er-ing sheaves,

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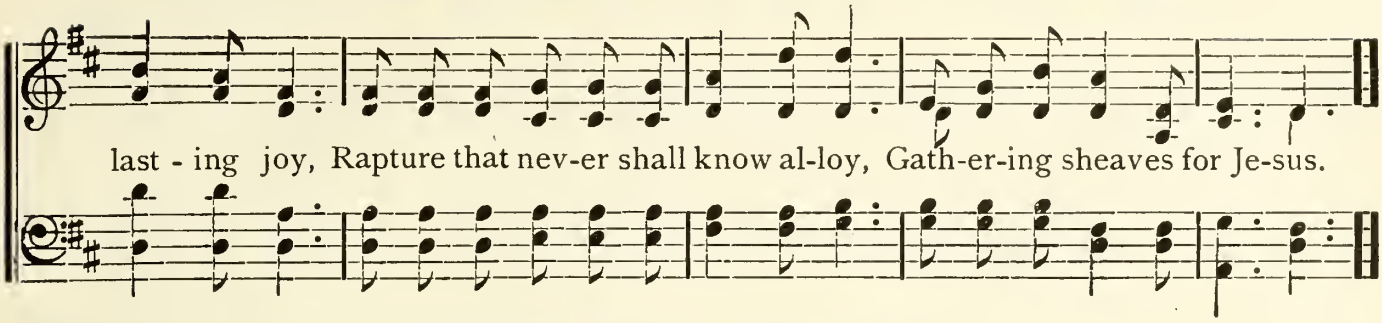
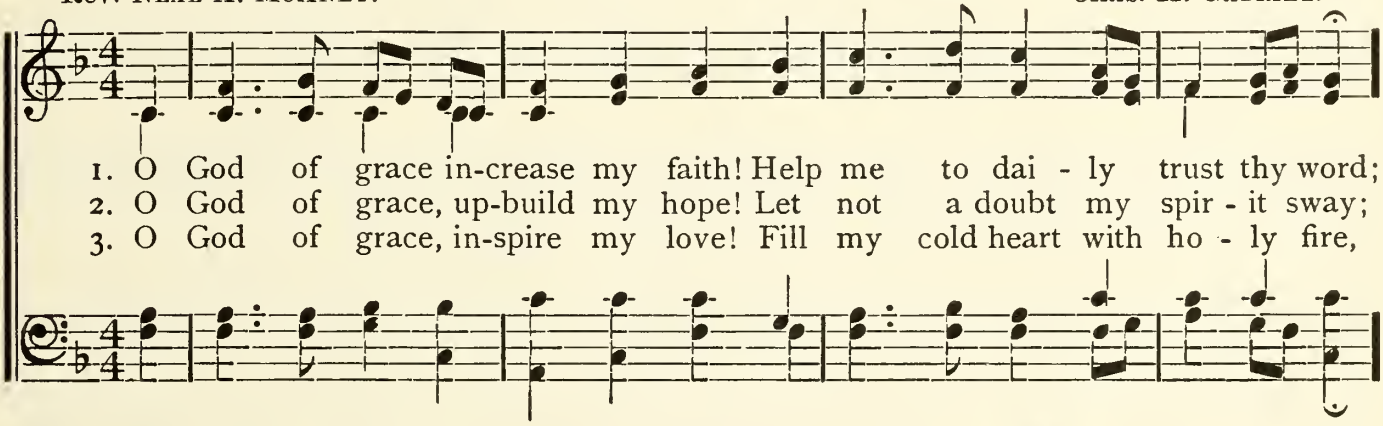
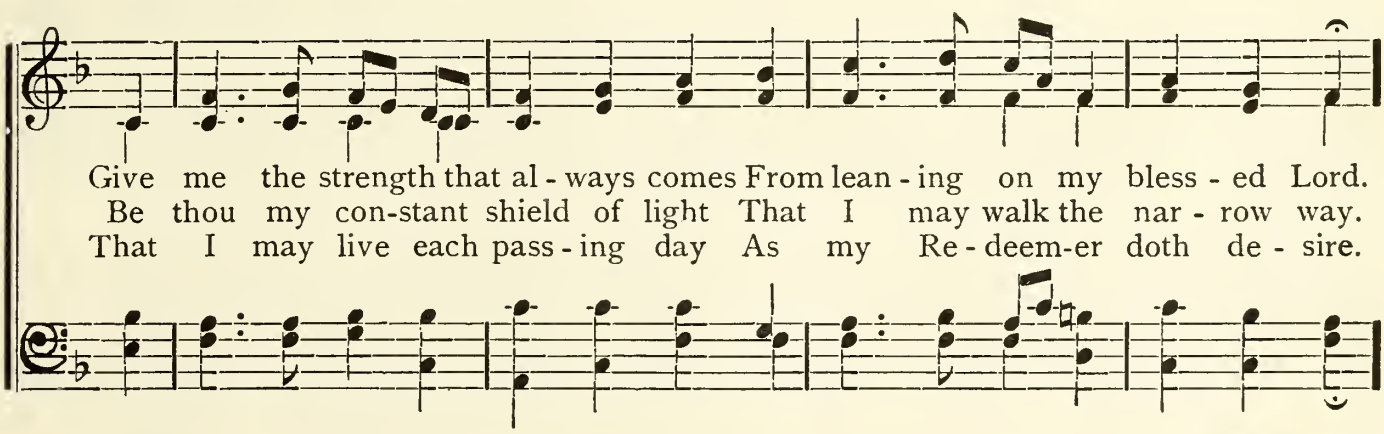
Gathering Sheaves for Jesus.—Concluded.

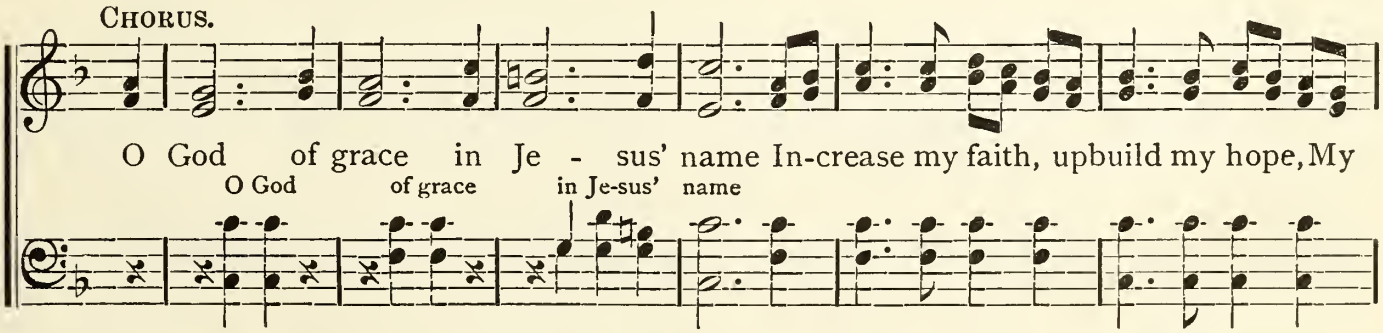


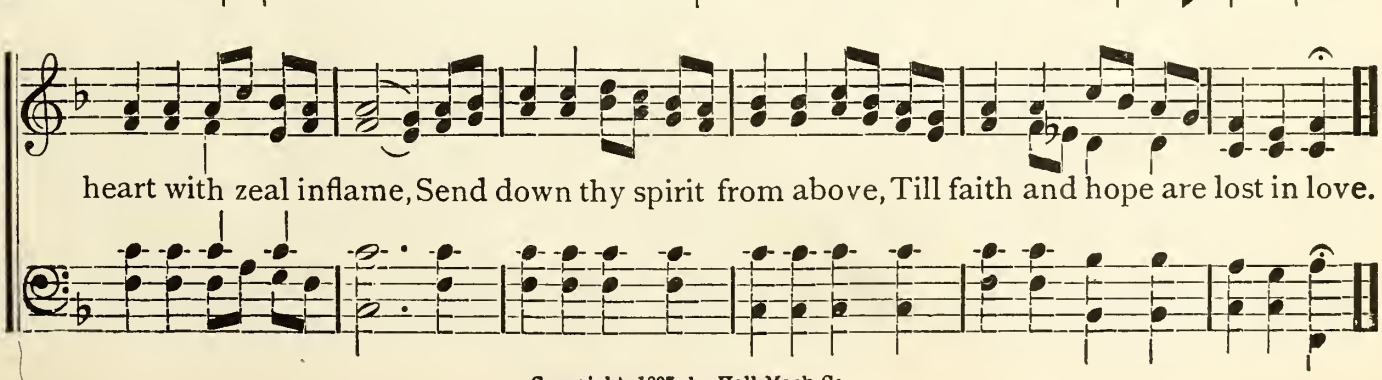
No. 133. Faith, Hope, and Love.

Rev. Neal A. McAnly. Chas. H. Gabriel.









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No. 134. Art Thou Watching O'er Me?

Harry V. Vogt. J. Wesley Hughes.

Solo or Duet.

1. Art thou watching o'er me from thy seat on high? Are the an - gels
2. Art thou watching o'er me in the si - lent night, When I say my
3. Art thou watching o'er me when I am a - sleep, And my spir - it's
4. Art thou watching o'er me when some voice I hear Sweet - ly calls to

with thee far up in the sky? From thy home in heav - en
pray'r for thee to guide me right? Do the an - gels love me—
wan-d'ring thro' the dream - y deep? Art thou real - ly with me
wake me from my dream-land sphere? Art thou there to greet me

cres.

watching where I go, Light-ing up the dan-gers of my path be - low?
list-en what I say— Ask- ing thee for mer-cy when I kneel to pray?
just as it does seem? Do I see the an-gels when I sleep and dream?
in the morning bright When I pray and ask thee for thy guid - ing light?

f *dim.*

Refrain.

Yes, I'm watch-ing— al-ways watch-ing O'er my loved ones there be - low,
Yes, they love thee, al-ways love thee, Ev - er with thee to re - joice,
Yes, I'm with thee— al-ways with thee Not a mo-ment from thy side,
Yes, I'll greet thee— al-ways greet thee In the fresh and ear - ly morn—

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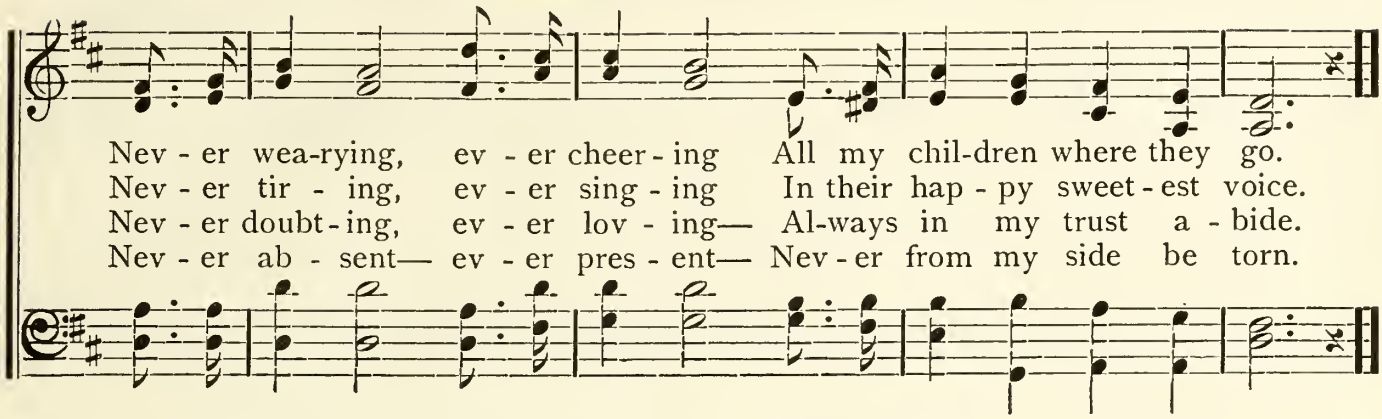
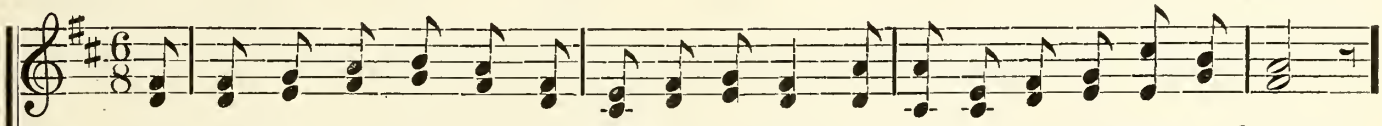
Art Thou Watching O'er Me?—Concluded.

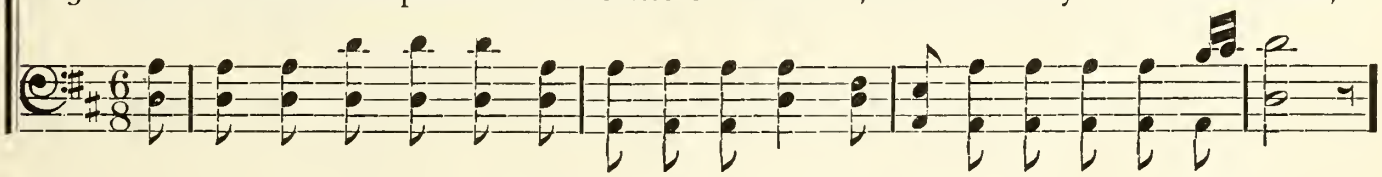


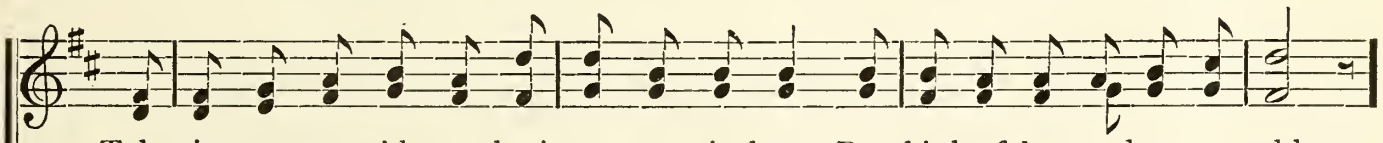
No. 135. Don't Answer Unkindly.

J. W. V. J. W. Van De Venter.

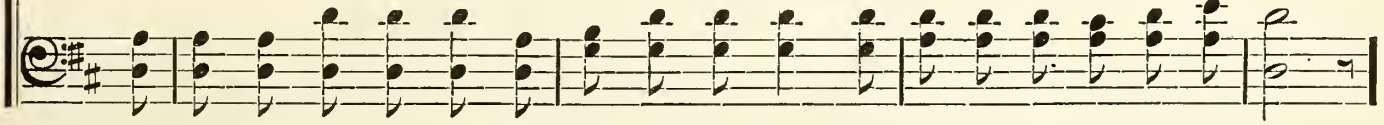


1. Don't an-swer un-kind - ly when tempted and tried, But stop for a moment and pray;
2. Harsh words are like arrows; they pierce to the heart, They only make sorrow and pain;
3. Each word that we speak should be uttered with care, For often they cost us most dear;

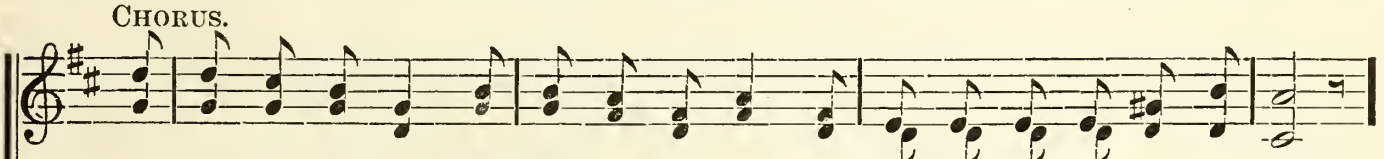




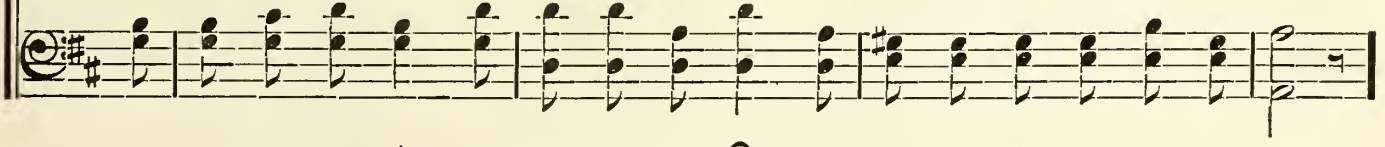
Take time to con-sid - er; don't an-swer in haste, But think of the words you would say.
The soul that is wounded oft har-bors re-venge, And seeks to return them a-gain.
They drive from our side our most in - ti-mate friends, And leave us in sol-i-tude here.

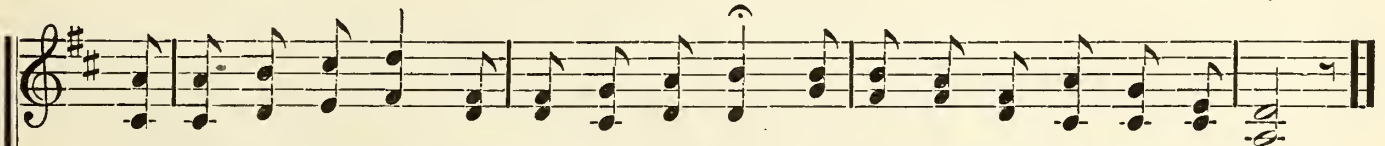


Chorus.

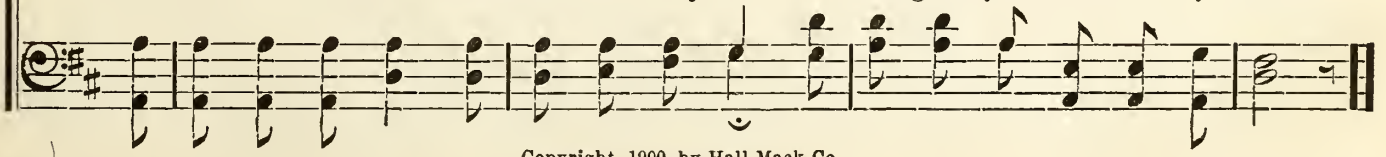


Be care-ful each day and think what you say, A word harshly spo-ken of - fends;





But love in the voice makes others re-joice, And brings to your side ma-ny friends.



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No. 136. The Angel's Lullaby.

MINNIE A. GREINER. J. LINCOLN HALL.

SOLO OR VOICES IN UNISON.

p Andante Effectuoso.

1. O'er Ju-dah's plain; there fell a strain Of mu-sic low and ten - der; And far and wide there stream'd a tide, Of sud - den, won- drous splen - dor, The whole glad air seem'd puls-ing with; A cra - dle hymn sang low - ly, As by a choir of an-gels fair, That mid-night calm and ho-ly. "O lull-a-by! O lulla-by! Thou blest Son of the High - est, O lull-a-by! O lull-a- by! On bed of hay thou li - est."

2. On Ju-dah's plain; the low, sweet strain, Was heard by shepherds keep - ing Their lone - ly vig - ils that calm night O'er flocks in safe - ty sleep - ing. The shepherds gaz'd with sore a- maze, And sank to earth a - fear - ing, As on the tide of gold-en light The sing-ers seem'd a-near-ing. "O lull-a-by! O lulla-by! Thou Dear De-sire of Na - tions, O lull-a-by! O lull-a- by! We bring thee rare obla-tions."

3. On Ju-dah's plain; the low, sweet strain, Led shepherds to the man - ger, Where on a bed of fra - grant hay, Slept Christ, the king - ly stran - ger, Then faint- er and still faint- er fell The cra - dle hymn so ten - der, And slow - ly fa - ded from the sky The mys-tic, gold-en splen-dor. "O lull-a-by! O lulla-by! Thou King of Life and Glo - ry, O lull-a-by! O lull-a- by! All nations shall a- dore thee."

rit. *Tempo.* *f* *rit.*

REFRAIN.

p a tempo. *rit.*

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NOTE.—While the solo is being sung have two rows of children, say ten in each row, standing behind soloist. Let all sing the chorus; first row swaying slightly from side to side; second row having same movement but swaying to right when first row sways to left.

No. 137. Carol Sweet and Cheerily.

H. A. Henry. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Car - ol, car - ol sweet and cheerily, Hap - py voic - es ring - ing; Ev - 'ry heart is
2. Christ our King is great and glorious, Tell the won-drous sto - ry, Na - ture sings in

join-ing mer-ri - ly, Songs of gladness sing-ing; See a - far the shad-ows van-ish - ing!
strains victo - ri - ous, Of his pow'r and glo-ry; Sing with gladness—sing u- nit - ed - ly;

Light is upward springing, Gloom and shadows swiftly banishing—Earth is glad to-day!
Love is smil-ing o'er thee! Christ is reigning—sing delightedly, Wonderful his sway!

Chorus.

Hark the sound, hark the sound of Nature's voice, Join O heart to sing,
Hark the sound of Na-ture's voice, Let all with glad - ness ring; Join O heart to sing,

Car - ols to the King; Sing-ing mer-ri - ly, sing-ing cheeri - ly, Car-ols to the King.
Car - ols to the King; Sing, sing, sing, sing.

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No. 138. Increase Our Faith.

E. E. Hewitt. J. Lincoln Hall.

Solo.

1. Increase our faith; thro' good and ill, Help us, O Lord, to trust thee still,
2. Increase our faith; tho' storms may blow, Within our souls may richly grow
3. Increase our faith, O Friend di - vine, Help us to see the stars that shine

And, leaning hard up-on thy breast, Find, come what will, that we are blest.
The fruits of hope, and faith and love That please thine eye, O Lord a - bove.
When earthly beams shall fade a - way, And evening fall on joy's bright day.

Duet.

"Our dai-ly bread," our strength pre - pare The giv- en cross to meekly
Let nothing shake this hap- py trust In thee so good, so wise and
Help us to look beyond the night And catch the dawn of morning

bear; And when we toil, the grace im - part To do thy
just; When tri - als sore, perplexed, we see, O make us
light, Be- yond the scenes of fleet- ing time, To that fair

rit.

will with glad and will- ing heart.
tru - ly stay our minds on thee.
land of peace and bliss sub - lime.

Chorus.

Increase our faith, ... still more and

Increase our faith,

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Increase Our Faith.—Concluded.

more, ... Un - til we come . . . . . to Glory's shore; . . . . Increase our
still more and more, Un - til we come to Glo- ry's shore;

faith, . . . un- til we sing . . . With all thy saints, to thee, our blessed King.
Increase our faith, un- til we sing our blessed King.

No. 139. "I Am With You All the Days."

LIZZIE DEARMOND. HOWARD CLARE.

1. "I am with you," fainting pilgrim, Onward go without a fear; Face the foe in
2. "I am with you," crown'd with flowers, You will find the chast'ning rod, Pav'd with blessings
3. O the gladness of the promise, "I am with you all the days;" Calmly lean up -

CHORUS.
Bless - ed prom - ise,

ev- 'ry con- flict Je- sus stands, to help and cheer.
is the path-way, Lead- ing up to home and God.
on the Sav-iour, Make your life a song of praise.
} Bless- ed prom-ise, bless- ed prom - ise,

Bless - ed prom - ise,

"I am with you all the days;" Bless-ed prom-ise, bless- ed news, Give him endless praise.

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No. 140.

Follow the Standard.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Follow the standard, Christian, nev- er be dismayed! Strong in the faith, go forward
2. Clad by the King are ye, in the armor of his might; Shod in his strength, all perfect,

and be not afraid! On to the field (with shout and song!) On to the field, (a valiant throng!) Ever in
read- y for the fight. On to the field, (the fight begin!) On to the field, (the vict'ry win!) And to the

faith and hope be firm and brave. Enemies shrewd and subtile, powerful and strong,
Captain, staunch and loy-al be; Never despair, tho' fierce the stubborn foe may be;

D.S.—Follow the standard, Christian, never be dismayed!

Lying entrenched are watching as you march along! Vigilant be (and trust the King!) Faithful is
Ev- er to save the King rides in the midst of thee, Only believe (upon his name,) Trust and re-

Strong in the faith, go forward and be not afraid! Vigilant be (and trust the King!) Faithful is

FINE.

he (success to bring,) He is a shield, mighty in pow'r, able to keep, and strong to save!
ceive! (His promise claim;) Follow his voice, cling to his hand, walk in the light he sheds for thee!

he (success to bring,) He is a shield, mighty in pow'r, able to keep, and strong to save.

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Follow the Standard.—Concluded.

For - ward, then! The bat - tle is the Lord's! Strength and cour - age

Forward, then, go forward, then! The bat - tle is the Lord's! Strength and courage, strength and courage

bat - tle is the Lord's!

dai - ly he affords. Souls are pleading—are in - ter - ced- ing, Oh, hast-en

dai - ly he af - fords.

Go with pray'r, and make his cause your

on the glorious day! (the glorious day!) Go with pray'r, and make his cause, and make his cause your

make his

own, Sa - tan's king - dom must be o-verthrown!

own, Sa- tan's kingdom, Sa- tan's kingdom must be o - verthrown! Sin de -

cause your own, must be o - ver- thrown!

D.S.

fy - ing, with banner flying, March on to vic - to- ry, a-way! (A-way! A - way!)

No. 141. Drifting.

Irvin H. Mack. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Drift - ing, drifting with the cur - rent, Toss'd by wind and swept by tide,
2. Broth - er, whither are you drift - ing? See the rapids just a-head?

ritard.

Down-ward, downward sweeps the wa - ter, Sweeps the current's treach'rous glide.
Haste thee, quickly turn to ref - uge, Let thy life by Christ be led.

agitato. *ritardando.* *f accelerato.*

List - en, list-en, hear the thun-ders, From the dark a-byss be - low, Waft-ing
Haste thee, brother, turn to Je - sus, He's a ref - uge and a guide, Surg-ing

colla voce. *tempo.*

ff *ritardando.*

pre - cious souls to ru - in, Down the stream of sin they go.
bil - lows can - not harm thee, You'll be safe by Je - sus' side.

p *rit.*

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Drifting.—Concluded.

QUARTETTE.

Drift - ing, drift-ing quickly drift - ing, Are you go-ing down in sin?

O down in sin?

rit.

Hast - en, hast-en, heed the warn - ing, Je - sus bids you come to him.

Je - sus, bids you come to him.

No. 142. Forward, Soldiers.

H. D. K. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. For-ward, soldiers, bold and fearless, Hear the call of God; Prove your cour - age
2. Faith our shield, and hope our helmet, Satan's hosts we face; Mar-shalled in the
3. Heed the or - der of our Captain, Wield the Spirit's sword; On - ward, fear - less,
4. They shall share the glad Hosan-na, Who on him be - lieve, They shall 'neath his

CHORUS.

in the con-flict, Tread where brave men trod.
might of Je - sus, Win we by his grace.
press to conquer, Slay-ing by his word.
roy - al ban-ner Crowns of life re - ceive.

} Lift a - loft the cross of Je - sus

* MALE VOICES.

PARTS.

Hold it high and strong; Shout the name of him who saves us, Swell the battle song.

* This theme may be sung in Unison by whole school.

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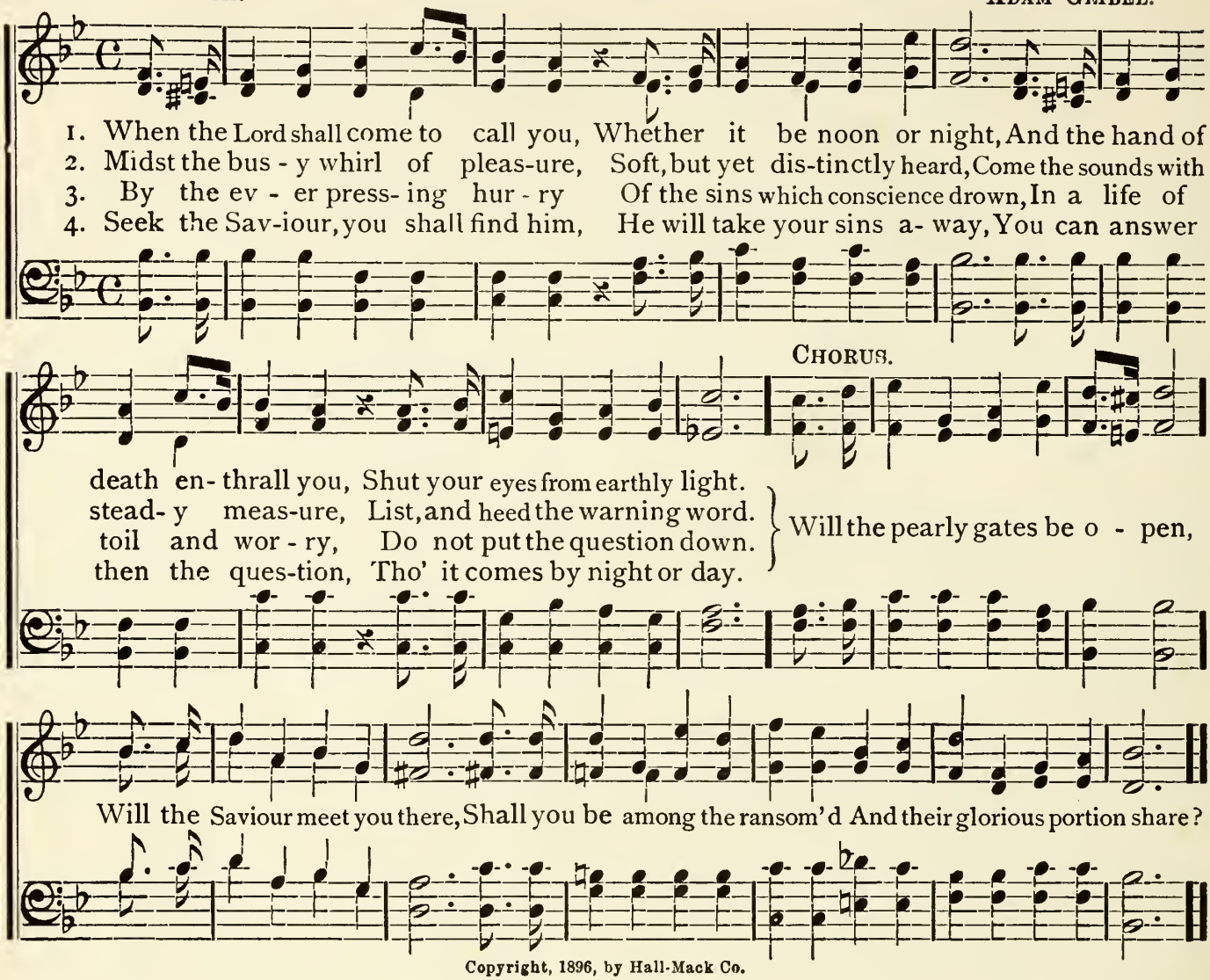
No. 143. Will the Pearly Gates be Open.

Irvin H. Mack. Adam Geibel.



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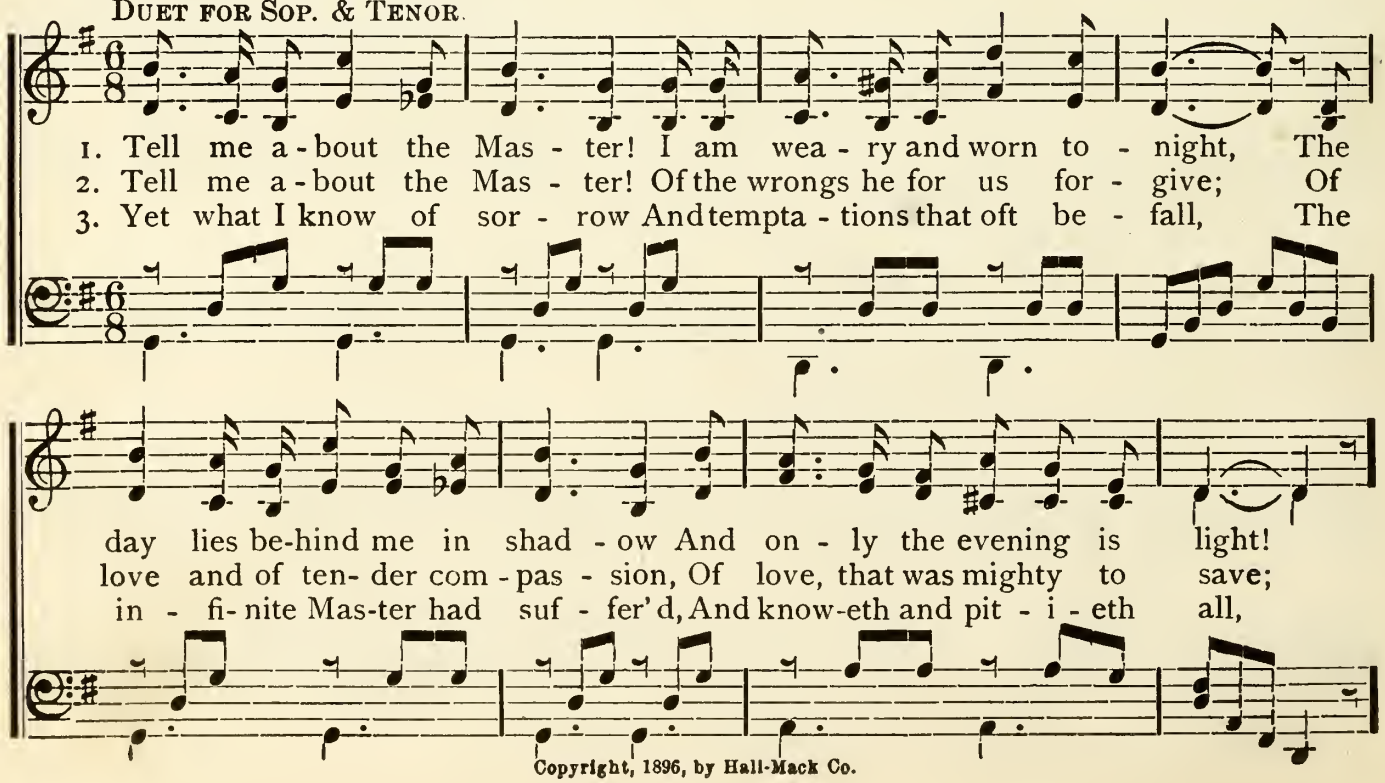
No. 144. The Sweet Old Story.

Words adapted by Irvin H. Mack. Adam Geibel.

Duet for Sop. & Tenor.



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The Sweet Old Story.—Concluded.

QUARTET.

Light with a ra - di - ant glo - ry That lin - gers a - bout the West. My poor
Sad, is my heart, and so wea - ry, Of woes and the trials of life, Of the
Tell me the sweet-est old sto - ry, That falls on each wound like balm, And my

ritard.

heart is a - wea - ry, a - wea - ry, And longs like a child for rest.
wrongs that are stalk- ing in noon- day, Of falsehood, and sin, and strife.
heart that was bruis- ed and bro - ken Shall grow well, and strong, and calm.

No. 145. Rest at Jesus' Feet.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. HOWARD CLARE.

1. O praise the Lord that we may find, A rest - ing place most sweet, Where we can bold- ly
2. O joy di - vine on earth to feel, The rich-es of his love; To wait and hear the
3. The com-mon dus- ty way of life, With splendors gleam and glow, While sit - ting at his
4. Then soul be cheer-ful in your faith, Trust in the Lord! be strong! And rest a - while at

CHORUS.

Inst.

en - ter in, And sit at Je - sus' feet.
Mas - ter speak, A mes - sage from a - bove.
feet we find, Our Beu - lah land be - low.
Je - sus' feet, Who makes your life a song.

} We come, we come, A

hap-py and safe retreat, To find, to find, At Je-sus' blessed feet.

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No. 146. Soldiers of Jesus.

IDA L. REED. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Sol-diers of Je - sus, Marching a-long, Blest is our serv-ice, Glad is our song;
2. Sol-diers of Je - sus, For-ward we go, Vict'ry our watchword, Down with the foe;
3. Sol-diers of Je - sus, Loy - al we stand, Fight or go forward, At his command;

ff

Un - der his ban - ner, Hap - py and free, Je - sus will lead us on.
Down with the temp - ter, This be our aim, Fight - ing in Je - sus' name.
Un - der his ban - ner, March-ing a - long, Hap - py our bat - tle song.

CHORUS.

Onward we're marching, Glad is our song, Un - der his ban- ner, Marching along;

On - ward, on - ward, on - ward, March - ing the way he leads.

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No. 147. Have You Found the Saviour Precious?

IDA L. REED. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Have you found the Sav- iour pre-cious? More than all on earth be - side,
2. Have you found the Sav- iour pre-cious? Who for you passed thro' the grave.
3. Have you found the Sav- iour pre-cious? Do you know the peace and rest,
4. Have you found the Sav- iour pre-cious? Seek him then with - out de - lay,

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Have You Found the Saviour, etc.—Concluded.

He who gave his life to save you, Who for your transgress-ions died?
Broke the bonds of death a - sun - der, Have you "prov'd his pow'r to save?"
That doth fill each soul that trusts him; Who in his deep love is blest?
Taste the sweet- ness of his par - don, He will take our sins a - way.

CHORUS.

Have you found the Saviour pre - cious? Can you slight such love as this,
Have you found, found this friend? Can you, can you slight such love as this,

Sure-ly there can be no great - er, Would you give your life for his?
Sure - ly there can be no great- er love, Would you give your life for his? (for his?)

No. 148. Nearer to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

1. Near- er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee: E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me;
2. Tho' like the wanderer, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way appear Steps un- to heaven; All that thou sendest me, In mer-cy given;
4. Then with my waking tho'ts Bright with thy praise, Out of my ston- y griefs Beth-el I'll raise;

Still all my song shall be, Near- er, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.
Yet in my dreams I'd be Near- er, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.
An- gels to beck- on me Near- er, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.
So by my woes to be Near- er, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.

No. 149. Let the Saviour Pilot Thee.

JENNIE WILSON. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Sail - or, on life's surging sea, Let the Sav - iour pi - lot thee, Dan-ger hov - ers
2. When be-fore thee all is dark, Let the Sav - iour steer thy bark, Thro' the black, ap-
3. When the skies are bright and fair, Still in-voke the Saviour's care, Unknown per-ils
4. On the ev - er-changing tide, Let the Sav - iour be thy guide, To the ha - ven

CHORUS.

o'er the deep, Where the storm-winds wildly sweep. Let the Sav - iour pi - lot thee,
pall- ing night He will bring thee in - to light.
oft are near When there seemeth naught to fear.
of the soul, Where no an - gry bil-lows roll.

Let the Sav - iour pi - lot thee,

Let the Sav - iour pi-lot thee, Sailor, on life's surging sea, Let the Saviour pi- lot thee.

Let the Saviour pi- lot thee,

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No. 150. The Flight of Time.

HARRY MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Tick by tick, the mo- ments fleet-ing Measure out the pass - ing day;
2. Month by month, in wax - ing, wan-ing; Comes and goes the sil - ver moon:

While the rap - id pulse is beat - ing, Slips our pre - cious life a - way.
So we know the strength we're gaining Turns and weak- ens all too soon.

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The Flight of Time.—Concluded.

GIRLS.

Hour by hour, the bell is toll - ing, Someone's sor- row, some fare - well;
Year by year, our lives are ag - ing, Treading on - ward to the grave;

the
O shep
ang

BOYS.

ALL PARTS. *Use 1st four lines as Cho. D.C.*

List, its tones so deeply roll - ing Sound a- broad a part - ing knell.
Fleet - ing hopes the heart engag - ing, Time o' ertakes the bold and brave.

No. 151. Mizpah.

ELLICE LACIE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

DUET.—Tenor and Alto.

1. Yes, brief our parting words shall be, And few our parting tears; The Lord shall
2. We will not fear that time or change Our per - fect trust can dim, No shad - ow
3. Be - lov - ed, when we reach a- part The val - ley lone and dread, Which, side by

TENOR SOLO.

watch 'twixt me and thee Thro' all the com-ing years. His eyes shall be our guiding light
of a wrong estrange The hearts that rest in him; But should they for one hour forget,
side and heart to heart, We once had tho' t to tread, His faithful rod, thy staff and mine,

QUARTET. *p rit.*

Wher-ev- er we may roam, Like beacon fires that burn at night To lure the wand' rer home.
For one faint hour be cold, The Lord shall watch between us yet, His love our love shall hold.
Thro' all the ways shall be The comfort of his grace, a sign Still between me and thee.

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CHRISTMAS SONGS.

No. 152. The Message Of the Bells.

Rev. Frank E. Graeff. J. Lincoln Hall.

Unison. ff

1. I hea[illegible] ells, they seemed to say, We ring! Ring! Ring! We're peal-ing out a
2. On[illegible] proclaimed, "I ring a-loud," And tell! Tell! Tell! The news to na-tions
3. A[illegible] oth-er rang in ac-cents clear, I bring! Bring! Bring! To send the ech-oes
4. Then all the bells that Christmas day, To tell! Tell! Tell! In tones of per-fect

Unison. ff Girls. Boys.

cheer-ful lay, We ring! Ring! Ring! Re-ech-o what the an-gels say, To tell how
of the earth, And swell! Swell! Swell! That Ma-ry's ho-ly child is Lord, To all the
far and near, I sing! Sing! Sing! Good news to all,—O do not fear, For Christ the
har-mo-ny, Rang loud and clear, And from the stee-ples old and gray, In cho-rus

All.

on that bless-ed day, In Da-vid's cit-y far a-way, Was born the King.
earth, the sun of God, Fore-told with-in the ho-ly word—"E-man-u-el."
prom-ised One is here, The down-cast hearts of men to cheer—His prais-es sing.
grand they seem'd to say, We hail the new-born King this day, The Christ is here.

Chorus. *Unison.*

The glad bells ring, their voic-es tell To nations far and wide, Of happy Christmas-tide;

Inst. *Inst.*

The glad bells ring, the ti-dings swell, They ring! They ring! They ring! . . . . .

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No. 153.

The Shepherds.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Long, long a- go, some shepherds, Out on Ju-de- an plains, Heard, from within the heavens,
2. Look up, O wond'ring shepherds, Bowed low in deep amaze, Hear what the hosts are singing,
3. Lo! 'Tis a shining an - gel, Bids you this wond'ring cease, List to the herald's tid-ings,
4. See! 'Tis a flaming splen - dor, Fol - low it's guiding light, Joy-ful, O shepherds hast-en,
5. On to the Ho- ly Cit - y, Where in a rapture sweet, Kneel, and with angels worship,

p CHORUS. *

Sweet- est of an - gel strains.
From out the star- ry ways.
'Tis of the Prince of Peace.
On thro' il-lum-ined night.
There at the Saviour's feet.

O shepherds, hast-en on- ward, Be-neath the star - ry

ff

dome; For Lo! The promised Saviour—The Prince of Peace is come! O shepherds, hast-en

ECHO.

8va.....loco.

onward, And join the glorious song, Of "Glo-ry to God, Glo - ry to God,

ECHO.

8va.....loco.

INST.

Glo-ry be to God."

* A splendid effect may be produced by having girls sing 1st. part of Chorus quite softly, and the latter part the whole school full and strong.

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No. 154.

Beautiful Christmas.

J. L. H. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Beau - ti - ful Christmas, wel-come thy com - ing, Day filled with pleasure and cheer,
2. Beau - ti - ful Christmas, bright day of glad - ness, Glad - ly thy prais - es we sing,
3. Beau - ti - ful Christmas, time of re - joic - ing, Day when our hearts are a - glow,

Jew - el the fair - est, gem of the rar - est Crown - ing the gold - en year.
Hail hap - py morn - ing, wel - come thy dawn-ing Peace and good-will to bring.
Rich - est of treas - ure, giv'n with-out meas-ure, Free - ly thou dost be - stow.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

p

Wel - come the day..... to our hearts ev - er dear,..... Day of re -

f rit.....

joic - ing now is here,..... Hail hap - py morn - ing,

ff

wel-come thy dawn-ing, Je - sus is born the Saviour in Beth - le - hem.....

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No. 155. Star of the East.

IRVIN H. MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.

CHORUS.

Star of the east now shining in the azure sky, Star brightly gleam as by the prophets long foretold, Come, shepherds, come and hasten o'er the eastern plain, Your incense rare and jewels fair At the feet of the King unfold.

FINE.

*

1. { Yes we gladly come and follow
Hail the Prince of Peace the Saviour

2. { Still the star beams on and beckons
Shine O wondrous star throughout the

where the star is lead - ing Long, so long we've watched and waited for its wondrous
promised to the sa - ges [*Omit*.....
to the wondrous Sav - iour Still it leads the way to where the Prince of Peace is
glorious com-ing a - ges [*Omit*.....

D. C. al Fine.

gleam - ing, } Hail Imman-u - el Mes-si-ah born in Bethlehem.
.....] }
sleep - ing, } Till we all with him shall reign in peace for ev-er-more.
.....] }

* This part may be sung by girls.

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No. 156.

Ye Happy Bells.

MINNIE A. GREINER. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Ye bells, ye bells, ye hap - py bells, Ye bells of Christmas time, Ring out, ring out, ring
2. Ye bells, ye bells, ye hap - py bells, Ye bells of Christmas Day, Ring out, ring out, ring
3. Ye bells, ye bells, ye hap - py bells, Ye bells of Christmas- tide, Ring out, ring out, ring

INST.

out a-gain, A wild - ly joy - ous chime; For un - to us . . a child is born, Our
out a-gain, A sweet and gladsome lay. Our King shall reign . in right-eous - ness And
out a-gain, O'er earth a - far and wide. The Sav-iour prom - ised us of old, The

BOYS.

GIRLS.

hope and light to be; . . . . . The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - lor,
rule in eq - ui - ty; . . . . . The wil - der - ness and sol - i - tude,
rod of Jes - se's stem, ... Whom kings and proph - ets longed to see,

CHORUS.

The Prince of Peace is he. . . . . .
A fruit - ful field shall be. . . . . .
Is born in Beth - le - hem. . . . . .
} Ye bells, ye bells, ye hap- py bells, Ye

bells of Christmas-tide, Ring out, ring out, ring out again, O'er earth afar and wide. Ye bells, ye bells, ye

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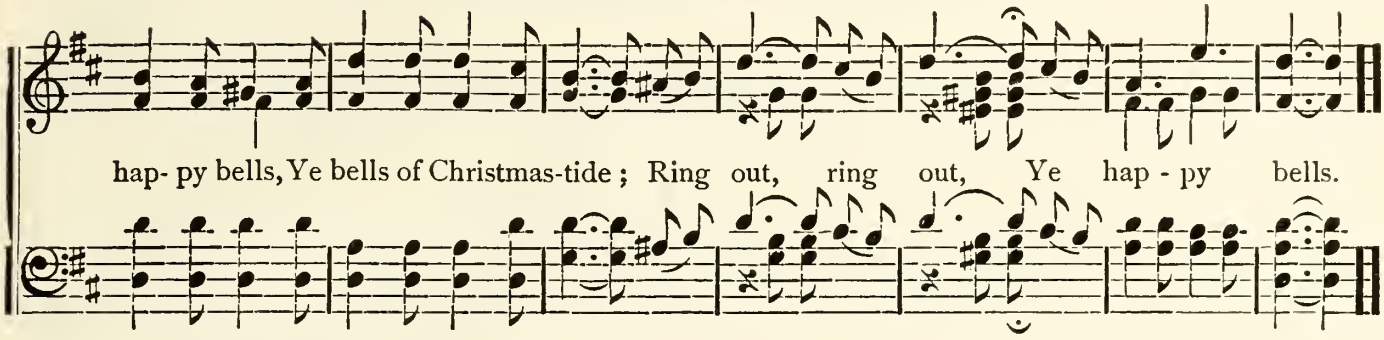
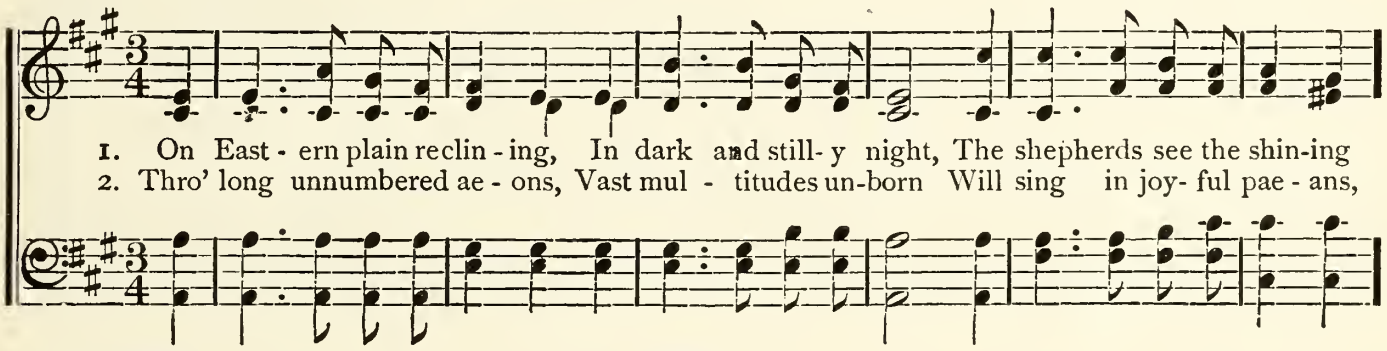
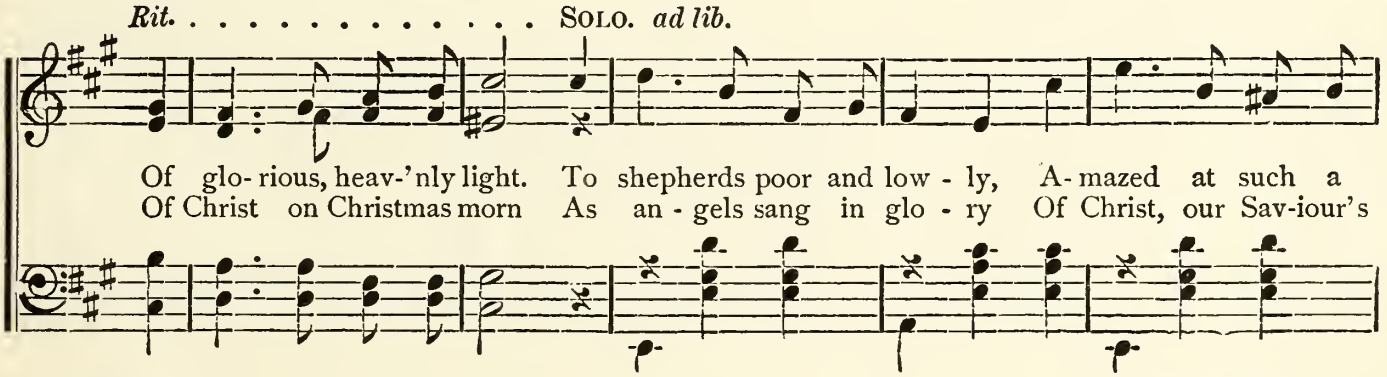
Ye Happy Bells.—Concluded.

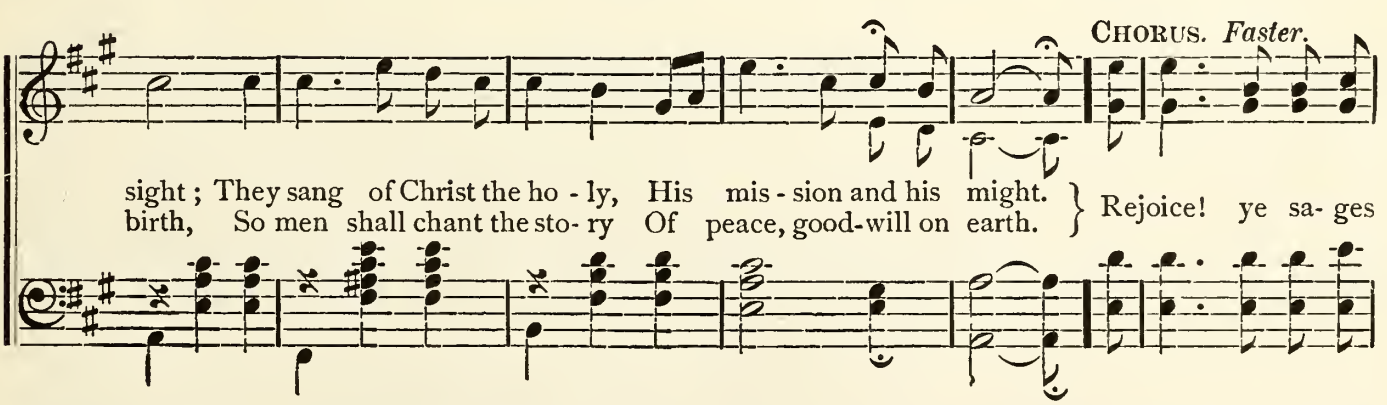


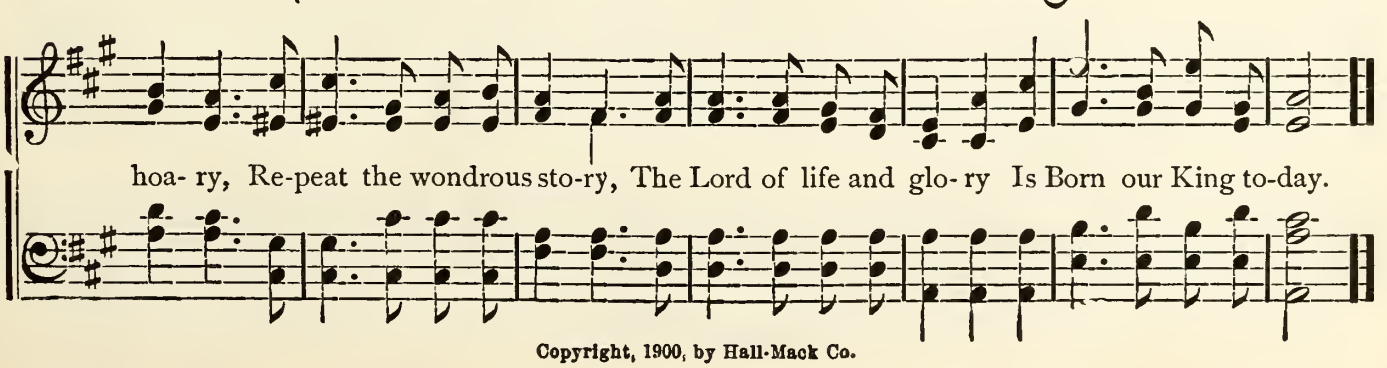
No. 157. On Eastern Plain Reclining.

IRVIN H. MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.









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No. 158. Beaming Bright.

IRVIN H. MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.

p

1. The sun's a-sleep 'neath west - ern hills, And darkened fin - gers of the night
2. O sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, We'd love to hear the an- gels sing;
3. O thou who dwell'st up- on the throne, In loft - y state, by an- gels blest;

Are cast up - on the plains and rills, And hide all na- ture from the light.
O Child who art from heav - en come, Our off'rings now to thee we bring.
Look down up - on us as we roam, With - in a world, by sin op - prest.

CHORUS. *ff*

Beam- ing bright, comes the light Of the hap - py Christ-mas morn, An-gel's strains

o'er the plains Tell that Christ is born. Beam-ing bright, comes the light Of

happy Christmas morn, And angel's strains o'er eastern plains, They tell that Christ is born.

A fine effect may be made by singing 1st verse softly and chorus *ff*.

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No. 159.

Ring the Bells.

I. H. Mack. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. The bells of heav'n are ringing, Are tell-ing of the King; Who came salvation bringing,
2. O ring, ye bells of heav-en, Re-ech-o loud and long; Let un-to men be giv-en,
3. O ring, ye bells of heav-en, Up-on this day of cheer; O ring the glorious tidings,

And healing in his wing. He came to lift op-pres-sion, To ban-ish sin and wrong;
A new and hap-py song. O ring a-loud in glad-ness, Let heav'nly joy be known;
For Christ the King is here. Re-ech-o o'er the hill-tops, Re-sounding ev-'ry-where;

Chorus.
Unison. Parts.

He came our light to scatter night, And give to earth a song.
O earth a-wake this joy partake, Claim Je-sus as your own.
The Saviour dear comes hearts to cheer, His kingdom earth may share.
} Ring, ring, ring, O

Unison. Parts. Unison.

ring, ye bells, ye mer-ry bells, O ring, ring, ring, O ring ye bells, ye merry bells, O ring, ring,

ff * 8va. 8va. ring . . . . . .

Echo. Echo.

ring, ye Christmas bells, ring, ring, Ring, O ring ye bells, ye merry bells.

ring . . . . . .

* If preferred the higher notes may be taken by the voice.

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No. 160. Beautiful Story.

IRVIN H. MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Je - sus is vic - tor, Je - sus is King; Let men and an- gels, praise to him sing.
2. Bright was the morning when o'er the earth, Mu - sic proclaiming, told of his birth;
3. Monarch of a - ges, ru - ler of all; Vic - tor for mankind lost in the fall.

Hail ev -'ry na - tion, Hail all cre- a - tion, "Peace unto earth and good-will to men."
Wondrous the sto- ry, Tell- ing his glo - ry, Je - sus the Son un - to men has come.
Now with ob - la - tion, Glad ad - o - ra- tion. Je - sus our Lord, is the name a-dored.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Ra - diance beam - ing, bright - ly gleam - ing, Star of

ff

beau - ty won - drous - ly shin - ing, Glo - ry! glo - ry!

beau - ti - ful sto - ry, Watch - ing shep-herds heard so long a - go.

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No. 161. The Angels' Chorus.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. J. LINCOLN HALL.

GIRLS.

1. Hal - le-lu - jah ! hal - le - lu - jah ! An - gels sang that bless - ed day, When the Lord of life and glo - ry, In a low - ly man-ger lay; Ring - ing thro' the
2. Still on earth, our hap - py voic - es, May re - peat the thrill - ing strain, That the an - gels sang in cho - rus, O - ver far Ju - de - a's plain; Faint - ing hearts look
4. Hal - le-lu - jah ! hal - le - lu - jah ! Rich-est gifts to thee we bring, All we have and all we hope for, As a Christmas of - fer - ing; Glo - ry in the

INST. *staccato.*

BOYS.

marcato.

ALL. *Unison. ff*

aisles of heaven, Came that chant sublime— Glo - ry in the high - est glo - ry !
up with gladness, Peace on earth to - day, Glo - ry in the high - est glo - ry !
high- est glo-ry ! Peace good will to men, Glo - ry in the high - est glo - ry !

CHORUS. BOYS. GIRLS.* BOYS.

Glo - ry to God on high. Hal - le-lu - jah ! Glo - ry to God, Hal - le - lu - jah !

GIRLS. ALL.

Glo - ry to God, Hal - le - lu- jah ! Hal - le - lu- jah ! Glo - ry to God on high.

* Can be given in distance by Semi-Chorus with good effect.

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No. 162.

Cheerily, Cheerily Singing.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. This the morn Christ was born, long a-go, And his birth all the earth soon shall know,
2. Send a song clear and strong, o'er the sea, And proclaim in his name, ye are free,
3. Loud-ly swells, from the bells, as they ring, Tid-ings grand o'er the land of our King,

As the star from a-far wise men led, Guardian an-gels hovered o'er his low-ly bed.
An-gel throngs sing the songs o'er and o'er, "Glo-ry be to God on high for ev-er-more."
And the song borne along ne'er shall cease, "Won-der-ful, the Counsel-or, the Prince of Peace."

CHORUS.

Cheer-i-ly, cheer-i-ly sing-ing, (INST.) Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly ring-ing,

(INST.) Mer-ri-ly ring the bells, Sweet-ly their mu-sic tells,

Of a King who comes to reign for-ever; Mer-ri-ly, merri-ly ring, ring the bells.
the Christmas bells.

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No. 163. Beautiful Christmas Tide.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.* J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Beau-ti-ful Christmas time Once more we greet, Telling in song and chime A sto-ry sweet—
2. Beau-ti-ful Christmas day Of long a - go, Ev-er up - on our way Thy light shall glow;
3. Beau-ti-ful Christmas tide Welcome to-day, Speak to our hearts and guide Each on his way;

Sto-ry of One who came From courts a-bove, That all who hear his name Might know his love.
Ev-er thy won-der-ful Gladness shall bring News to a list'ning earth Of Christ the King.
Tell of the One who came From courts above, That all who hear his name Might know his love.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Accelerando.

The Christmas light shines o'er us, It lights the way be-fore us, Sweet bells in sil-ver

Rit. ..... *a tempo.*

cho - rus Proclaim the glad news of Heav'n! The angels bright are singing That Jesus Christ is

Marcato. *ff* *Rit.*

born, The angels are singing, The glad bells are ringing The birth of Immanu - el.

* A magnificent effect will be produced if the verse is sung by girls and the whole school sing the chorus.

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No. 164. Echoes of Bethlehem.

J. H. E. J. H. ENTWISLE.

1. Ring out, ye bells, your mer-ry lay, Ring sweetly on the ear; Ring out with notes of glad - ness That all the world may hear, Tell the bless - ed sto - ry Of how the brilliant star Arrayed the path in floods of light For shepherds from a-far.
2. Ring out a-new the angel's song Of "Peace, Good-will to Men; The song of heav'nly sweet- ness That rang o'er Beth-le - hem. Peal the joy - ous ac - cents The sa-cred song of old, While all the arch-es of the sky Their beauties rare un-fold.
3. Peal on, ye bells, up-on the ear Your mu- sic floats to- day, And waiting hearts re- ech - o Your song with mer- ry lay; While the hills of Ju - dah Send back the glad re - ply, And greet with sacred mel-o - dy The Day-spring from on high.

CHORUS. UNISON.

Ring out the tid - ings, the Sav- iour now is born, Go swell the cho - rus this bright Christmas morn; . . Joy - bells are ring - ing the

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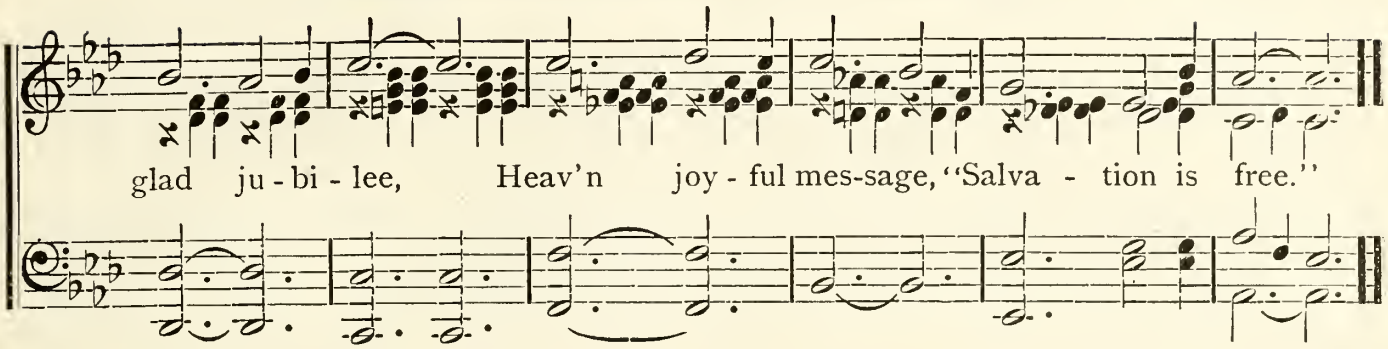
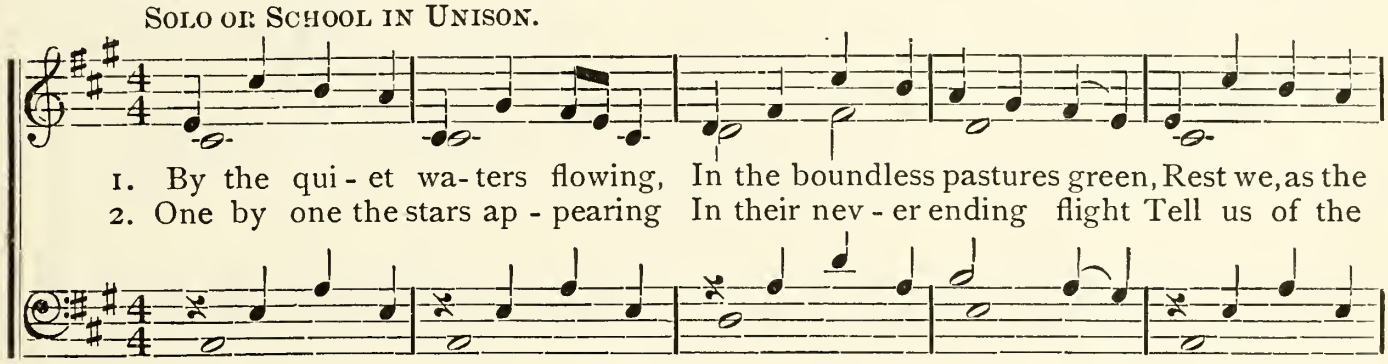
Echoes of Bethlehem.—Concluded.

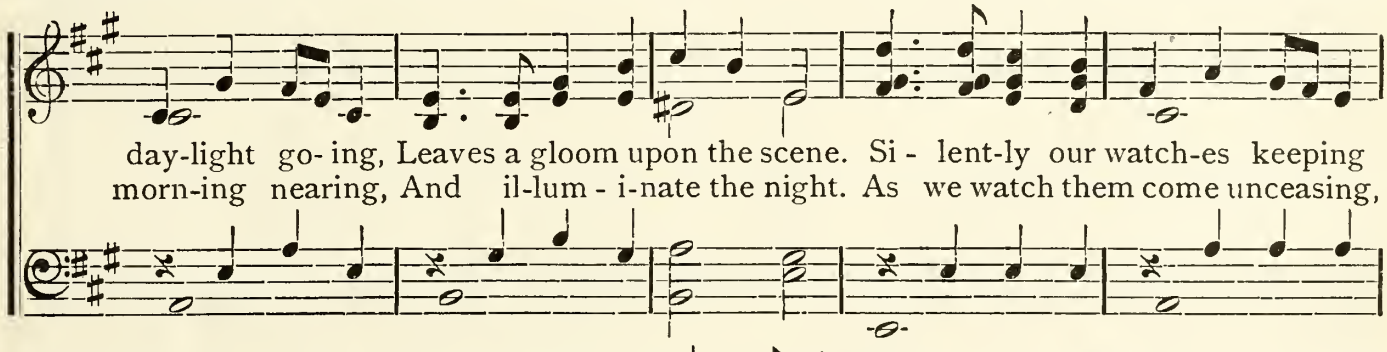


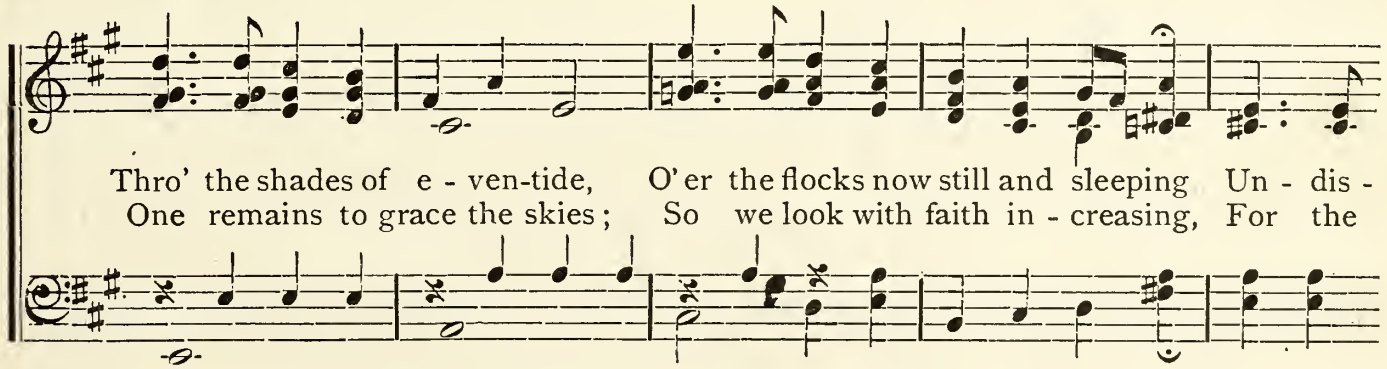
No. 165. Song of the Shepherds.

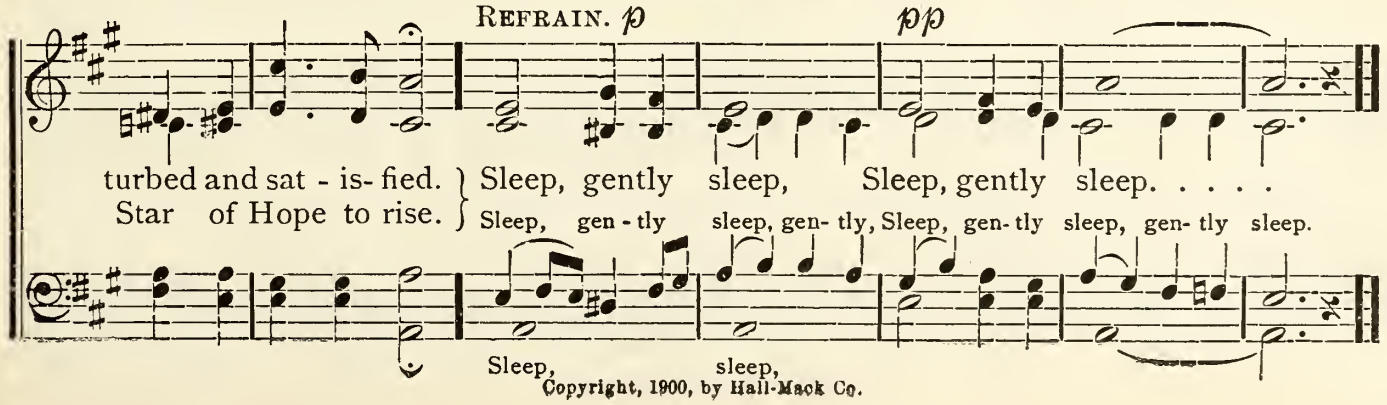
J. W. Van De Venter. J. Lincoln Hall.

Solo or School in Unison.









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No. 166. Message of Christmas Time.

J. L. H. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Sweetly chime the mer- ry Christmas bells, Merry Christmas bells, Blithe and gay their
2. Sweet the tale the bless-ed an-gels told On that happy morn, How the Lord in
3. Brightly shone the star of Beth- le-hem, To the sleeping world, How it led the

hap - py mus- ic swells, Ringing sweet and clear; How they ring a song of Christmas cheer,
Beth - le-hem of old, To the earth was born; Now re-joice the prom-ised King is here,
sag - es from a - far, To the manger child; There he lay on hum- ble bed of hay,

Sounding sweetly in the air: Ring out the Cho- rus, The message of Christmas time.
Prince of peace indeed is he: Ring out the Cho- rus, The message of Christmas time.
He the king of all the earth: Ring out the Cho- rus, The message of Christmas time.

CHORUS. *Tempo Di Marcia. Unison.*

Sweet-ly chime the mer-ry Christmas bells, Mer-ry Christmas bells, Blithe and gay their

hap-py mus-ic swells, Happy mus-ic swells; Glad-ly ring ye mer-ry, mer-ry bells,

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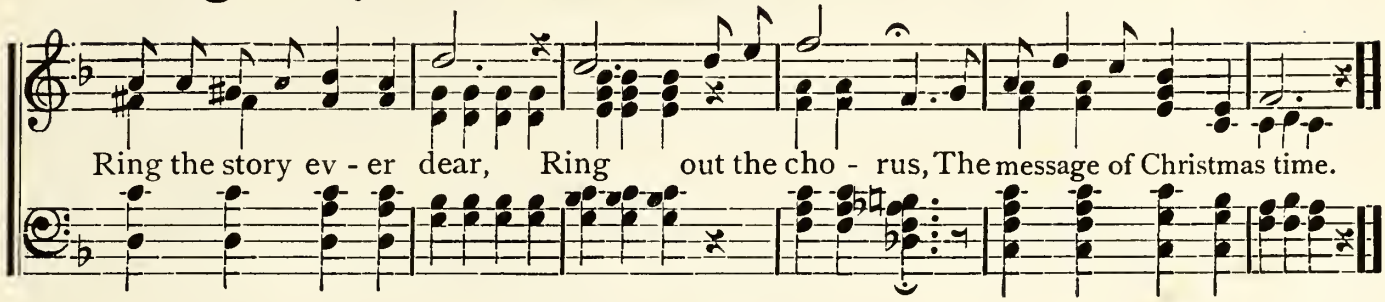
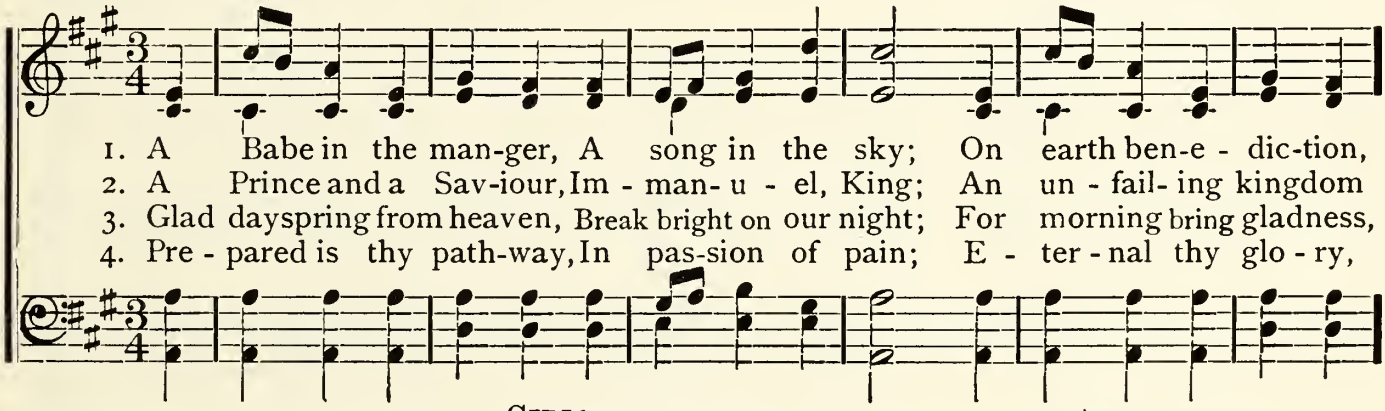
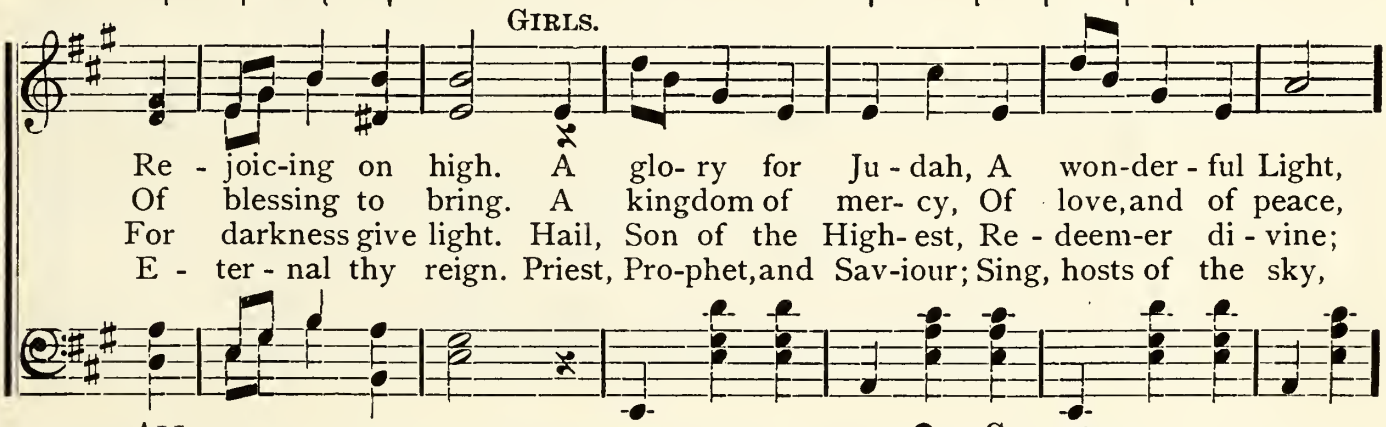
Message of Christmas Time.—Concluded.

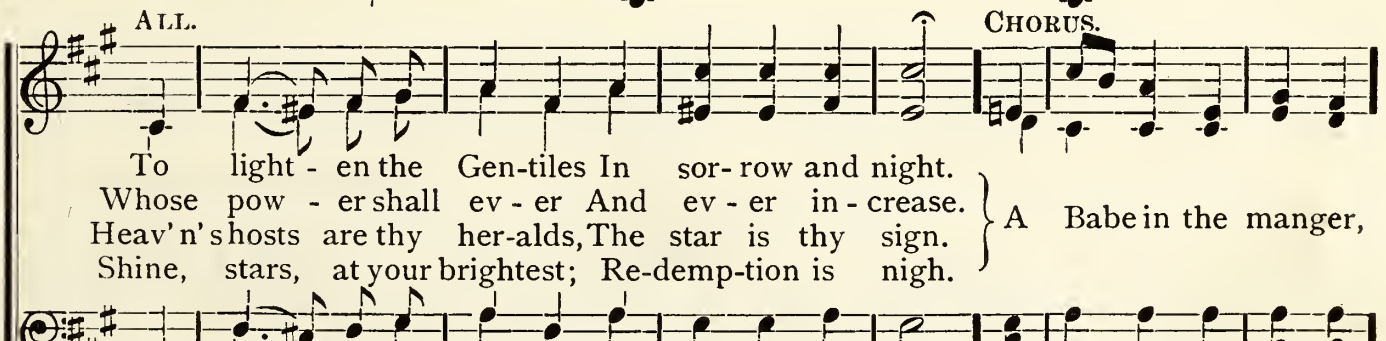


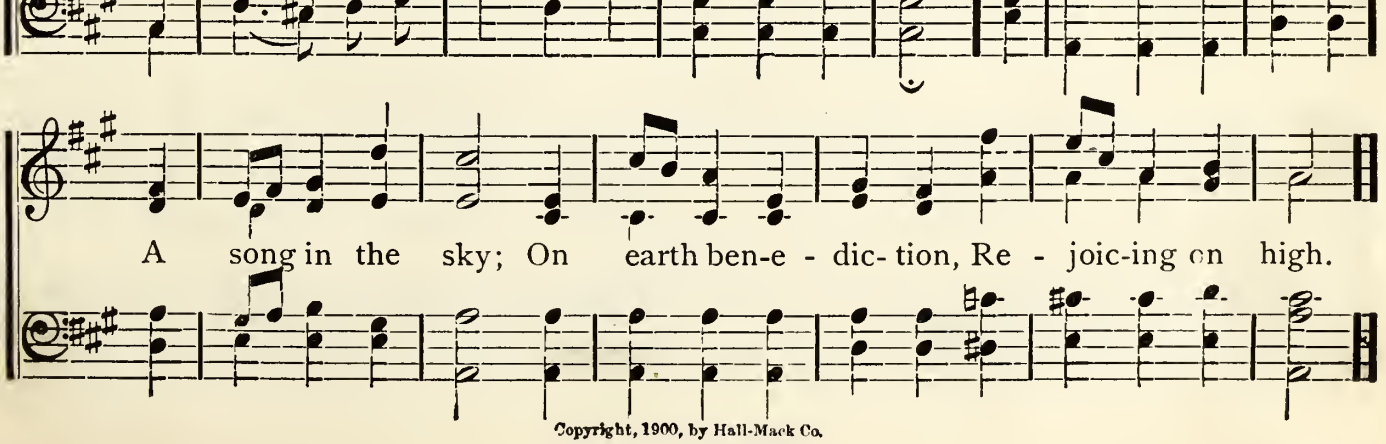
No. 167. At Bethlehem.

LUELLA CLARK. J. LINCOLN HALL.









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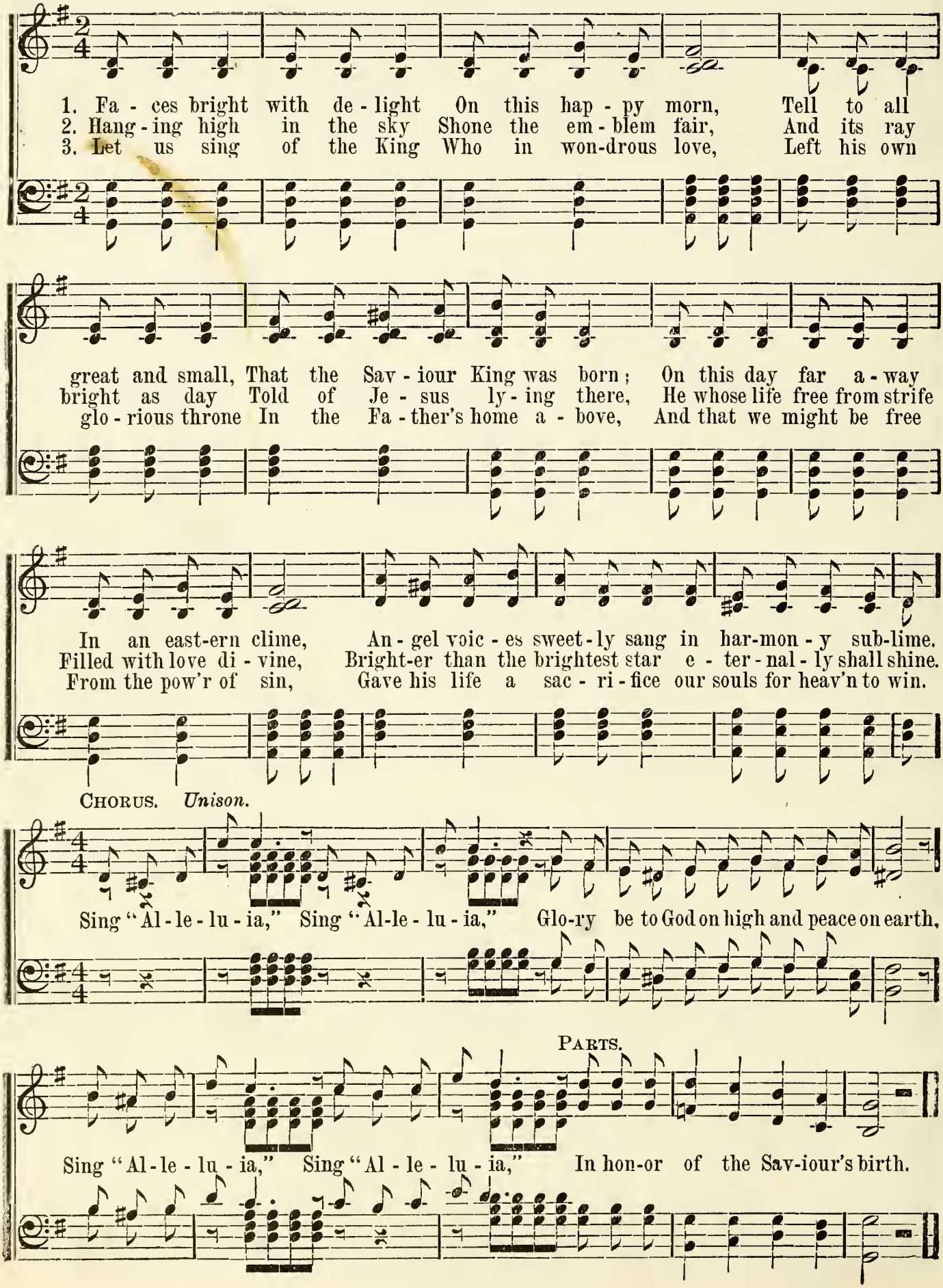
No. 168.

Sing Alleluia!

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.



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No. 169. Hear the Angels Singing.

C. AUSTIN MILES. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

WHOLE SCHOOL IN UNISON. MARCH TIME.

1. Lo! an an-gel host descend-ing Thro' the starry sky so blue; Shepherds low in fear are bend-ing List'ning to the sto-ry true.
2. "Glo-ry in the highest glo-ry Un-to you a child is born," Tell to all the wondrous sto-ry Of his birth this ho-ly morn.
3. Still the an-gel host is sing-ing; O'er the hills the notes re-sound; Joy to all the nations bring-ing, Where the curse of sin is found.

REFRAIN.
GIRLS.

"See! his star is shining o'er you, And the way is bright before you; Go and seek the promised Saviour Born to-day in Beth-le-hem."

CHORUS.

Hear the an-gels singing, As their flight they're winging, "Glory in the highest! glory be to God on high!"
Hear the an-gels singing, Hear the glad notes ringing (*Omit.* . . . . . "Glo-ry in the highest! glo-ry be to God on high!"

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No. 170. Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand.

HENRY ALFORD. J. LINCOLN HALL.

VOICES IN UNISON.

1. Ten thou-sand times ten thou - sand, In spark-ling rai - ment bright,
2. What rush of hal - le - lu - jahs Fills all the earth and sky!
3. O then what rap-tured greet -ings, On Ca-naan's hap - py shore!

f

The arm-ies of the ransomed saints Throng up the steeps of light: 'Tis finished, all is
What ring-ing of a thou-sand harps Bespeaks his triumph nigh! O day for which ere-
What knitting severed friendships up, Where partings are no more! Then eyes with joy shall

ff

fin-ished, Their fight with death and sin: Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And
a - tion And all its tribes were made! O joy for all its form - er woes A
spark-le That brimmed with tears of late, Orphans no lon- ger fa - ther-less, Nor

f CHORUS.

let the vic-tors in.
thousand fold re - paid.
widows des - o - late.

Ten thousand times ten thousand, In sparkling raiment

ff

bright, Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, and let the vic-tors in.

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No. 171.

The Bells.

IRVIN. H. MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. The bells, the bells, They ring this Easter morning, The bells, the bells, To peal a message sweet; The bells, the bells, Their tones, the earth adorning, The bells, the bells, A ris - en King to greet.
2. Ring out, ring out, While earth is filled with wonder, Ring out, ring out Far o'er the mountain height. Ring out, ring out, The grave is torn a- sun - der; Ring out, ring out, Send forth the Easter light.
3. Ye bells, ye bells, O tell the Saviour ris - en; Ye bells, ye bells, O tell what angels say; Ye bells, ye bells, For broken is the pris - on; Ye bells, ye bells, The Lord arose to - day.

CHORUS.

Hear the ringing and the singing Of the Easter bells; List the rhyming of the chiming, Happy news it swells. Hallelujah. Hal - le- lujah, Greet the risen King; The bells, the bells, The joyous Easter bells.

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No. 172.

The Easter Bells.

IDA L. REED. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. The Eas - ter Bells are ring - ing, A mes - sage sweet and low— As to and
2. The sil - v'ry notes far swell - ing, Fall sweet- ly on my ear As once a -
3. Now soft - ly, soft - ly dy - ing, In si - lence drifts a - way, The wondrous

CHORUS. INST.

fro they're swinging; From out the long a - go.
gain they're tell-ing, The sto - ry ev - er dear.
news so bless - ed, "The Lord a - rose to - day."
} Chiming bells are ringing,

Ringing, ringing, Chim - ing bells are ringing, Ringing sweet and

rit. L. H

clear, Chim - ing bells are ring - ing, Ring - ing,

ring-ing, Chim - ing bells, Chim-ing bells, Ring - ing sweet and clear.

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No. 173. Lift Up Your Voices.

MINNIE A. GREINER. J. LINCOLN HALL.

QUARTETTE.

1. Lift up your ju - bi - lant voic - es All ye glad na-tions and sing;
2. Lift up your ju - bi - lant voic - es, Greet him with prais-es of joy;
3. Lift up your ju - bi - lant voic - es, Break forth with sweetest of songs;

Je - sus the Sav - iour is ris - en, Je - sus your Saviour and King.
Give to him glo - ry and hon - or, Grand-est of anthems em - ploy.
Je - sus the Sav - iour is ris - en, Glo - ry to him now be - longs.

Unison. CHORUS FOR WHOLE SCHOOL.

Je - sus liv - eth! He hath ris - en, Sun - dered the tomb and con-quered the grave; Might - y Sav - iour, live for ev - er, Je - sus is King and he doth save.

ff

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No. 174. Awake and Sing.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Awake, awake, O heart, and sing! The Lord is ris'n to-day! Behold a gleam of angel-wings; The
2. No longer death has cruel sway; A light surrounds the grave! All hail the joy of Easter day; The
3. Awake and hail with heart and voice The message of these hours!
With all the wak'ning earth rejoice; Be

stone is rolled away! Awake, awake, O heart, and sing! The gloom of death is o'er; bright
Lord is strong to save! Awake, O heart, the morn is bright, All doubt and fear is o'er! The
glad with birds and flowers. Behold the joyous Easter day That brings the news to earth Of

* TENOR OR SOPRANO SOLO, OR GIRLS IN UNISON.

Fine.

angels haste the news to bring, "He lives forevermore!"
Lord is ris'n in power and might, He lives forevermore!
Easter morning far away, When life from death had birth.
} Awake from thy slumber,

WHOLE SCHOOL.

Morn now is dawning; Jesus, the victor, Comes from the conquered tomb. O sing forth a

Use first verse for Chorus.

D. C.

welcome, Sing songs the sweetest; Je - sus hath ris - en! He lives forev- er- more!

* A splended effect will be produced if the voice (or voices) comes in immediately after the chorus.

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No. 175. Beautiful Eastertide.

JENNIE MORTON. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. O welcome, bright morning, we love thy sweet light, For past is the darkness of
2. Re- joice! O ye Gen-tiles, that death is no more, The grave's dreadful triumph for-
3. The day of re - joic- ing for man-kind is here, The grave, robbed of ter- ror, no

sin's bit - ter night; We lift our glad voic - es in tri- umph to - day, Our
ev - er is o'er; Shout! shout the glad an - them with voice loud and strong, Our
lon - ger hath fear; Then lift your glad voic - es in tri- umph to - day, Our

CHORUS. *faster.*

glo- rious Re-deem - er lives. O beau - ti - ful East - er - tide, Thy

1

won-der - ful mes - sage send far and wide, O beau- ti - ful East - er - tide, We

ff 2

hail thee, O joy-ous day. O beauti- ful East- er-tide, We love thy re-fulgent ray.

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No. 176.

Merrily, Cheerily.

IRVIN H. MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.

Unison.

1. Mer-ri - ly, cheer-i - ly, Let us sing, Highest praise Let us raise To our King, O- ver land,
2. Raise the strain, Once again, Scatter gloom He a- rose Conqu'ring foes From the tomb, On the air,
3. Night is past, Day at last O'er us gleams, Light of love, From a-bove, On us beams, See to-day,

o - ver sea, Send the strain. Christ the Sav- iour lives a - gain, He lives to save the
sweet and clear, Hear the song. Let the earth the sound pro - long, He burst the bars that
on our way, All is bright. Past is now the gloom of night, We come to-day with

world from sin, He lives to bring the wand'rers in, He is our Saviour, Praise him for-ev - er,
held him bound, He scattered light on all a - round, He is our Saviour, Praise him for-ev - er,
grate- ful lay, To praise the Lord of light and day, He is our Saviour, Praise him for-ev - er,

CHORUS. PARTS.

Hail our ris - en Lord! He a - rose, He a - rose, He a - rose a vic- tor

He a- rose, He a- rose,

o- ver death, Shout a-loud He a-rose, He a- rose from the grave, All hail to our ris - en Lord.

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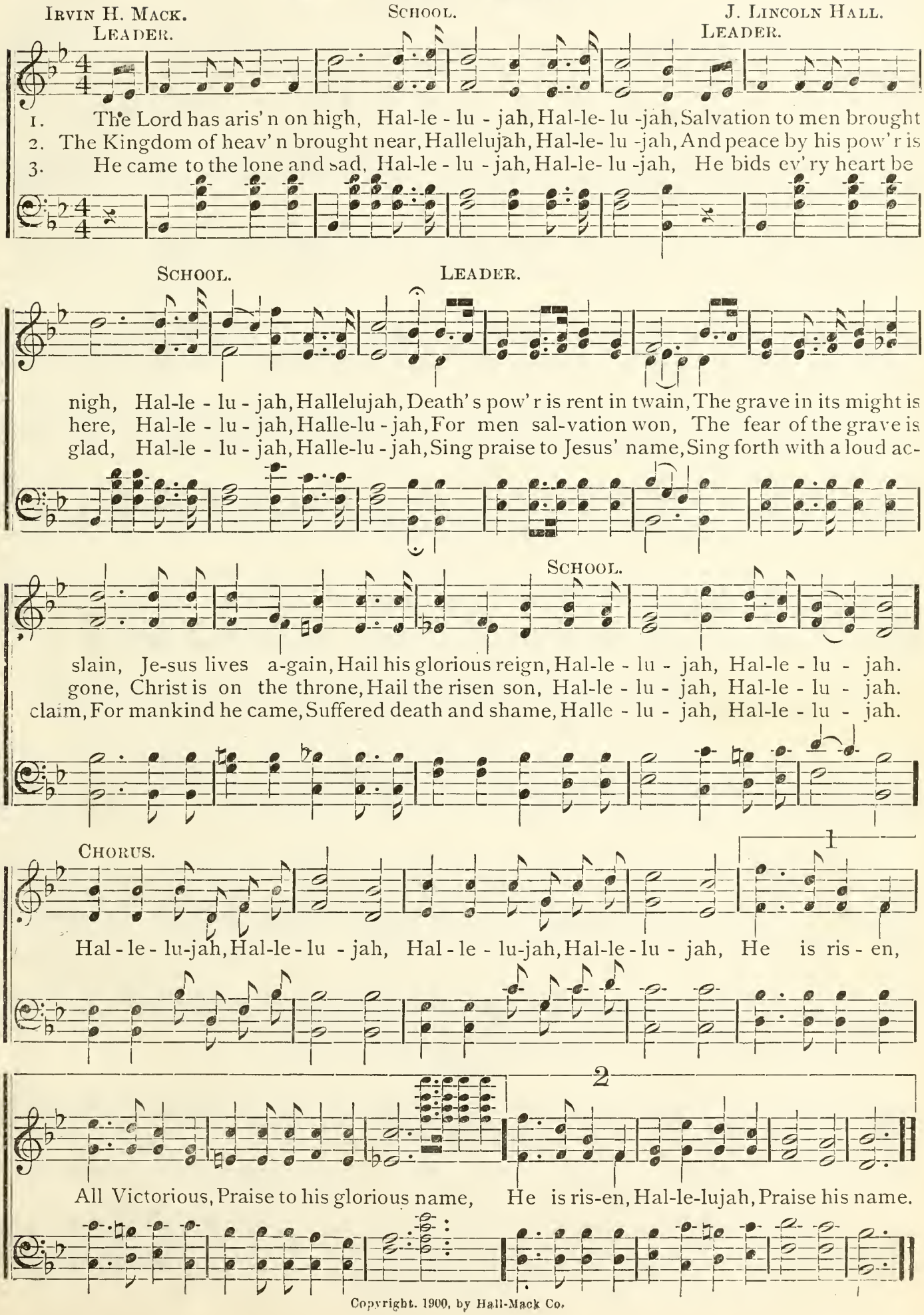
No. 177.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah.



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No. 178. Jesus Reigns.

IRVIN H. MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.

Tempo di Marcia.

1. Sing a - loud, ye Christian lands, Songs of greatest tri - umph, For your Lord has burst the bands—Lives, no more to die. O sad the night the Lord lay dead; All earth was steeped in sorrow: But hail! He triumphed, as he said, And rose to reign on high.
2. Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord! Raise the mighty an - them; Death is vanquished by his Word, Christ has made us free. The stone and seal, the guard at night Their watch in silence keeping, Were all in vain, for in his might The Saviour rose again.
3. Praise the Lord! Ex-ult - ant King! List! An-gel - ic voic - es, As to earth the news they bring—Immor - tal - i - ty! From out the tomb, in maj- es - ty, He came in radiant beau - ty And rose with heav' nly hosts to be The King eternally.

ff

CHORUS.

Sing we loud the cho - rus, Send-ing praise be - fore us; Je - sus reigneth o'er us; King of kings is he. O sad the night the Lord lay dead; All

* C, C, A may be sung instead of E, F, C.

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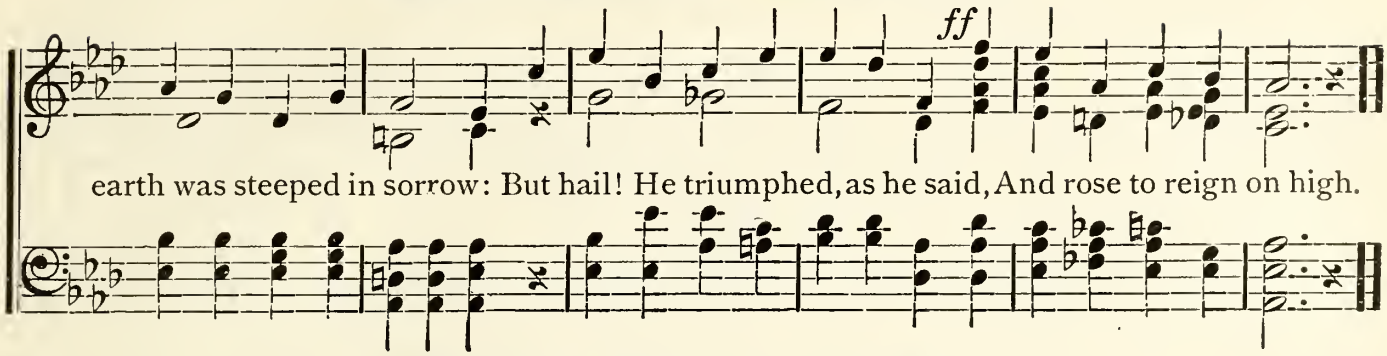
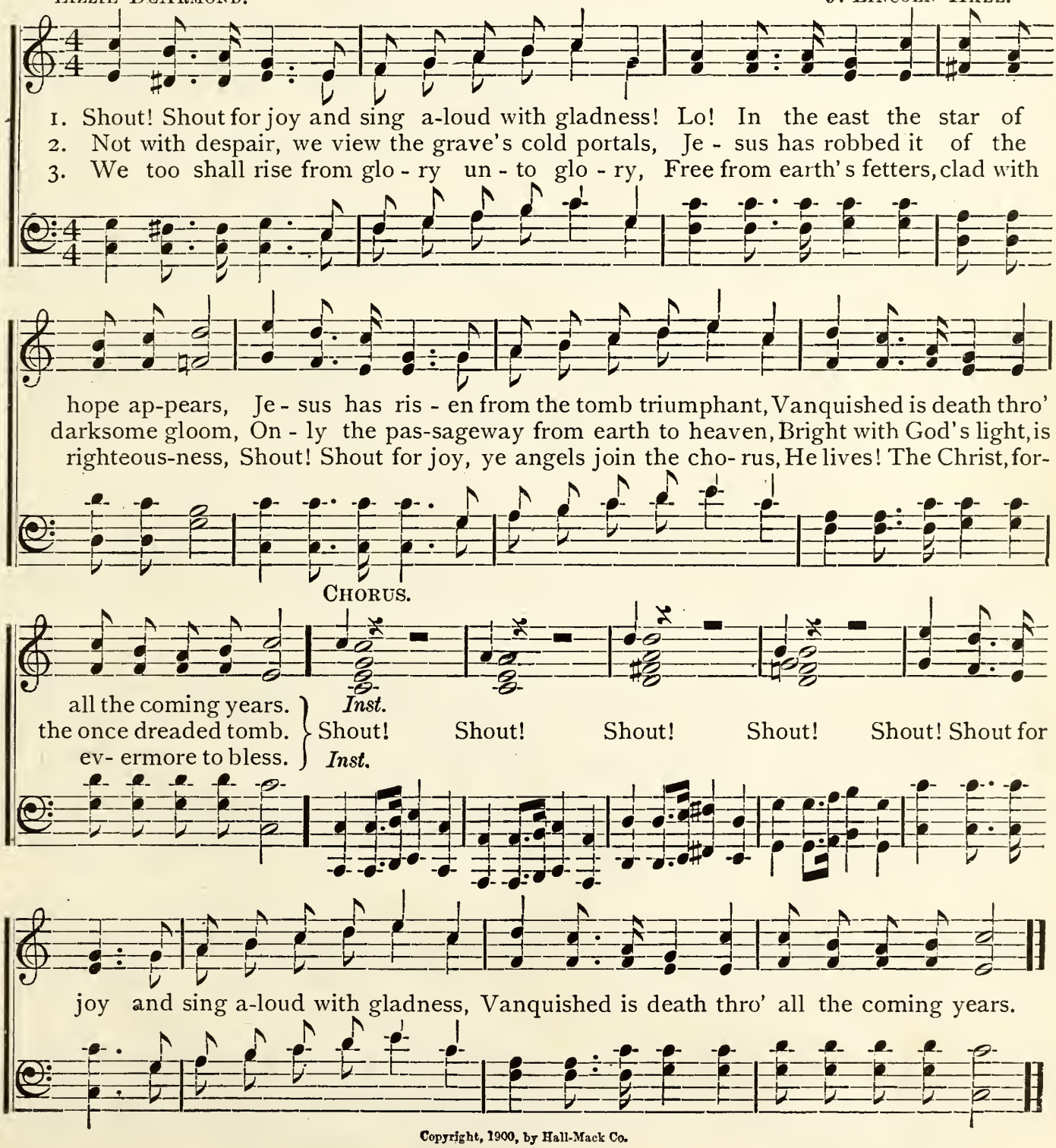
Jesus Reigns.—Concluded.



No. 179. Shout! Shout for Joy.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. J. LINCOLN HALL.



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No. 180.

Beautiful Lilies.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. J. LINCOLN HALL.

* ALTO OR BARITONE SOLO.

1. Beau - ti - ful lil - ies, White as the snow, Speak to us soft - ly Of long a - go; Tell - ing of Je - sus, Who from the grave Rose all - vic - torious, Might - y to save.

2. Lil - ies of Eas - ter, Blossoms of spring, Wake from their slum - ber Glad - ness to bring. O they are ev - er Heaven's bright sign Of life beyond us, End - less, di - vine.

3. E'en as our Fa - ther From winter's night Wak - eth the lil - ies To summer's light, So his dear chil - dren His love will keep, Wak - ing them soft - ly From death's long sleep.

rit.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful lil - ies, White as the snow, Speak to us soft - ly Of long a - go; Beau - ti - ful lil - ies,

* May be sung by a number of low voices in unison. The chorus should be full and strong, with a little faster rythm, to make a contrast to the rather quiet solo.

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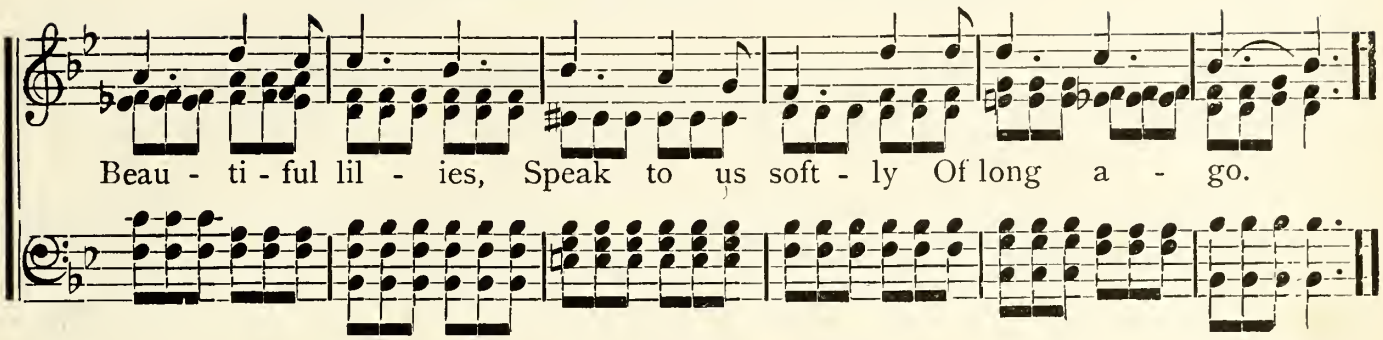
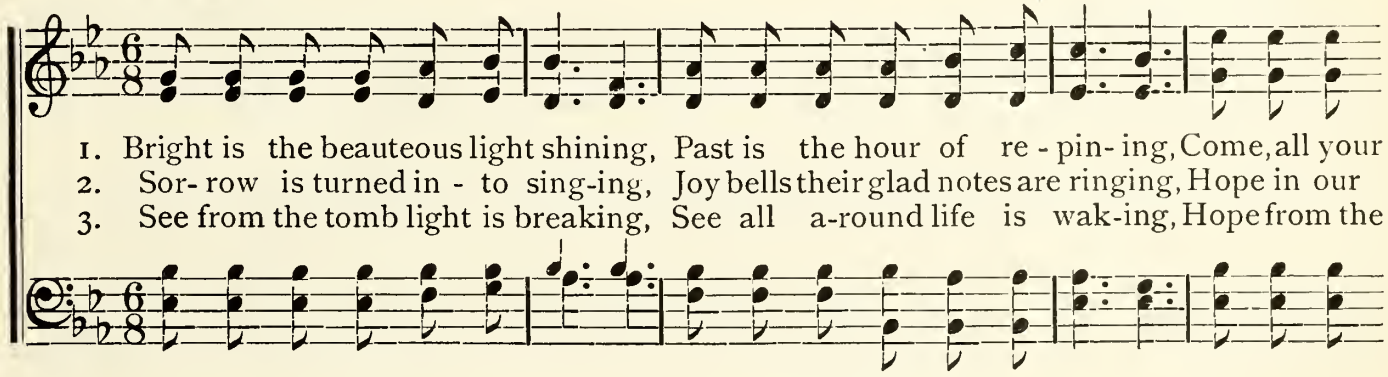
Beautiful Lilies.—Concluded.

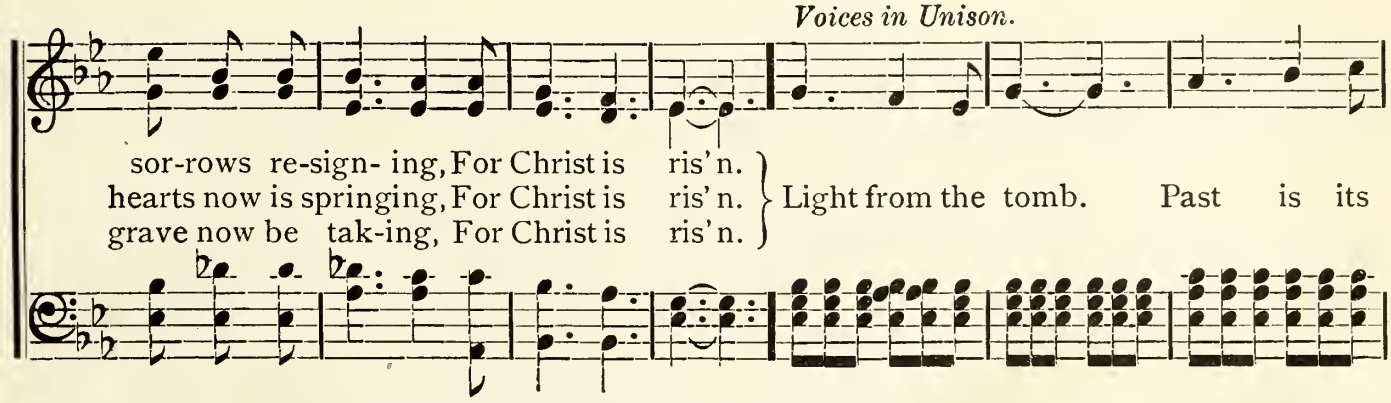


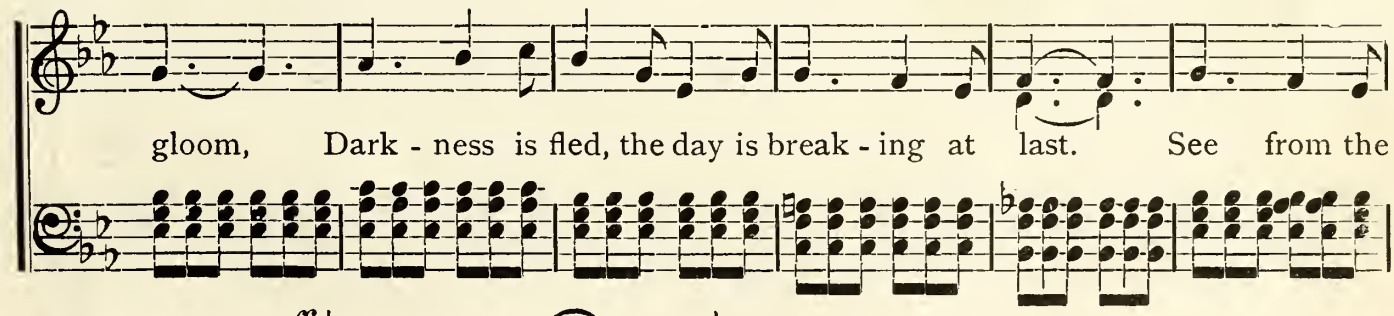
No. 181. Light From the Tomb.

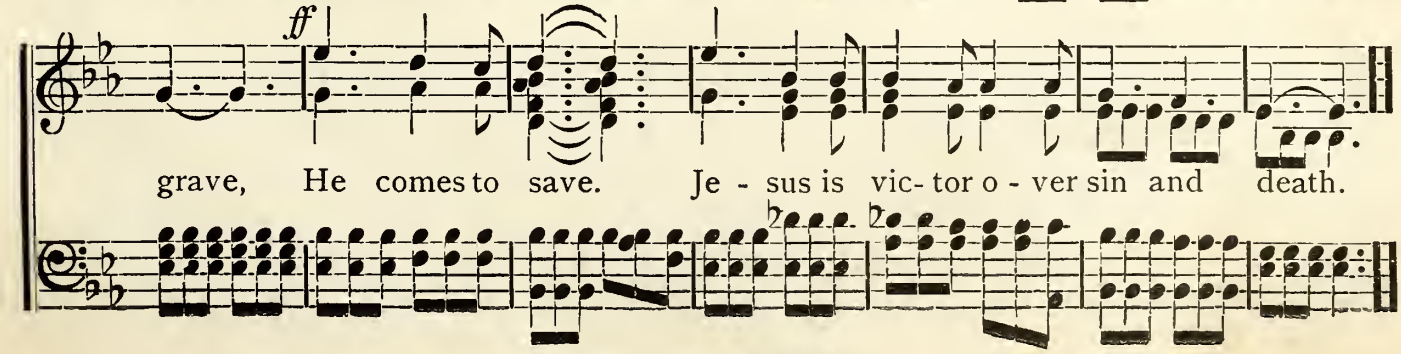
IRVIN H. MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.



CHORUS.
Voices in Unison.







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No. 182. Send Out the Tidings.

IDA L. REED. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Send out the tidings, let the anthem ring, Tell to all nations that the Lord is King,
2. Send out the tidings from the silent grave, Je - sus is ris-en sin-ful men to save,
3. Send out the tidings all the nations o' er, Let all the people crown him evermore,

Emp - ty the gloomy pris-on, past is night, Now he is ris-en in - to light.
For sin he suffered, died and rose again, Strong and triumphant sing the strain.
Come now and hail the Victor who was slain, Lo! He is ris-en, crown' d to reign.

GIRLS.

Then let the ti-dings ring from shore to shore, Je - sus is ris' n for aye;

BOYS. ALL.

O sing the song of joy, Death no longer can destroy, Its pow' r has pass' d a - way.

CHORUS.

Send out the tidings, let the anthem ring, Tell to all nations that the Lord is King;

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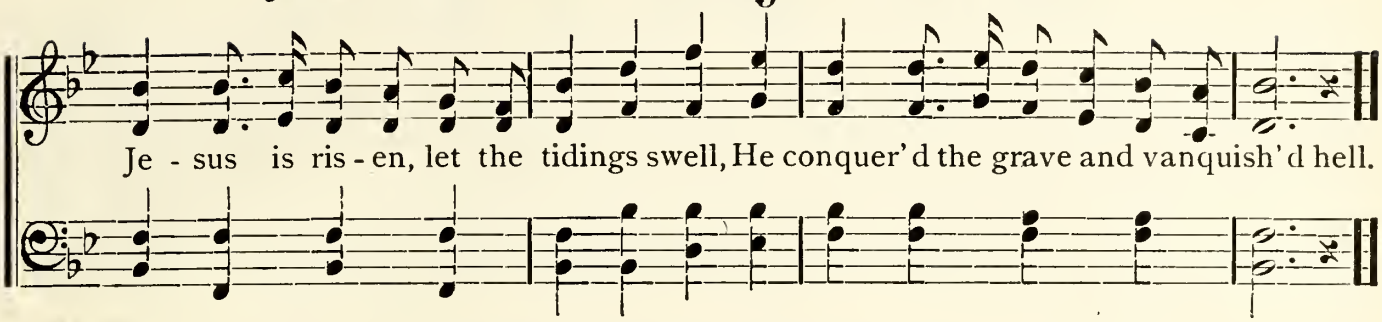
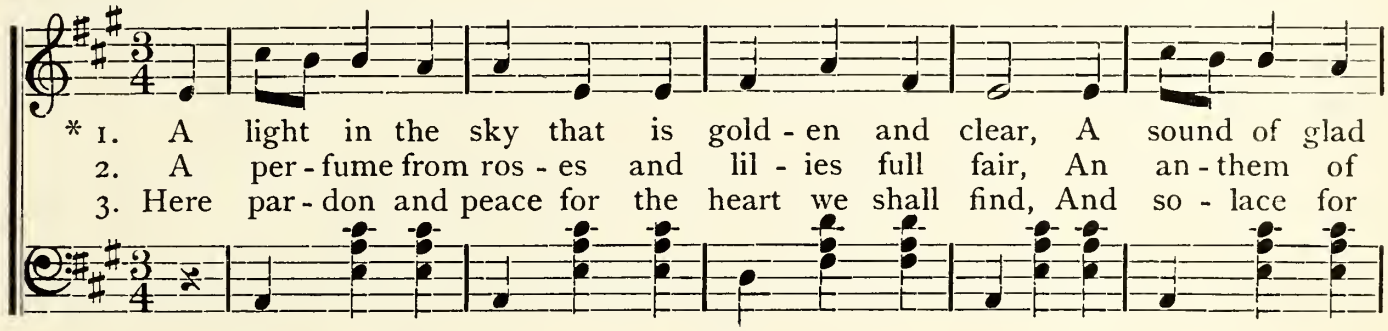
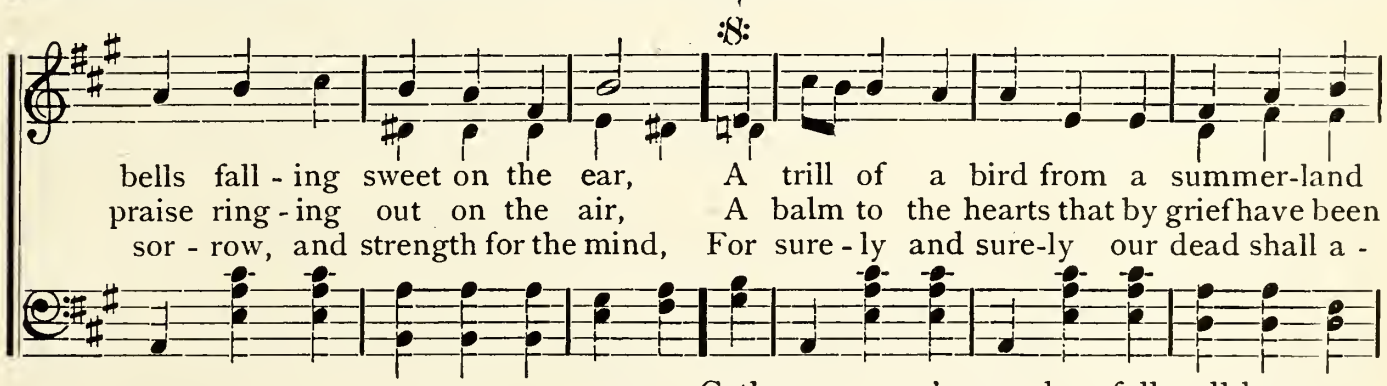
Send Out the Tidings.—Concluded.

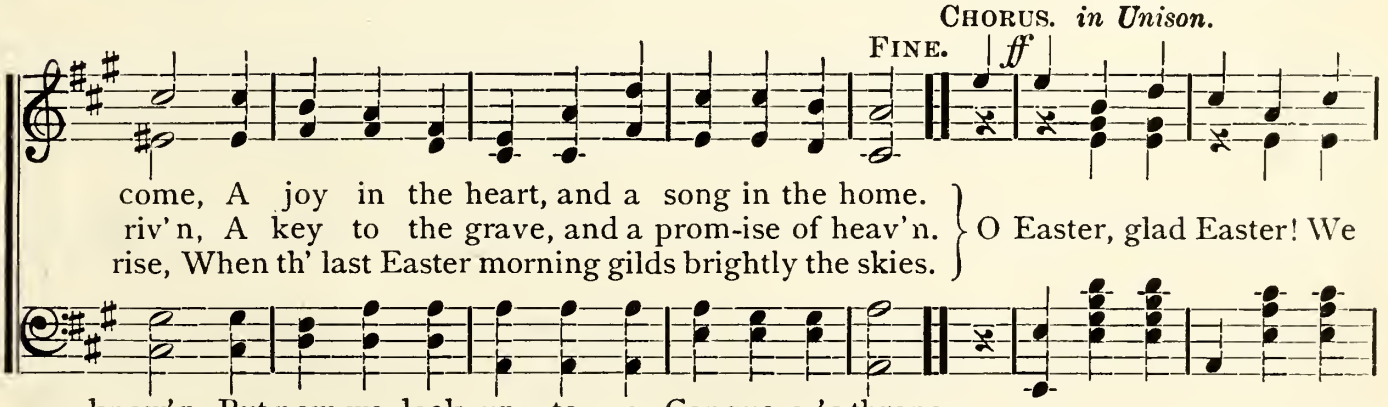


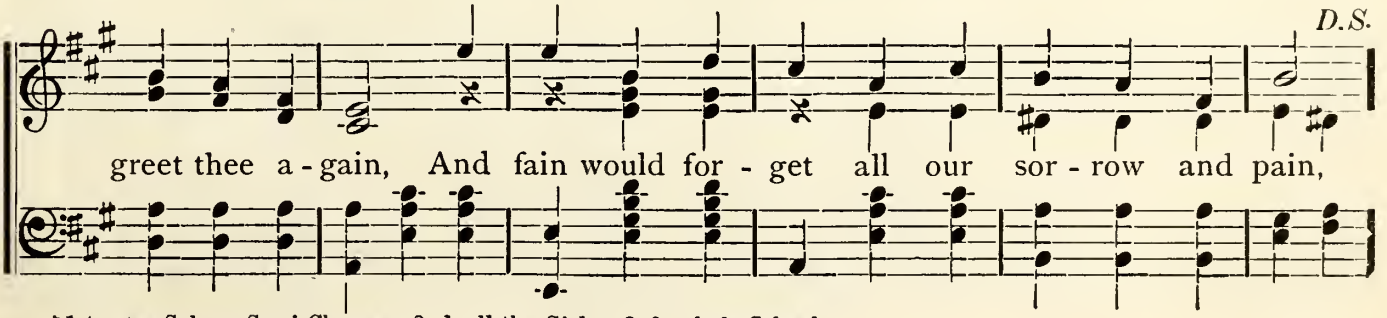
No. 183. What Easter Brings.

Mrs. Emma Lent. J. Lincoln Hall.









* 1st verse Solo or Semi-Chorus, 2nd, all the Girls. 3rd, whole School.

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No. 184. With Joy the Morn is Waking.

IRVIN H. MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. With joy the morn is wak-ing, And bright-ly glows the sky, The clouds of
2. Send forth the news with sing-ing, And lift your voic-es high, To all glad
3. This is the morn of gladness, When ransomed sin-ners sing, The tomb has

GIRLS.

night are break-ing, With an - thems from on high. The earth a-loud re-
news be bring-ing, That man no more shall die, Glad Eas-ter bells are
lost its sad-ness, For ris-en is the King, Then join with count-less

BOYS.

joic - es, A - way with fears, a - way, And sing with mighty voic - es,
ring - ing, And ech - o thro' the sky, Their hap-py notes are wing - ing,
le - gions, That shout a-loud the strain, To earth's re-mot-est re - gions,

ALL. CHORUS.

The Lord is ris'n to - day.
The Lord has ris'n to - day.
The Sav-iour lives a - gain.
} With joy the morn is wak-ing, And brightly

glows the sky, The clouds of night are breaking, With an-thems from on high.

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No. 185. The Song of Summer.

BIRDIE BELL. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Cheerily.

1. What are the bird-ies sing - ing Un- der the a - zure skies? Car-ols of joy they're fling - ing, Up - ward the glad notes rise: Lis - ten, you'll hear the cho - rus,
2. What is the song of glad-ness Float-ing up- on the air, Banishing tho'ts of sad - ness, Fraught with a sweet-ness rare? Lis - ten! You'll hear it ring - ing
3. Down where the streams are flowing, Murm' ring they trip along; Down where the clover's grow - ing, There you may hear the song, Ech - o - ing o'er the mount - ain,
4. What is the joy - ful cho - rus Sounding o'er hill and plain? Summer is crown' d vic- to - rious, Hail, to her mer - ry reign! Sum-mer in beau - ty ver - nal,

Unison.

"Summer is come a-gain, Scatt'ring her beauties glorious O-ver the hill and glen."
Over the daisied mead, Birds in the tree-top sing-ing "Summer is come in-deed!"
Whispered by humming bees, Chanted by sparkling fountain, Sung by the passing breeze.
Rules us with flow' ring wand, Gift of a love e - ter - nal, Gift from a Father's hand!

CHORUS.

Small notes 8va.

List to the song that the bird - ies sing,

Ech - o - ing sweetly o'er dale and glen, "Glad summer has come a - gain!"

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No. 186. Hear the Merry Laughter.

IRVIN H. MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Hear the mer - ry laugh - ter as we lift the hap - py song, We lift the hap - py song, We lift the hap - py song; See the hap - py child - ren as they gai - ly march a - long, They gai - ly march, they gai - ly march a - long.
2. Hearts are light and joy - ous on this day of ju - bi - lee, This day of ju - bi - lee, This day of ju - bi - lee; With their songs to Je - sus march the ar - my bright and free, The ar - my bright, the ar - my bright and free.
3. Glad the songs, re - sound - ing far the swell - ing ech - oes spread, The swell - ing ech - oes spread, The swell - ing ech - oes spread; Je - sus leads his ar - my as they march with stead - y tread, With stead - y tread, they march with stead - y tread.

GIRLS. *

Song and glad - ness, a - way with sad - ness, With re - joic - ing chase fear a - way;
Fill'd with sing - ing, his prais - es ring - ing, Bright and joy - ous, all hearts a - glow;
Firm - ly tread - ing, and glad-ness spread-ing, Sweet the cho - rus they raise on high;

BOYS.

A - way with the
The songs of the
Come, join in the

* Play right hand part an octave higher.

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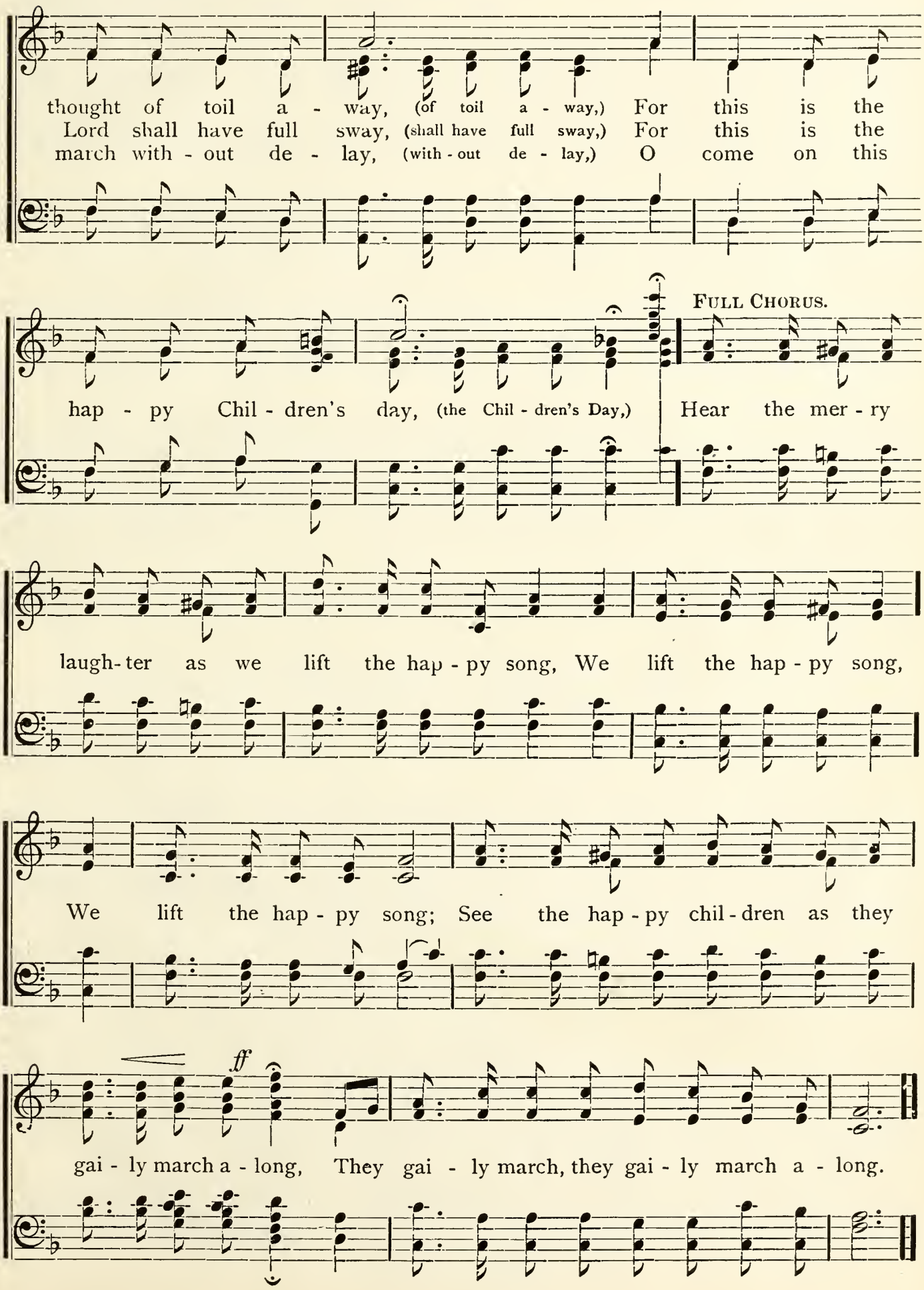
Hear the Merry Laughter.—Concluded.



No. 187. Roses Are Blooming.

IRVIN H. MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Wel- come with glad - ness the chil - dren's day, Wel- come the day, Wel-come the day.
2. Sum- mer and flow - ers have come a - gain; Flow- ers have come, Flow- ers have come;
3. Praise to the Lord! Be his glo - ry shown; Praise to the Lord, Praise to the Lord.

Flow - ers are speed-ing the hours a - way, Fill - ing all hearts with a song.
Prais - ing the Lord with a glad a - men, Bring-ing their tok - ens of love.
Praise to the Lord! Make his bless - ings known; Praise to the Sav - iour to - day.

GIRLS OR SEMI-CHORUS.

Ros - es with smil-ing in fragrance grow, Send-ing their per fume throughout all the land.
Welcome the summer: Its days so fair; Welcome the woodland: Its fo - li - age green,
Praise ye the Lord, ev-'ry hill and plain, Rain-bow of sum-mer and wave of the sea;

Wonders of na- ture they hum- bly show, Heav- en is bless-ing with boun-te - ous hand.
Sing to the Sav- iour, his bless- ings share, God and his good-ness are ev-'ry-where seen.
Children of men join the glad re- frain, Hon - or and praise to the Lord ev - er be.

CHORUS. WHOLE SCHOOL IN UNISON. *ff*

Ros - es are bloom - ing, Blooming in fragrance and beau - ty, Ros - es are bloom- ing;

Ros- es are blooming to - day, Bright is the sunshine, when ros-es bloom, Ban ish-ing all of the

win-ter's gloom, Flowers are blooming on hill and plain; They're praising the Lord again.

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No. 188. The Smiling Flowers.

IRVIN H. MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.

SOLO, OR GIRLS VOICES IN UNISON.

1. How the smiling flow - ers Deck earth's fields and bowers, Giving joy and gladness,
2. See their beauteous smiling Hap-py days be-guil - ing, Dain-ty col - ors blending,
3. What are flow-ers showing By their beauteous growing, As the earth they brighten,

Hid-ing ev - 'ry sad-ness. By the streamlet flowing, Or on way-side growing,
Perfumes rich are sending, With a glad thanksgiving, For their gracious liv-ing,
And its gloom they lighten, That God's love is welling, Un - to mankind tell-ing,

CHORUS IN UNISON.

With their heads uplifted, Glad praise to God they show.
They are but the tok-ens Of Father's mighty love.
There is joy un-end-ing, For all who fol-low him.
} Smiling flow-ers, grow - ing

show - ing, Joy and glad - ness ev - 'ry - where; Col - ors blend - ing,

per-fume send-ing, Beauteous flowers, lovely bowers, Praise to God they show.

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No. 189. See the Army.

IRVIN H. MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.

March time.

1. See the ar-my of the Saviour; Marching on prepared to work, Hearing ev'ry call to
2. See the ar-my of the Saviour; See them working for the King; To the troubled and the
3. See the ar-my of the Saviour; They shall triumph in the end, All the earth shall hear of

UNISON. GIRLS. BOYS.

la - bor, Not a du- ty would they shirk. Nor with arms for bloody con-flict, Go they
weary Gleams of hap-pi- ness to bring. Out up- on the sunny highways, Cheer the
Je - sus And of blessings he shall send. Let us therefore work and trust him, Do the

ALL.

forth at each command; But with love, and grace, and mer-cy Sending peace to ev'ry land.
trav-'ler on the road; Giving drink to worn and thirsting, Help oppres'd to bear their load.
bid-ding of our Lord; He will surely bless each ef-fort And his smiles be our re-ward.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Marching, marching, soldiers of light; See the banner wav- ing so bright, Marching onward,

working for right, Je - sus leads them on, Hal-le-lu- jah! Onward, upward, marching away;

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See the Army.—Concluded.

PARTS.

Je-sus hears them singing to-day; Onward, upward, marching, Marching the way he leadeth.

No. 190. The Fairest Flower.

ADALINE H. BEERY. J. LINCOLN HALL.

Joyfully.

1. Quickly and joy- ful-ly Gath-er we now; Low-ly and ten-der- ly Worship and bow;
2. Sure- ly and pa-tiently, With faith sublime, O-pen the lil - y buds In God's good time;
3. Ros- es so beau- ti-ful, Lil- ies so white, Fragrance and harmo-ny Shed their delight;

Je- sus our Mas-ter is, Be his the praise; Now may his grace be ours In all our ways.
Here may our les- son be, Qui- et to wait; God brings our gifts to us, Nev- er too late.
Fair-er than bloom or song Is Christ, our King; His be our warmest tho't Whene'er we sing.

CHORUS.

Bless our dear Children's Day! Let us re-peat; Make our lives pure and bright, Like flowers sweet,

* MALE VOICES.

ALL. *ff*

Bless our dear Children's Day! Let us repeat; Make our lives pure and bright, Like flowers sweet.

* Have Male Voices sing this strain alone; the instrument playing small notes with the melody.

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No. 191. Sweet Smiling Rose.

IRVIN H. MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.

FULL CHORUS. *Loud and strong.*

1. In hap - py days of sun - ny June The ros - es lift their smil - ing fac - es,
2. The ros - es in their humble sphere, Know not the one, with joy they bright- en,
3. Like ros - es, spreading fragrance, 'round, May we al- way, with righteous liv - ing,

Their beauteous tints, and o - dors sweet, Give joy to ma - ny hum - ble plac - es.
Look up from out earth's darken'd crest; With varied tints earth's gloom to light- en.
Be send-ing joys to low - ly ones; Some rays of hap - pi- ness be giv - ing.

* SEMI-CHORUS OF GIRLS.

The raindrops fall - ing from the sky, Like show'rs of glist' ning pearls from heav' n,
No sor- row ev - er can they know, As Christ on high, for them doth care,
Let us look up each pass - ing day, And ask the Lord with strength to bless;

rit.

Send vig - or to the grow- ing stem; And sweetness to the earth is giv'n.
So we may ev - er hap - py be, With Je - sus all our bur- dens share.
That we may do the work of love, Spread gladness 'midst the world's distress.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Sweet smil - ing rose in si - lent fragrance grow - ing, Sweet smil - ing

* If preferred use as a duet.

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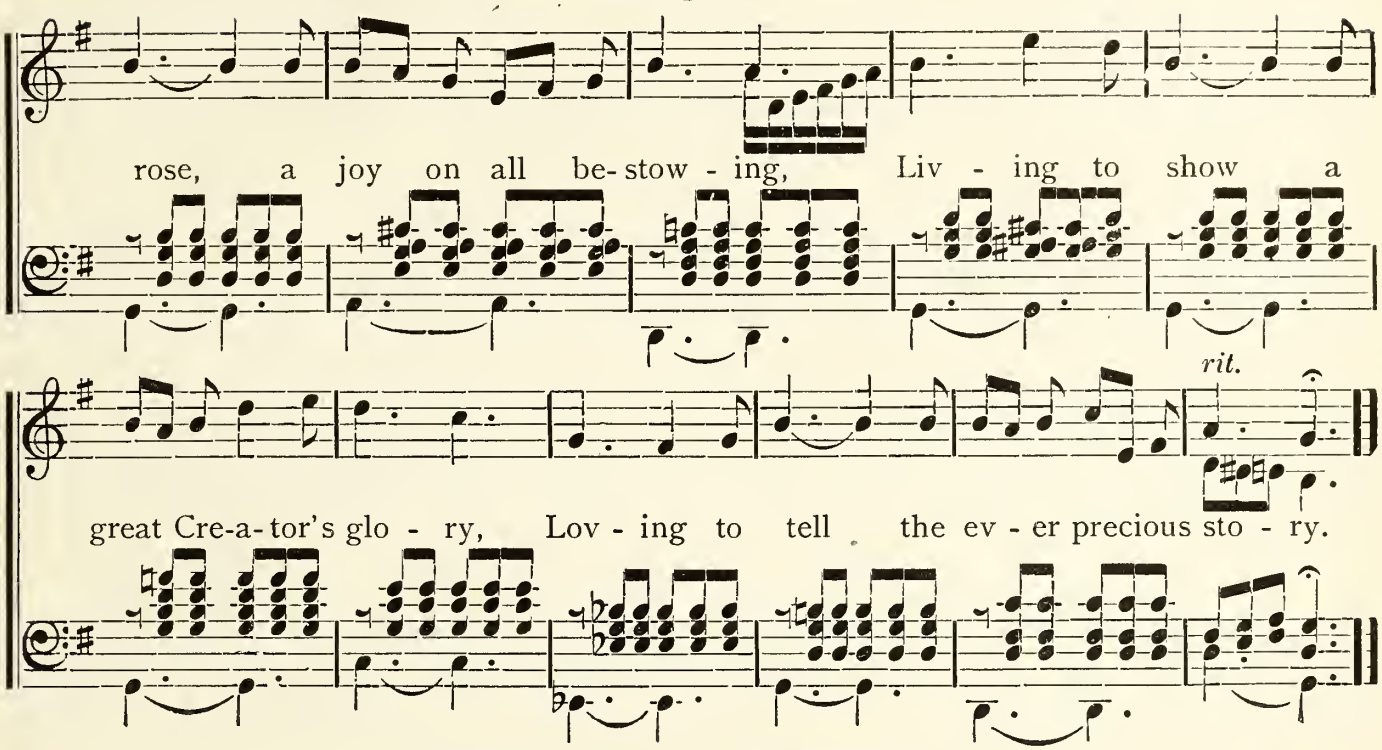
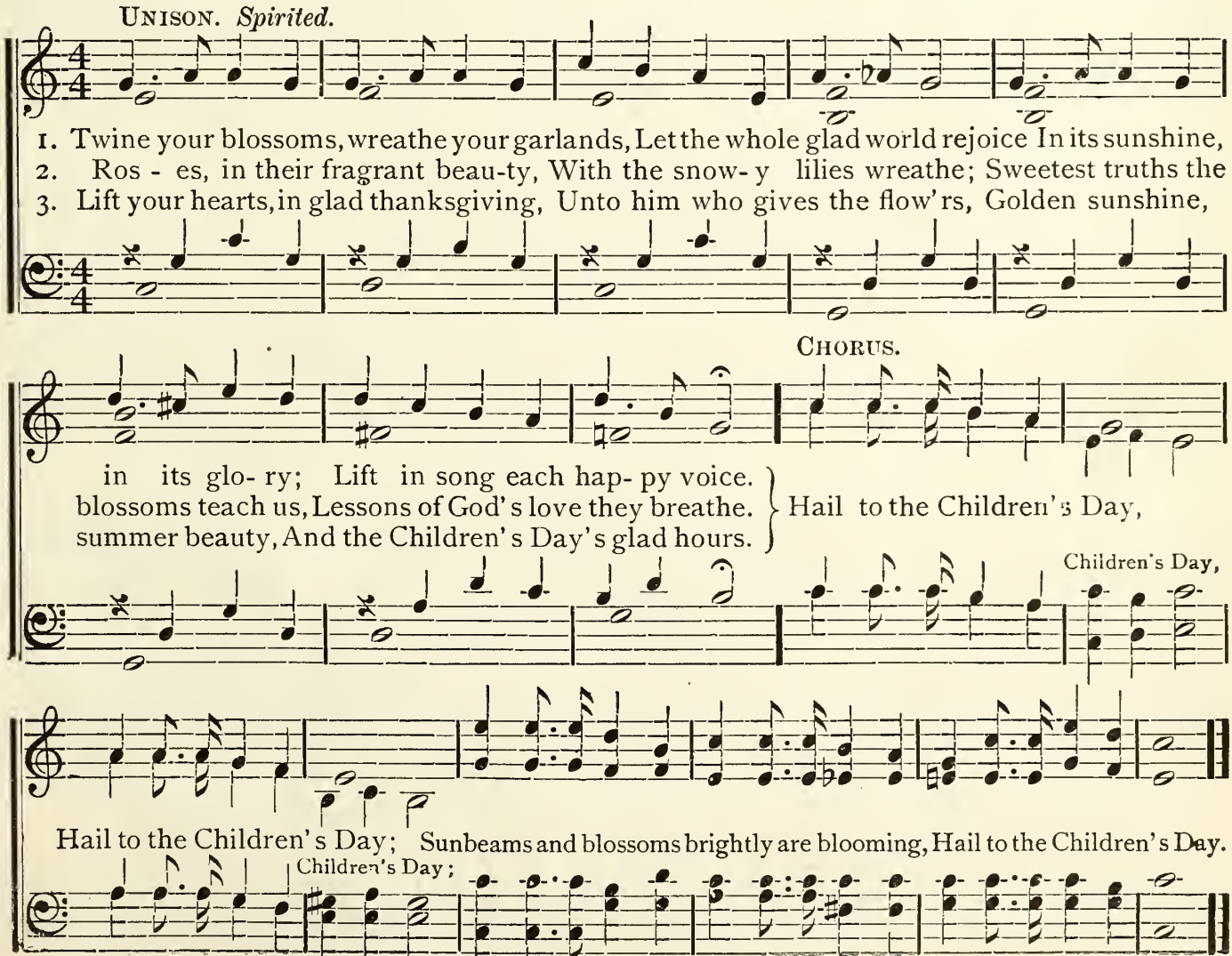
Sweet Smiling Rose.—Concluded.



No. 192. Twine Your Blossoms.

IDA L. REED. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.



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No. 193. Brightly the Sunlight is Gleaming To-Day.

LOUELLA LEONARD. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Bright-ly the sun-light is gleam-ing to-day, Gleam-ing to-day,
2. Bright-ly God's sun-light is shin-ing to-day, Shin-ing to-day,
3. Firm-ly God's prom-ise is stand-ing to-day, Stand-ing to-day,

gleam-ing to-day, O-ver the mead-ows where lit-tle lambs play,
shin-ing to-day, Dur-ing life's tri-als it light-ens our way,
stand-ing to-day, He will pro-tect us if to him we pray,

GIRLS.

O-ver the riv-er and rills. O-ver the tree-tops so
Fill-ing our young hearts with love. Sweet-ly, our Sav-iour, so
Seek-ing his mer-cy and love. Fear-ing no e-vil with

shin-ing and green; O-ver the lake's sil-very sheen,
gen-tle and mild Watch-es and cares for his child,
him by our side, On-ly in him we a-bide,

rit.

BOYS.

Seem-ing in ev-'ry bright sunbeam to say, Christ is the Lord of the day.
Not-ing the sparrows where-ev-er they fall, Christ is the Lord of them all.
Guard-ing his chil-dren the great and the small, Christ is the Fa-ther of all.

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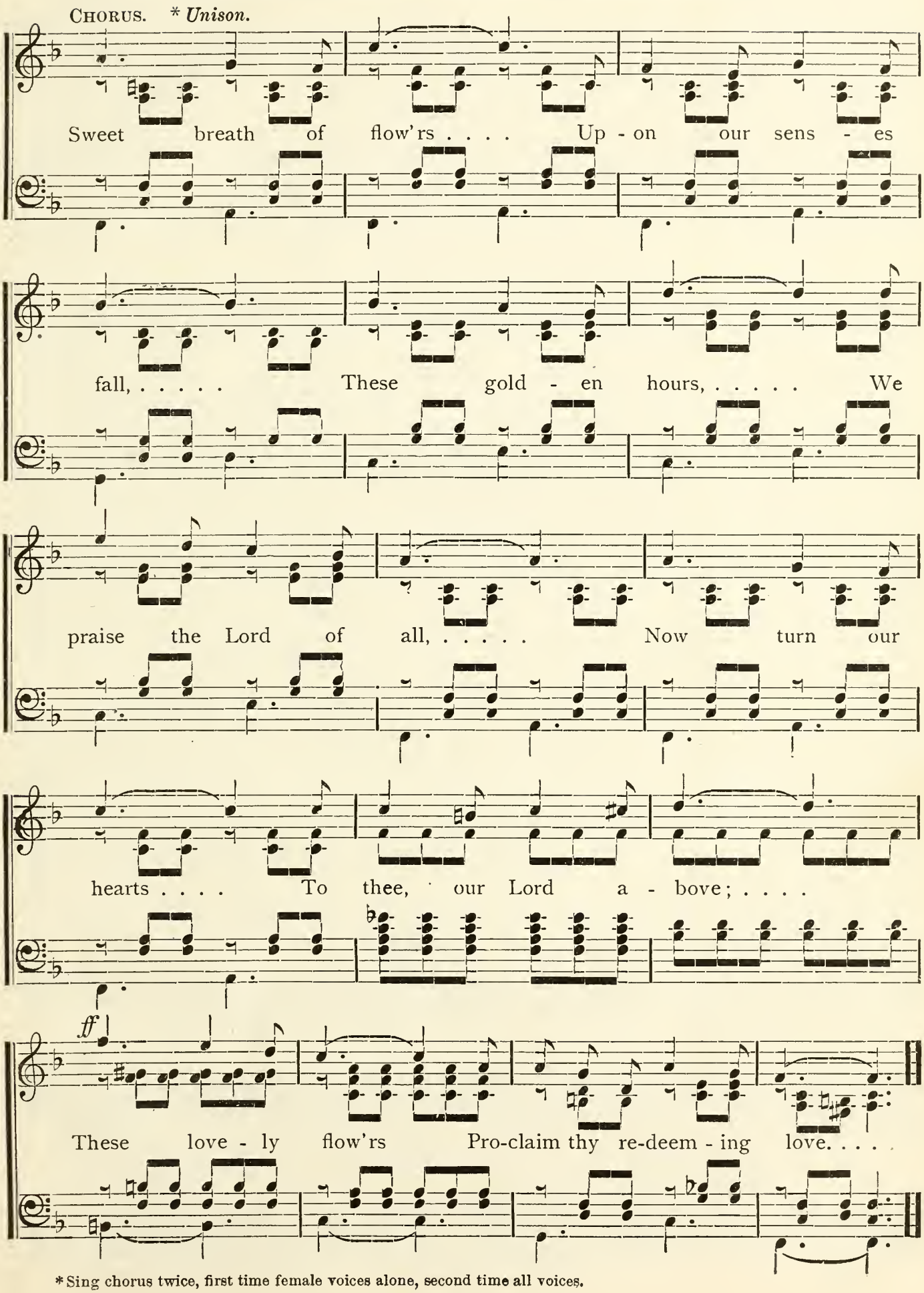
Brightly the Sunlight.—Concluded.



* Sing chorus twice, first time female voices alone, second time all voices.

No. 194. Hear the Happy Voices Ringing.

LOUELLA LEONARD. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Hear the hap - py voic - es ring-ing, All up-raised in joy- ous song, Gladsome notes to heav'n are winging, From the hap - py childish throng. Sweet to hear God's joyous children, Prais-ing him their heav'nly King; He will ev - er keep them sheltered, 'Neath the shadow of his wing.

2. Hark! the mu-sic sweet is sounding, On the perfumed summer air, From the woods and fields re-sounding, Na-ture an-swers ev -'ry-where. How the bright and happy fac- es, Scat-ter sun-shine on the way; With their win-some, smil-ing grac - es, On this joyous Children's Day.

3. Flow'rs, their pretty heads are bending, In the gen - tle summer breeze, Gold and crimson soft - ly blending, With the green and waving trees. Streams are in the sunlight dancing, Glid-ing swift - ly on their way; In their nev - er - ceas-ing mo- tion, Emblems of e - ter- nal day.

CHORUS.

Ringing, ringing, ring-ing, Hear the Children's happy voices ring, ringing, ringing,

Singing, singing, singing, Hear the happy children singing, Ringing, ringing, ringing, Hear the happy singing, singing, ringing, ringing,

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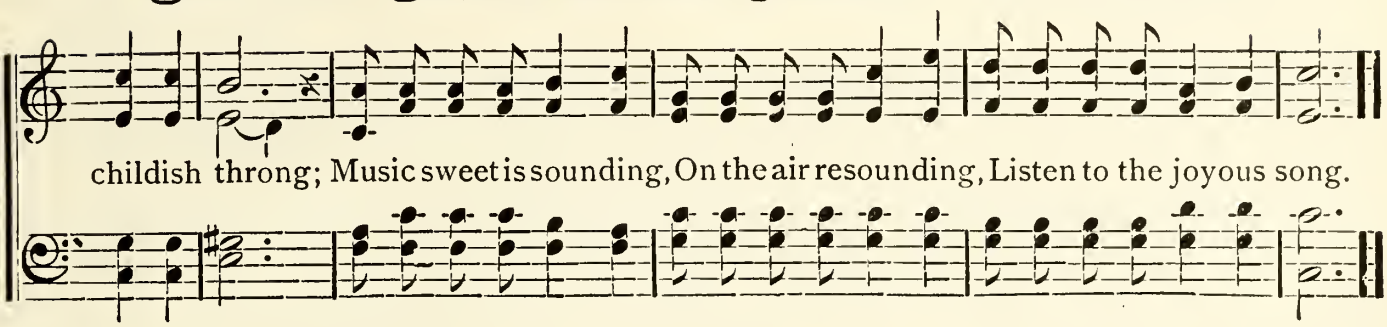
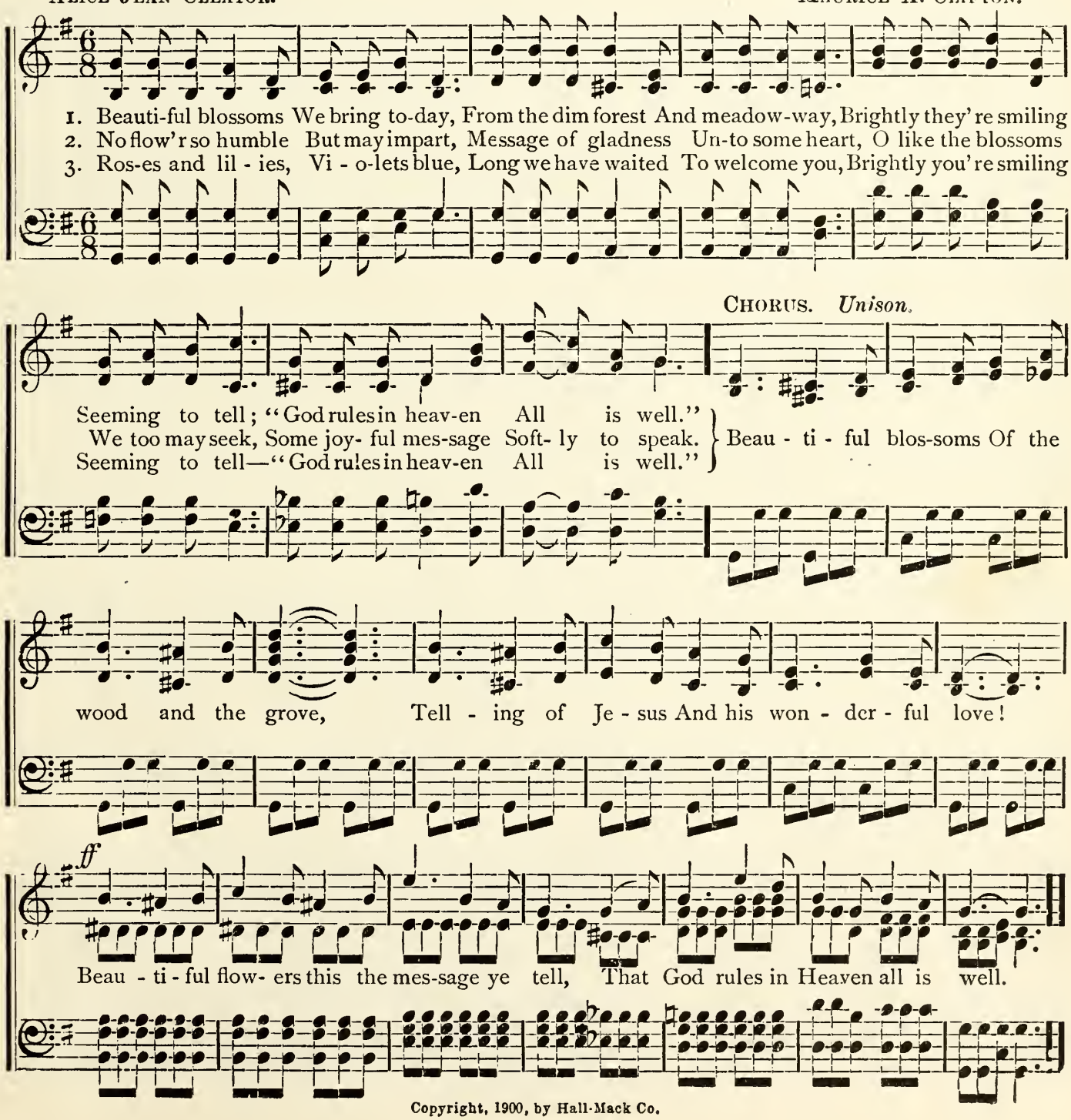
Hear the Happy Voices Ringing.—Concluded.



No. 195. The Flower's Message.

DUET.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.



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No. 196. Bird Melodies.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. J. LINCOLN HALL.

GIRLS. INST. GIRLS.

1. List - en to the joy- ous mu - sic, Ringing o - ver hill and plain, All the
2. Hark! The merry birds are sing-ing, As they lightly soar on high, And their
3. They have gathered up the sunbeams In a gold- en thread of praise Ring- ing

INST. BOYS.

INST. :S: GIRLS.

hap- py birds are sing-ing, In a ju - bi- lant re-frain. Where the sunbeams bright are
songs grow ev - er sweeter, As they near the a-zure sky; Floating down in sil- ver
out in tune-ful numbers, Thro' the festal summer days, Hear the mel- o-dies en -

INST. BOYS. INST.

ALL.

glanc - ing, Where the cooling shadows lie, They are singing, sweetly singing, singing,
show - ers Come the echoes soft and clear, Hear the joyous mu-sic singing, singing,
chant - ing Ris - ing to the a - zure sky, They are singing, sweetly singing, singing,

CHORUS BOYS.

FINE. INST.

Glo- ry songs to God on high. From the waving branches green, From the hearts of
Tell-ing of God's love so dear. Gloom and sadness swift take wing, Wea- ry hearts grow
Glo- ry songs to God on high. With the chor-als of the birds, Glad - ly we our

BOYS.

D.S.

dew- y flow'rs ; You can hear the song, As it floats along, Making glad the passing hours,
glad and gay, Join the happy song, Ev'ry note prolong, Praise the Lord! This summer day.
voic- es blend, Let us chant his praise, Thro' the sunny days, As before his throne we bend.

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No. 197.

God is Everywhere.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. In the beau - ty of the earth and the glow - ing skies, In the love which
2. In the per - fect gifts of thine to us free - ly giv'n, Gra- ces hu-man
3. In the grass which robes the hills in a gown of green, In the humblest

from our birth a - round a - bout us lies, In the songs of birds that fly
and di - vine the flow'rs of earth and heav'n, In the tint that paints the rose
flow'r that grows thy won-drous pow'r is seen, Not a spot in all the earth,

FINE.

thro' the balm-y air, All are tell- ing, clear-ly tell-ing, God is ev -'ry-where.
and the lil - y fair, All are tell- ing, clear-ly tell-ing, God is ev -'ry-where.
o - cean deep, or air, But is tell- ing, clear-ly tell-ing, God is ev -'ry-where.

REFRAIN.

Rays of sun-shine, beaming with light, Stars of ev-'ning, twinkling so bright,

D. C. first stanza for Chorus.

All are tell - ing, clear- ing tell - ing, God, our God is ev - 'ry - where.

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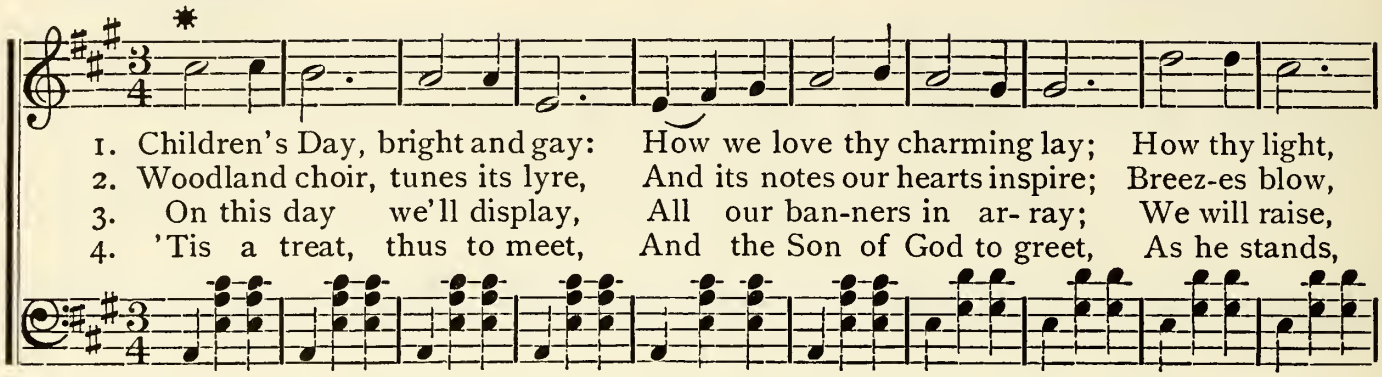
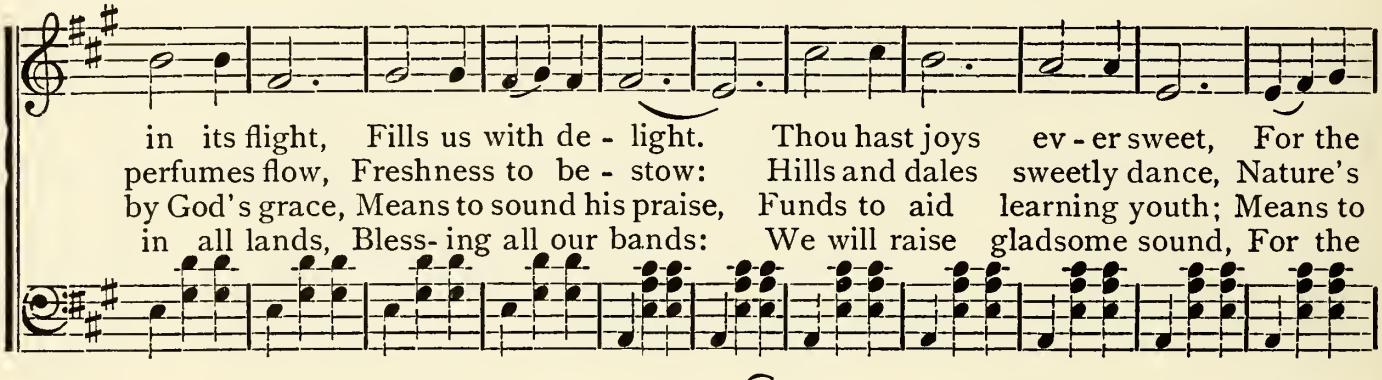
No. 198. Children's Day.

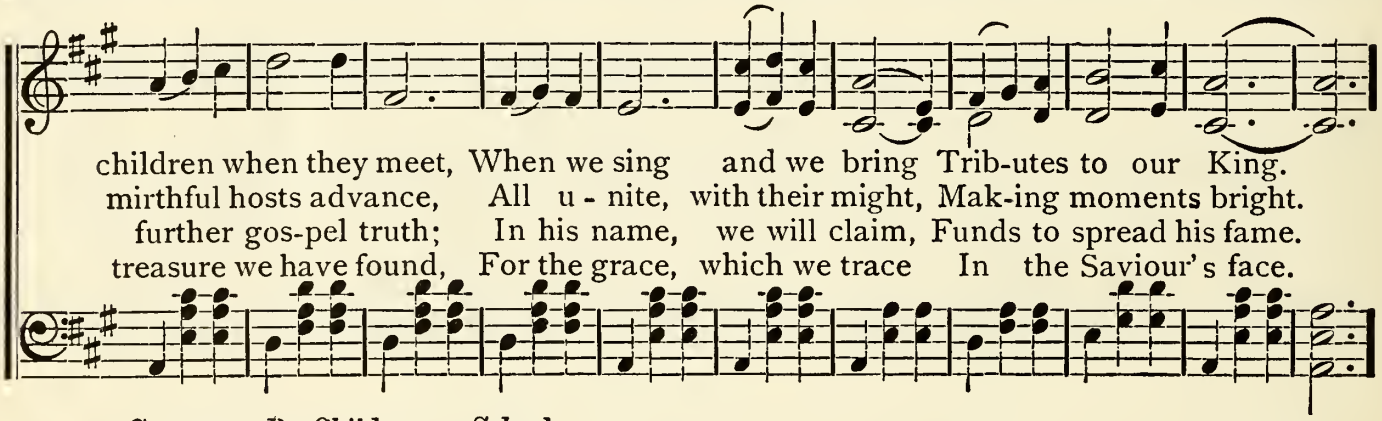
Rev. F. L. Jones. J. Lincoln Hall.



1. Children's Day, bright and gay: How we love thy charming lay; How thy light,
2. Woodland choir, tunes its lyre, And its notes our hearts inspire; Breez-es blow,
3. On this day we'll display, All our ban-ners in ar- ray; We will raise,
4. 'Tis a treat, thus to meet, And the Son of God to greet, As he stands,

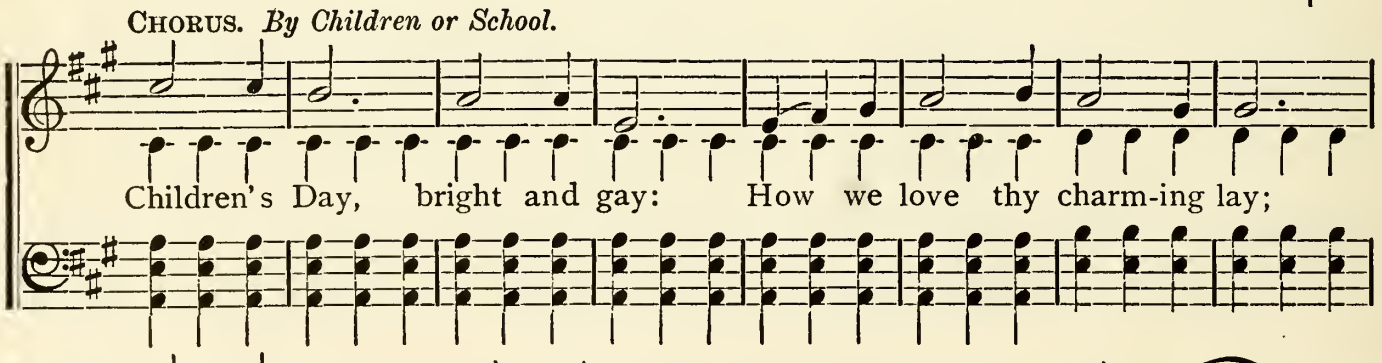


in its flight, Fills us with de - light. Thou hast joys ev - er sweet, For the
perfumes flow, Freshness to be - stow: Hills and dales sweetly dance, Nature's
by God's grace, Means to sound his praise, Funds to aid learning youth; Means to
in all lands, Bless- ing all our bands: We will raise gladsome sound, For the

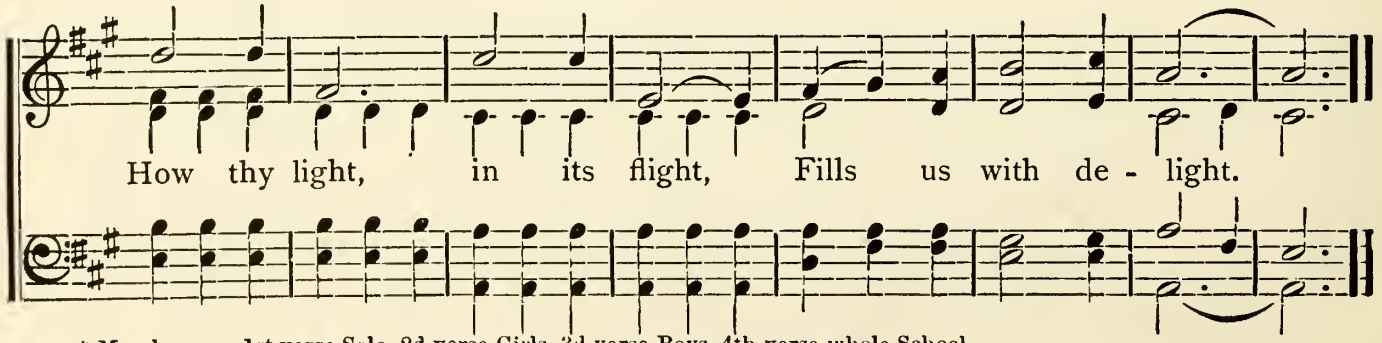


children when they meet, When we sing and we bring Trib-utes to our King.
mirthful hosts advance, All u - nite, with their might, Mak-ing moments bright.
further gos-pel truth; In his name, we will claim, Funds to spread his fame.
treasure we have found, For the grace, which we trace In the Saviour's face.

Chorus. *By Children or School.*



Children's Day, bright and gay: How we love thy charm-ing lay;



How thy light, in its flight, Fills us with de - light.

* May be sung 1st verse Solo, 2d verse Girls, 3d verse Boys, 4th verse whole School.

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No. 199. The Birds in Sweet Chorus.

E. E. Hewitt. Howard E. Smith.

Unison.

1. The birds in sweet cho - rus are sing - ing a - way, And hap - py are we on our fes - ti - val day; A-round us are blooming the beau - ti - ful flow'rs, But sweet - er the prais - es that hal - low these hours.
2. We sing of the bless - ings that bright - en the year, His num - ber - less mer - cies like sunbeams appear; As fresh as the dew-drops that spark - le at morn, The to - kens of love that our path-way a-dorn.
3. We know that our Fa - ther hath led hith - er - to, We go on our jour - ney with cour-age a-new; There's joy in our hearts as we're march-ing a - long, His love is the theme of our fes - ti - val song.

Chorus. We're singing a song that is joy - ful and free; No bird in the for - est so hap - py as we; The children can sing Of Je - sus their King, And so we are keeping the glad ju - bi-lee.

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No. 200. While Happy Beams are Shining.

E. E. Hewitt. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Flow'rs are blooming, birds are singing, in the sun- ny June, Ferns and grasses
2. Marching on-ward, in the sunshine of our Fa-ther's love, Let our praises,
3. Marching on-ward, joy- ful servants of the heav'nly King, Helping oth- ers

springing upward, "forward" is the tune; Leaves and blossoms ev- 'ry morning
glad and grateful, free - ly raise a - bove; In the pathway of his kingdom,
as we journey, let our car- ols ring; Lift his ban- ner, keep it wav-ing,

sweeter charms display, Let us, too, be marching onward, on the Children's Day.
let us fol - low still, To the bid-ding of his Spir- it, yielding heart and will.
sing- ing of his grace, Till we reach the land of beauty, where we'll see his face.

Chorus.

Marching onward, happy beams are shining, Marching onward, wreaths of praise entwining;

Marching onward, heav'nward steps inclining, Marching onward, 'tis the Children's Day.

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No. 201. Now Children's Day is Over.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Now Children's Day is o - ver, The night is drawing nigh; The moments spent in pleas - ure Are pass- ing, passing swift - ly by, New du - ties are be- fore us, New pleasures shall be ours; The joys of earth must pass away As fades the summer flowers.

2. A bright and glorious morning Shall fill the East-ern sky, For Je - sus and his an - gels Are com- ing, coming by and by; Then parting shall be o - ver And hush'd the mournful sigh, When we shall meet with him at last No more to say "Good-by."

CHORUS.

Good-by, good-by, good-by until we meet again: By and by we'll meet no more to sever, Good-by, good-by, good-by until we meet again—Trusting in the Saviour now and ever.

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ORDER OF EXERCISES.

No. 1.

First Bell.—Five minutes' signal.

Second Bell.—Silence.

Singing.—(One) No. 3, 13, 40, 94.

Supt.—O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.—Psalm 51: 15.

School.—My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness, and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips. (Ps. 63: 5.)

Singing.—(One) No. 53, 75, 78.

Psalm XXIII. (in concert.)

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Singing.—(One) 59, 92, 129.

Prayer, followed by the Lord's Prayer and Gloria Patri, No. 31.

Lesson Study.

Singing.—No. 80.

Questions on the Lesson.

Reports, Notices and Distribution of Library Books.

Fifteen Minutes with The Service of Praise.

Closing.—Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.—Ps. 139: 23, 24.

Closing Hymn.—"Mizpah," No. 151.

Mizpah Benediction.—The Lord watch between me and thee while we are absent one from another.

No. 2.

First Bell.—Five minutes' signal.

Second Bell.—Silence.

Opening Hymn.—No. 99 or 107.

Psalm XXIV. (Responsive Reading.)

The earth is the Lord's, and fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

Singing.—No. 58.

Apostles' Creed.

Prayer, followed by Lord's Prayer in concert.

Gloria Patri.—No. 31.

Study of Lesson.

Singing.—No. 108.

Questions on the Lesson.

Which is the Banner Class for the day?

Placing of Banner, while singing No. 101.

Reports, Notices, Distribution of Books, etc.

Fifteen Minutes with The Service of Praise.

Closing.—Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.—Romans 12: 19-21.

Closing Bell.

No. 3.

First Bell.—Five Minutes' Signal.

Second Bell.—Silence.

Opening Hymn.—No. 69.

Responsive Reading.

I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.

As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.

As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.

The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.

My beloved is like a roe or a young hart: behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, shewing himself through the lattice.

My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.

For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;

The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;

The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.—Song of Solomon, Chapter 2.

Singing.—No. 30 or 46.

Prayer, followed by the Lord's Prayer and Gloria Patri, No. 31.

Lesson Study.

Short Talk on the Lesson.

Questions on the Lesson.

Singing.—No. 119.

Reports, Notices, Distribution of Books.

Fifteen Minutes with The Service of Praise.

Closing Scripture.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. —Matt. 6: 19, 20.

Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.—Matt. 7: 12.

Closing Hymn.—No. 150.

Mizpah Benediction.—The Lord watch between me and thee while we are absent one from another.

No. 4.

First Bell.—Five minutes' signal.

Second Bell.—Silence.

Opening Hymn.—No. 91.

Scripture Reading.

Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also; and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

Philip saith unto him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us.

Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Shew us the Father?

Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works.

Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake.—St. John, Chapter 14.

Singing.—No. 117.

Recitation or Reading.

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Singing.—No 130.

Prayer, followed by the Lord's Prayer and Gloria Patri, No. 31.

Lesson Study.

Singing.—No. 144.

Questions on the Lesson.

Singing.—No. 87.

Reports, Notices and Distribution of Library Books.

Fifteen Minutes with **The Service of Praise.**

Closing Scriptures.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

And I saw no temple therein; for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.

And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there.

And they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it.

And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life. —Revelation, Chapter 21.

Closing Hymn.—No. 149.

No. 5.

First Bell.—Five minutes' signal.

Second Bell.—Silence.

Opening Hymn.—No. 6 or 7.

Responsive Reading.

And on the day that the tabernacle was reared up the cloud covered the tabernacle, namely, the tent of the testimony; and at even there was upon the tabernacle as it were the appearance of fire, until the morning.

So it was alway: the cloud covered it by day, and the appearance of fire by night.

And when the cloud was taken up from the tabernacle, then after that the children of Israel journeyed; and in the place where the cloud abode, there the children of Israel pitched their tents.

At the commandment of the Lord the children of Israel journeyed, and at the commandment of the Lord they pitched: as long as the cloud abode upon the tabernacle they rested in their tents.

And when the cloud tarried long upon the tabernacle many days, then the children of Israel kept the charge of the Lord, and journeyed not.

And so it was when the cloud was a few days upon the tabernacle; according to the commandment of the Lord they abode in their tents, and according to the commandment of the Lord they journeyed.

And so it was, when the cloud abode from even unto the morning, and that the cloud was taken up in the morning, then they journeyed: whether it was by day or by night that the cloud was taken up, they journeyed.—Numbers, Chapter 9.

Singing.—No. 16.

Ten Commandments (School Standing).

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.—Exodus, Chapter 20.

Prayer, followed by Lord's Prayer in concert.

Gloria Patri.—No. 31.

Reading of Lesson.

Study of Lesson.

Singing.—No. 40.

Questions on the Lesson.

Singing—No. 102.

Reports, Notices, Distribution of Books, etc.

Fifteen Minutes with **The Service of Praise.**

Closing Hymn.—No. 130.

Mizpah Benediction.—The Lord watch between me and thee while we are absent one from another.

No. 6.

First Bell.—Five minutes' signal.

Second Bell.—Silence.

Opening Hymn.—No. 146.

Scripture Reading.

And he said unto his disciples, Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on.

The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment.

Consider the ravens: for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them; how much more are ye better than the fowls?

And which of you with taking thought can add to his stature one cubit?

If ye then be not able to do that which is least, why take ye thought for the rest?

Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

If then God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven; how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?

And seek not ye what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, neither be ye doubtful of mind.

For all these things do the nations of the world seek after: and your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.

But rather seek ye the kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you.

Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.—St. Luke, Chapter 12.

Singing.—No. 68.

Apostles' Creed.

Prayer.

Lord's Prayer.

Gloria Patri. (No. 31.)

Study of Lesson.

Singing.—No. 9 or 15.

Questions on the Lesson.

Singing.—No. 40.

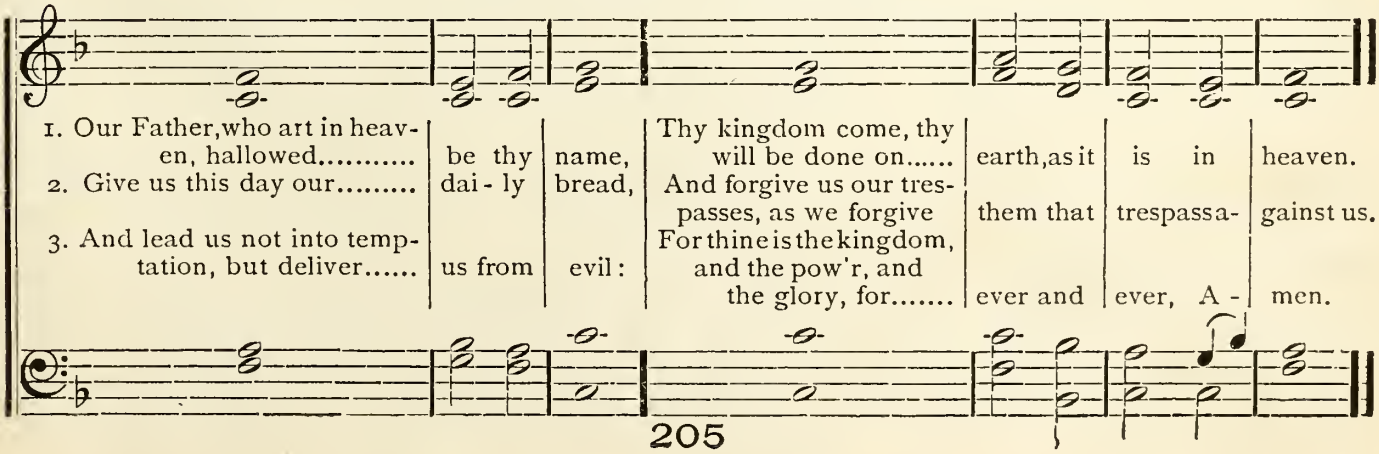
Fifteen Minutes with **The Service of Praise.**

Reports, Notices, Distribution of Books, etc.

Closing Hymn.—Mo. 129.

Mizpah Benediction—The Lord watch between thee and me while we are absent one from another.

The Lord's Prayer.



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